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ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LODOVICO ARIOSTO.

1474-1533

VOL. I.

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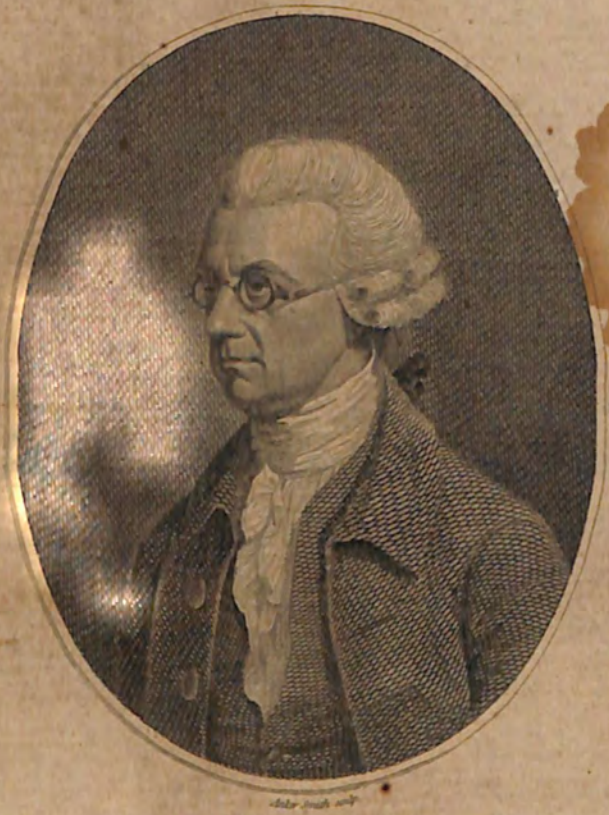
to face the preface.



JOHN HOOLE.

PREFACE.

THE fabulous hiſtories of wandering knights, diſtreſſed damſels, giants, enchanted caſtles, and the whole train of legendary adventures, that, for a long time, were the delight of our anceſtors, are now univerſally exploded: the inimitable ſatire of Cervantes has contributed not a little to bring them into diſrepute; but however juſtly he may have ridiculed their many abſurdities, yet, perhaps, we have too raſhly adopted the contempt, which almoſt every one now profeſſes for writings, from which it is certain that the greateſt poets have derived many fine images; to which we are, probably, in a great meaſure, indebted for the FAIRY QUEEN of our admired Spenſer, and which have been the foundation of the ORLANDO FURIOSO, that has procured to its author the appellation of DIVINE.

The Italians have among them many works of a ſimilar nature with this poem, being accuſtomed to tranſlate, or compoſe romances in the octave ſtanza. Among others, Bernardo Taſſo,

the father of the great Torquato, publiſhed a free tranſlation of the Amadis de Gaul, divided into one hundred cantos: but the much greater part of theſe performances are not to be conſidered as riſing to any degree of competition with Arioſto, being little elſe than wild ſtories of chivalry, with ſcarce any tincture of poetical imagery and expreſſion; or heavy dull narratives of fiction without imagination, and of events without intereſt.

Moſt of theſe poems, or rather rhyming romances, are drawn from the current romances of the times; ſuch as the hiſtory of king Arthur, and his round table, and the account of Merlin and his propheſies: but the chief of them are built on the romantic hiſtory of Charlemain, and the twelve peers of France, called Paladins; which was a title of honour given by Charlemain, to that number of valiant men belonging to his court, who employed their arms in defence of the faith. The principal of theſe was Orlando, the great hero of chivalry, whoſe fabulous atchievements filled all the books and provincial ſongs of that age. It is recorded, that when William the Conqueror marched with his Normans to engage Harold, at the memorable battle of Haſtings, his ſoldiers animated each

other by ſinging the popular ballad of the exploits of Roland, or Orlando.

Dr. Burney, in his elegant Hiſtory of Muſic, a book not merely profeſſional, as the title might ſeem to indicate, but full of general information, has preſented us with a great literary curioſity in this old military ſong, which he thus introduces: "Charlemain had a great paſſion for theſe heroic ſongs, and, like our Alfred, not only had them collected, but knew them by heart. One of theſe, in praiſe of Roland, the Orlando Innamorato, and the Furioſo, of Boyardo, Berni, and Arioſto, was longer preſerved than any of the reſt. This, the French hiſtorians tell us, was begun at the battle of Haſtings, by a knight called Taillefer, on whom this honour was conferred for his ſtrong and powerful voice. Here he performed the office of herald minſtrel at the head of the Norman army, and was among the firſt that fell in the onſet." The ſong, to which I beg to refer the reader, ſo far as it is preſerved, affords an admirable picture of the rough martial ſpirit of the times. I have here inſerted one ſtanza, with the tranſlation, that gives, though in a ludicrous vein, the exact character of Orlando, as drawn by the romance writers.

" Pour l'ennemi qui reſiſtoit,
" Reſervant toute ſon audace,
" A celui qui ſe ſoumettoit,
" Il accordoit toujours ſa grace.
" L'humanité dans ſon grand cœur,
" Renaiſſoit après la victoire,
" Et le ſoir même le vainqueur
" Au vaincu propoſoit à boire."

On ſtubborn foes he vengeance wreak'd,
And laid about him like a Tartar;
But if for mercy once they ſqueak'd,
He was the firſt to grant them quarter.
The battle won, of Roland's ſoul,
Each milder virtue took poſſeſſion:
To vanquiſh'd foes he o'er a bowl,
His heart ſurrender'd at diſcretion.

" The ſong (ſays Dr. Burney) upon Roland, continued in favour among the French ſoldiers, ſo late as the battle of Poictiers, in the time of their king John, who, upon reproaching one of them with ſinging it at a time when there were no Rolands left; was anſwered, That Rolands would be found if they had a Charlemain at their head *."

The romance of Charlemain is ſaid to have been the production of a monk, about two hun-

* See Dr. Burney's Hiſtory of Muſic, vol. ii. p. 375.

dred years after the time of that prince: to this ſtory the author has prefixed the name of Turpin, archbiſhop of Rheims, a prelate of reputation, who accompanied Charlemain in moſt of his expeditions, and is reported to have written his life; which work is ſuppoſed to be loſt.

The moſt celebrated of the Italian poems of the romance kind, before Arioſto, are the MORGANTE MAGGIORE of Pulci, and the ORLANDO INNAMORATO of Boyardo. The firſt of theſe was publiſhed in the year 1488, and has its name from Morgante a giant, the principal perſonage of the poem, whom the poet converts to Chriſtianity, and makes the companion of Orlando in his adventures. This poem, which is of a very ſingular nature, concludes with the death of Orlando, and the defeat of the Chriſtians in the valley of Ronſcevalles; and is thought by ſome to be entirely a burleſque on the fables of the Paladins: but though many parts of it may appear to be ludicrous, yet others are undoubtedly ſerious, as the relation of Orlando's death, where that hero, before he departs from life, utters a very devout prayer, which ſurely no imagination can conſtrue into ridicule. The Italians have indeed many burleſque poems, and among others, one entitled

RICCIARDETTO, written about the year 1700, wherein the characters of Orlando, Rinaldo, and other heroes of romance, are introduced evidently to ridicule the actions related of them, which ridicule conſiſts in carrying the fictions to the higheſt pitch of incredibility: Among other paſſages, the author deſcribes a tree, the branches of which extended twenty miles round; at the foot of which was a damſel ready to be devoured by two toads, that are repreſented ſo large as to be capable of encountering with a whale. In another place, Orlandino and Rinalduccio, the ſons of Orlando and Rinaldo, attack the dwelling of Death, have a perſonal engagement with him, and by force take from him his ſcythe and darts. In fictions of this kind the intention of the poet is apparent; accordingly Ricciardetto is placed by Mr. Baretti among the mock Epics, while the poems of Pulci, Boyardo, and Arioſto are all ranked by him in the number of ſerious pieces.

Baillet, in his review of modern poets*, ſeems to have little knowledge of Pulci, and only quotes the opinion of Father Rapin, who affirms that Pulci, in his poem of Morgante, obſerves

* Jugement des ſavans.

no

no propriety, and appears to have debauched his fancy by the peruſal of books of chivalry. But Monnoye, in his notes on Baillet, delivers himſelf thus: "Luigi Pulci, was a Florentine, and undertook his Morgante at the inſtigation of Lucrece Tomobuoni, the mother of Laurence de Medicis. This extraordinary poem, which is in the octave ſtanza, is divided into twenty-eight cantos: the author has obſerved no rules in the compoſition of his work, and this not from a deſigned neglect, as Vincentio Gravina profeſſes to believe, but becauſe he was entirely ignorant of them. He has, without any regard to the judgment of the critics, confounded time and place, united the ſerious with the comic, and made the giant, his hero, die in a burleſque manner, by the bite of a ſea-crab in his heel; which event happens in the xxth canto, ſo that he is ſpoken of no more in the eight following. The beauty of his narrative, however, compenſates for all his faults, and the lovers of the Florentine dialect are to this day delighted with the Morgante. Some writers attribute this poem to Politian, and affirm that Pulci had it from him; but this appears very improbable, as all the Italian poems, we have of Politian, are in a very different ſtyle."

Mr. Baretti, in his account of the manners and cuſtoms of Italy, ſpeaks thus of Pulci: "It is reported by the biographer of Luigi Pulci, that this poet, who flouriſhed about the year 1450, uſed often to ſing long cantos extempore at the table of Laurence de Medicis. It is even pretended he afterwards put into writing many of thoſe cantos, by the advice and aſſiſtance of Laurence himſelf, Argyropolo, Politian, Giambullari, Marſilius Ficinus, and other learned men, familiarly admitted to the table of that famous patron of learning; and that the Morgante Maggiore was thus formed, a long poem of the Epic kind, incoherent indeed and full of extravagancies, yet no leſs delightful than the Furioſo itſelf."

But whatever merit Pulci may have with an Italian, he would be little reliſhed by a mere Engliſh reader, to whom his fictions muſt appear highly extravagant, and his humour puerile and abſurd: nor indeed could we bear, what muſt appear to us an unaccountable mixture of religion, heroiſm, chivalry, and buffoonery. The exordium of his poem is almoſt word for word from the beginning of St. John's Goſpel*, and every

* In principio era il Verbo appreſſo a Dio,
Ed era Iddio il Verbo, e il Verbo lui, &c.
Morgante Magg. C. i. St. 1.

canto

canto opens with a religious addreſs, or alluſion to ſome point of ſcripture, which unaccountable practice ſeems to have been purſued by moſt of theſe kind of romance writers of that age.

It is to be obſerved, that though many of the names in Pulci are the ſame in Boyardo and Arioſto, yet the actions of the firſt have no ſort of connection with thoſe of the laſt mentioned poets.

In the year 1496, Matteo Maria Boyardo, count of Scandiano, publiſhed his ORLANDO INNAMORATO, the ſubject of which is the falling in love of Orlando, and the great actions performed by him for Angelica, in various parts of the world, interſperſed with the adventures of many other perſonages, moſt of whom afterwards make their appearance in the Furioſo.

It is ſaid by Caſtelvetro, that the names of Agramant, Sacripant, Gradaſſo, &c. given to the heroes of Boyardo's romance, were the real names of the vaſſals of that count, living in Scandiano, a principality of the Modeneſe *.

This may perhaps be the caſe with reſpect to many of the names made uſe of by him; but it

* Jugemens des ſavans, ſee Monnoye's notes.

cannot

cannot be ſo with Agramant, Orlando, Rinaldo, Olivero, and others, that are known to have been popular in the current romances of the times.

This work abounds with a great variety of entertaining incidents, Boyardo being reckoned, by ſome, one of the greateſt inventors that Italy ever produced, but as he was eſteemed very inferior to Pulci, in point of language and verſification, though far beyond him in other reſpects, Dominichi attempted to reduce his poem to better Italian; and about fifty years after Boyardo's death, Franceſco Berni, the modern Catullus of Italy, undertook to verſify it again, and publiſhed his Rifacimento † of the Orlando Innamorato, which met with ſuch general approbation, that the original poem was ſoon neglected, and at this time the genuine work of Boyardo is little attended to. Berni was not ſatisfied with making the verſification of this poem better, he inſerted many ſtanzas of his own, and changed almoſt all the beginnings of the cantos, introducing each, after the manner of Arioſto, with ſome moral reflection ariſing from the ſubject.

† A new-making or new-modelling a work.

Of

Of the Orlando Innamorato no tranſlation has appeared in Engliſh; and indeed, though it is a work highly entertaining in Berni's dreſs, it would ſcarce admit of a tranſlation into Engliſh verſe, the narrative deſcending to ſuch familiar images and expreſſions, as would, by no means, ſuit the genius of our language and poetry. In the year 1716, the celebrated Le Sage, author of Gil Blas, publiſhed in French a proſe tranſlation, or rather paraphraſe, under the title of ROLAND L'AMOUREUX, in which he has taken conſiderable liberties with his author, not only changing the order of the incidents, but very often altering the fables, retrenching from the Italian, and adding circumſtances of his own, not obſerving, in this conduct, the example of Berni, who has religiouſly adhered to the ſtories, as related by Boyardo, and which have not received any improvement from the imagination of the French tranſlator.

The poem of Orlando Innamorato, though very long, conſiſting of LXIX cantos, divided into three books, was left unfiniſhed by the death of its author: ſeveral continuations were written by different perſons, particularly one by Nicolo Agoſtini, in three books: but all theſe, being greatly inferior to Boyardo, were diſregarded, till

in

in the year 1515, Arioſto, having taken up the ſame ſubject, gave the world his ORLANDO FURIOSO, which not only eclipſed all, the other continuators of Orlando, but greatly ſurpaſſed the performance of Boyardo himſelf.

The poems of Boyardo and Arioſto, taken together, form a complete ſeries of events, and require little or no reference to other romance writers, to give the reader a perfect knowledge of their ſtory. Arioſto, indeed, is intimately connected with the narrative of Boyardo in the general plan of his poem, and in the continuation of ſeveral under parts: but Boyardo does not appear, in one inſtance, to have taken up and continued any ſingle ſtory from another. It is however certain that theſe poets have derived their general fable from various books and poems on the wars of Charlemain, and the actions of his Paladins, and other ſubjects of chivalry; and that both have frequent alluſions to incidents recorded in theſe books, and particularly in one apparently prior to Boyardo, entitled, "ASPRAMONTE, in cui ſi contiene le guerre di Re Guarnieri et Agolante contra Roma e Carlo Magno, e di altre guerre e battaglie, maſſime dello avvenimento d'Orlando

e di

e di molti altri Reali di Francia." This book is in XXIII cantos, in ottava rima, the date and author are altogether uncertain; but from many peculiarities of ſtyle and idiom, which ſtrongly reſemble the very early writers, it was probably written, if not before, about the time of Pulci; and the beginning of all the cantos have the ſame ſtrange alluſions to ſcripture doctrine and ſtory as the Morgante. As to the performance itſelf, it may be claſſed with the greater part of the numerous publications of the ſame nature, but will always retain a value from the conſideration that it might have been the principal ſource of the Orlandos Innamorato and Furioſo.

With reſpect to the ſeparate merits of Boyardo and Arioſto, Le Sage, in the preface to his tranſlation, gives the following character of the two poets.

"Theſe authors have given a free ſcope to their imagination, which in both was equally noble and lively: if Boyardo has the merit of invention, Arioſto, in return, has every advantage of ſtile and manner, and the copy is doubtleſs greatly ſuperior to the original. Arioſto is far more poliſhed, his diction is chaſter, and he poſſeſſes all the elegance of language: his

verſes

verſes are ſtrong and ſonorous: his deſcriptions are admirable and often ſublime. On the contrary, Boyardo is always grovelling and feeble: Arioſto, whether ſerious or pleaſant, is every where entertaining, and preſerves a degree of majeſty even in his pleaſantry: he is the only author, who has fouud out the art of blending the ſerious with the comic, and the heroic with the familiar; by which means he is truly original, and ſuch an original, as no one has yet ſucceſsfully imitated."

I ſhall not enter upon the comparative merits of Taſſo and Arioſto: the Italians, in general, give the preference to the Orlando, and other nations allot the firſt place to the Jeruſalem, which undoubtedly has the advantage with reſpect to unity of deſign, regularity of diſpoſition, and dignity of ſubject: theſe poems are of ſo different a nature, that they will not admit of a compariſon. Mirabaud, the French tranſlator of the Jeruſalem, obſerves, that this matter cannot be more judiciouſly diſcuſſed, than in the words of Horatio Arioſto, nephew to Ludovico, who, however biaſſed to give the palm to his uncle, has delivered himſelf in the following manner.

"We

"We cannot eaſily enter upon a compariſon of theſe two poets, who have not the leaſt reſemblance to each other: the ſtile of the one is throughout ſerious and elevated, that of the other is often ſimple and full of pleaſantry. Taſſo has obſerved the precepts of Ariſtotle; Arioſto has taken no guide but Nature; Taſſo, by ſubjecting himſelf to the unity of action, has deprived his poem of a conſiderable advantage derived from the multiplicity of events; whereas Arioſto, being free from ſuch reſtraint, has filled his with a number of incidents that are very delightful to the reader: theſe great poets have nevertheleſs both attained the ſame end, that of pleaſing; but they have attained it by different means."

Girafolo tells us, that from the firſt publication of his poem in 1515, to the year 1532, when he gave an edition, with his laſt corrections and improvements, enlarged to the number of XLVI cantos, Arioſto was continually reviſing and altering it, occaſionally applying to the firſt wits of Italy for their opinion and advice, ſuch as Bembo, Melzo, Novagero, and others mentioned in his concluding book; and that, like Apelles, he ſubmitted his work to the criticiſms of all that would examine it.

Arioſto

Arioſto has been called by ſome a comic poet; but it ſhould ſeem that ſuch an opinion muſt be formed, for want of a due attention to the ſeveral parts of his work, which is undoubtedly ſerious upon the whole, though occaſionally diverſified with many ſallies of humour. But ſhould we, on this account, deny Arioſto the eſſentials of Epic poetry, we muſt, with equal juſtice, refuſe the tragic laurel to our own Shakeſpeare, becauſe his plays are not pure tragedies. Our bard, in his dramatic repreſentation, has drawn his whole picture from the natural world, where events are blended, and where not only the moral characters are varied, but where the ſame character is ſeen with very different aſpect at different times *.

But whatever liberties we may allow an author like Arioſto, with reſpect to mixture of character or ſtyle, yet proverbial and ludicrous expreſſions, or vulgar images, immediately mixed with ſubjects of pathos, or elevation, muſt be ever diſguſting. On this occaſion the author of the Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, makes ſome excellent remarks, which he is led to from ſome paſſages of this kind introduced by Mr. Pope in his Temple of Fame.

* See Dr. Johnſon's Preface to Shakeſpeare.

" Strokes

" Strokes of pleaſantry and humour, and ſatirical reflections on the foibles of common life, are ſurely too familiar, and unſuited to a grave and majeſtic poem *. Such incongruities offend propriety, though I know ingenious perſons have endeavoured to excuſe them, by ſaying that they add a variety of imagery to the piece. This precept is even defended by a paſſage from Horace:

Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poëtæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſulto † ——
Sat. Lib. 1. Sat. 10. v. 11.

" But this judicious remark is, I apprehend, confined to ethic and preceptive kinds of writing, which ſtand in need of being enlivened with lighter images and ſportive thoughts, and where ſtrictures on common life may more grace-

* What is here ſaid of an entire poem may equally be applied to any part of a poem that comes under this deſcription.

† Now change from grave to gay with ready art,
Now play the orators' or poets' part:
In raillery aſſume a gayer air,
Diſcreetly hide your ſtrength, your vigour ſpare.
FRANCIS.

fully be inſerted. But in the higher kinds of poetry, they appear as unnatural and out of place, as one of the burleſque ſcenes of Hemſkirke would do in a ſolemn landſcape of Pouſſin.

" On the revival of literature the firſt writers ſeemed not to have obſerved any SELECTION in their thoughts and images. Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Arioſto, make very ſudden tranſitions from the ſublime to the ridiculous. Chaucer, in his Temple of Mars, among many pictures, has brought in a ſtrange line;

The coke is ſcalded for all his long ladell.

Again,

As Æſop's dogs contending for the bone *.

" No writer has more religiouſly obſerved the decorum here recommended than Virgil †."

If we examine the poems of Boyardo and Arioſto, we ſhall find that the ſecond, with reſpect to the epic part, the wars of Charlemain

* Dryden has turned the firſt line thus:

And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.

But he has retained the ſecond line.

† Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. i. page 410.

and

and Agramant, is not defective in point of unity, as it ſets forth one great action, the Invaſion of France by the Saracens, and concludes with the victory of the Chriſtians by the death or defeat of all the Pagan leaders, although this great action is broken and interrupted, from time to time, by an infinity of epiſodes and romantic adventures, artfully connected with each other, and interwoven with the general fable. But Boyardo has no pretence to unity in any part of his vaſt and heterogeneous compoſition, which, beſide the leſſer incidents, conſiſts of three diſtinct great actions: the Invaſion of France by Gradaſſo, for the conqueſt of Durindana and Boyardo: the Siege of Albracca by Agrican king of Tartary, and the other enemies of Galaphron, and his daughter Angelica: and the Invaſion of France by Agramant to revenge the death of Troyano.

But, notwithſtanding Arioſto has undoubtedly a better claim to unity of action, and regularity of deſign, than his predeceſſor; yet it is very plain that he never intended to write a regular Epic poem, but that he adopted the faſhionable mode of that time. As an inſtance of the taſte then prevalent for the wild and deſultory narratives of romance, it is ſaid, that when Bernardo

Taſſo conceived the deſign of compoſing a poem from the Amadis de Gaul, he had at firſt reduced it to the plan of a regular Epic, and in that ſtate read part of it to his friends, who gave it ſo cool a reception, that he thought it adviſeable to change his purpoſe, and treat his ſubject in the ſame manner as the other popular writers, or Romanzatori *.

Thus Arioſto, having undertaken to continue a well-known ſtory, begun and left unfiniſhed by Boyardo, was neceſſarily led to vary his narrative and diction, as the different ſubjects required: and therefore in him is to be found a greater variety of ſtile and manner, than perhaps in any other author.

From the romantic turn of his fable, and the motley character of his writing, many of the French critics, and ſome others, have been induced, in the cool phlegm of criticiſm, to paſs the ſevereſt cenſures on Arioſto; but it will be ſeen that ſuch cenſures are in general futile, being founded on the miſtaken opinion, that the Orlando is to be tried by the rules of Ariſtotle, and the examples of Homer and Virgil: but as no

* Romance-writers in verſe. See Preface to the AMADIGI of Bernardo Taſſo.

writers of real taſte, however ſtrongly prejudiced with the idea of claſſic excellence, could peruſe the Italian poem without ſenſibly feeling its beauties, it follows that their obſervations often appear a contradictory mixture of praiſe and cenſure, of which the reader will have ſome idea from the following paſſages of Baillet, in his Jugemens des ſavans *.

" It is a general received opinion in Italy, that the Orlando Furioſo has entirely ſurpaſſed every performance that appeared before it, particularly the Orlando of Boyardo, and the Morgante of Pulci: the laſt by dignity of incidents and majeſty of verſification, and the former by completing and bringing to perfection the inventions of the count †. M. Roſteau gives it as his opinion, that the Orlando Furioſo had no ſuperior, or rival, till the Godfrey of Taſſo, which appeared afterwards in the world.

" Never was any other piece filled with ſo many and various events as the poem of Arioſto: the whole is a mixture of combats, enchantments, and groteſque adventures; and it is ſaid, that the wits of Italy are ſtill divided concerning the merits of this work, and the Jeruſalem Delivered.

* Poetes modernes. † Paul. Jovius.

" The Orlando ſeems to be a trophy raiſed from the ſpoils of every other Italian production, in which the author has neglected nothing that his genius or induſtry could ſupply him with, in order to enrich his poem, and give it the utmoſt perfection.

" Father Rapin has diſcovered many blemiſhes in the Orlando Furioſo *. In one part he finds that the poet has too much fire; in another, that he is crowded with ſupernatural events, which are like the crude imaginations of a diſtempered brain, and which can never be admired by men of ſenſe, as bearing no reſemblance of truth.

" He ſays, beſides, that his deſign is too vaſt without proportion or juſtneſs; that his epiſodes are affected, improbable, injudiciouſly introduced, and often out of nature; that his heroes are only Paladins, and that his poem breathes more an air of romantic chivalry, than a ſpirit of heroiſm.

" In other places, he confeſſes that Arioſto is pure, elevated, ſublime, and admirable in expreſſion; that his deſcriptions are maſter-pieces, but that he is altogether deficient in judgment; that the beauty of his expreſſion, joined to the other

* Reflect. critiq. ſur la poeſi.

charms

charms of his verſification, has impoſed upon the world, and ſo far dazzled our poets, as to prevent their diſcovering his many abſurdites. "His genius," continues Rapin, "reſembles thoſe fertile lands that produce, at the ſame time, weeds and flowers; and though the ſeveral parts of his poem are very beautiful, yet the whole, when taken together, does not deſerve the title of an Epic poem."

Gravina, an Italian critic, of great taſte and judgment, gives the following opinion of Arioſto: "After Boyardo, Arioſto took up the ſame ſtory, but in a far more exalted ſtrain of poetry, and gave a complete ending to the unfiniſhed invention of his predeceſſor, interſperſing every part of his narrative with ſtrong and maſterly pictures of the paſſions and habits of mankind, in ſo much, that the Furioſo may be conſidered as an aſſemblage of all that actuates the human mind, love, hatred, jealouſy, avarice, anger, and ambition, in their natural colours, with an infinity of examples of the puniſhments attendant upon vice. In Boyardo and Arioſto is to be ſeen the true ſyſtem of honour known by the name of CHIVALRY. I ſhall not dwell upon the philoſophical and theological doctrines in various parts of Arioſto's poem, particularly in the

cantos where St. John and Aſtolpho are introduced together. But this poet would not have attained his purpoſe, nor would poſterity have found in him that leſſon of inſtruction which is ever the province of poetry, if his work had only deſcribed the exalted ſcenes of life, and not deſcended ſometimes to the familiar and common manners, that every rank and ſtation might meet with correction or reproof. For as in Homer, likewiſe in Arioſto, the general ſublimity of character does not exclude the introduction, though rare, yet ſometimes neceſſary, of perſonages of a lower order. To ſuch a diverſity of matter muſt be joined a diverſity of ſtyle, which Arioſto has properly obſerved. In deſcriptions of dignity, the dignified ſtile muſt be uſed; but where the paſſage approaches to common life, an humbler phraſe is required. In this reſpect Arioſto is ſuperior to many, always riſing and ſinking with his ſubject. He is indeed reprehenſible for the diſagreeable breaks in his narrative, and for mingling ſometimes, injudiciouſly, ludicrous reflections or licentious alluſions with the moſt ſerious matter, for a ſtrain of extravagant hyperbole, ſometimes for the uſe of low and vulgar expreſſions, for his long and tedious digreſſions on the families of Ferrara, and on his miſtreſs. But ſuch is the power of Arioſto, that while his

work

work is peruſing almoſt all his faults and blemiſhes are loſt in the multitude of his excellencies *."

Among the modern writers, Voltaire has been very ſevere upon Arioſto, particularly in his eſſay on Epic poetry, where he ſpeaks of him in the following invidious manner:

" Some readers (ſays he) will be ſurprized, that Arioſto is not placed among the Epic poets; but it will be proper to obſerve to them, that no one, ſpeaking of Tragedy would mention l'AVARE or le GRONDEUR †; and whatever may be the opinion of ſome Italians, the reſt of Europe will never place Arioſto on a level with Taſſo, till Don Quixote is ranked with the Æneid, or Callot with Corregio."

The ſame Voltaire, who has ſo far degraded Arioſto in the above paſſage, has ſince delivered his ſentiments very differently, in a work lately publiſhed ‡, from which, for the uncommonneſs of the ſubject, and the manner in which he has treated it, I ſhall tranſlate ſuch paſſages as immediately relate to the preſent enquiry.

* Gravina della Rogione poetica.

† Two French Comedies.

‡ Queſtions ſur l'Encyclopedie, publiſhed MDCCLXX. See the article EPOPEE.

" The

" The Odyſſey of Homer," ſays he, " ſeems to have been the model of the Morgante, the Orlando Innamorato, and the Orlando Furioſo; and, what rarely happens, the laſt of theſe poems is indiſputably the beſt.

" The companions of Ulyſſes transformed to ſwine; the winds encloſed in a goat's-ſkin; muſicians with tails of fiſhes, who devour thoſe that approach them; Ulyſſes, who follows naked the chariot of a beautiful princeſs on her return from waſhing her garments; the ſame Ulyſſes, diſguiſed like a beggar, requeſting alms, and afterwards killing all the ſuitors of his old wife, aſſiſted only by his ſon and two ſervants; theſe are imaginations that have given riſe to all the romances in verſe, that have ſince been written on ſimilar ſubjects.

" But the romance of Arioſto is ſo extenſive, ſo full of variety, ſo fruitful in every kind of beauty, that after having peruſed it, I have more than once found my appetite excited to begin it again; and yet I could never read a ſingle canto of this poem in our proſe tranſlations; ſuch are the charms of natural poetry!

" What excited particularly my admiration in this wonderful performance, was the uncommon genius

genius that ſeems to raiſe the author above his ſubject, which he treats with a kind of ſportive negligence: he ſays the ſublimeſt things with the utmoſt eaſe, and often concludes them with a ſtroke of refined and well-timed pleaſantry. The Orlando Furioſo is at once the Iliad, the Odyſſey, and the Don Quixote; for the principal knight-errant runs mad, like the Spaniſh hero, but is infinitely more entertaining. We are intereſted for Orlando, but we take no part in the fortune of Don Quixote, who is repreſented by Cervantes, as a madman, expoſed to univerſal deriſion.

"The Orlando Furioſo has a merit altogether unknown to the writers of antiquity; which merit is exhibited in the openings of the ſeveral cantos. Each canto is an enchanted palace, the veſtibule of which is always in a different ſtyle, ſometimes majeſtic, ſometimes ſimple, and ſometimes groteſque. The poet is, by turns, moral, pleaſant, and gallant, but never departs from truth and nature."

Voltaire, having then aſſerted that Arioſto equals Homer in his battles, and given ſome examples to ſupport his aſſertion, proceeds thus:

"Arioſto

" Arioſto has the peculiar talent of making a tranſition, from theſe deſcriptions of terror, to the moſt voluptuous pictures, and from theſe laſt he can, with equal eaſe, change his ſubject to the refined doctrines of morality: but the greateſt art of the poet appears in his intereſting us ſo ſtrongly for his heroes and heroines, though they are ſo many and various: the pathetic incidents in his poem are almoſt equal in number to the groteſque adventures; and his reader is ſo pleaſingly accuſtomed to this mixture, that the change ſteals upon him with the leaſt ſeeming violence.

" I know not who it was that firſt propagated the pretended queſtion of Cardinal Hippolito to the author;" " Meſſer Ludovico, dove havete pigliate tante coglionerie? Signor Ludovico, where did you find ſo many abſurdities?" The cardinal ought rather to have ſaid, " Dove havete pigliate tante coſe divine?" Where did you find ſo many divine things?

" I formerly durſt not rank in the number of Epic poets one, whom at that time I conſidered as only the firſt of groteſque writers; but, upon a more diligent peruſal, I have found him to be as full of ſublimity as pleaſantry, and now make him this public reparation. It is indeed true, that

that Leo X. publiſhed a bull in favour of the Orlando Furioſo, excommunicating all thoſe who ſhould preſume to attack that poem; and I ſhall be very cautious how I incur the cenſure of ſuch excommunication *."

Thus has this lively writer ſigned, as it were, a recantation of ſome of the errors of his poetical faith, in which perhaps it will appear, that he has no leſs exaggerated than he had before depreciated, the merits of Arioſto: however this example may ſerve to ſhew how little ſtability appears in the opinion of this very extraordinary genius, whoſe ſpirit ſo warmly animated his pen at ſuch an advanced age, but whoſe writings more frequently appeal to the imagination, than judgment of his reader: I have formerly had occaſion to combat ſome of his ſtrictures on Taſſo †; and we have a pregnant inſtance of his criticiſms in his ſeveral attacks on Shakeſpeare, which have been expoſed in a moſt elegant and judicious diſſertation on the genius of that immortal poet ‡.

* See Life of Arioſto, for an examination into the ſtory of this bull.

† See preface to the tranſlation of Taſſo.

‡ Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Shakeſpeare.

A re-

A remarkable letter remains of Bernardo Taſſo, the father of Torquato, in which there is this paſſage: " Ne ſo io s'Ariſtotele naſceſſe a queſto età e vedeſſe il vaghiſſimo poema del' Arioſto, conoſcendo la forza del uſo, e vedendo che tanto diletta, come l'eſperienza ſi dimoſtra, mutaſſe opinione, e conſentiſſe che ſi poteſſe far poema eroico di piu azzione. Con la ſua mirabil dottrina e giudicio, dandogli nova norma e preſcrivuondogli novi leggi †.

Giuſeppe Malateſta publiſhed a Dialogue on the New Poetry, or a Defence of the Furioſo, and undertook to ſhow, that this poem was compoſed agreeably to the ſeveral rules of poetry, and that it excelled the beauties of Homer and Virgil.

The only poem we have in Engliſh of the Gothic romance kind, is the FAIRY QUEEN of Spenſer; a poet, whoſe ſtory and ſtyle bear the neareſt reſemblance to Arioſto: the greateſt dif-

† I queſtion if Ariſtotle had been born in our times to have ſeen the poem of Arioſto, and had experienced the wonderful delight afforded by the peruſal, whether he would not have altered his ſentiments, and agreed that an heroic poem might conſiſt of more than one action, and whether his admirable judgment would not have extended the poetic licence, and given new laws for epic poetry.

ference

ference of theſe two poets is, that the adventures of the Engliſh poet are ſupported by ſhadowy characters, that ſet forth one continued allegory; whereas the Italian author gives a narrative of incidents, in which an allegory is only occaſionally introduced. Hughes, in the preface to his edition of Spenſer's works, prefers the Fairy Queen on this account, alleging, that "though his fable is often wild, yet it is always emblematical." But, perhaps, upon appealing to the ſenſations of the reader, Arioſto may even, for this very reaſon, be found to have the preference; as it will admit of ſome doubt, whether the conſtant allegory does not conſiderably weaken the pathetic effect of the narrative: for what ſympathy can we experience, as men, for the misfortunes of an imaginary being, whom we are perpetually reminded to be only the type of ſome moral, or religious virtue?

With regard to the fables contained in the Italian poets and the old romance writers, the ſame critic before cited has the following obſervations, containing an opinion which had been ſtarted before by Gravina.

"The writers of the old romances, from whom Arioſto and Spenſer have borrowed ſo largely, are ſuppoſed to have had copious ima-

ginations; but may they not be indebted for their invulnerable heroes, their monſters, their enchantments, their gardens of pleaſure, their winged ſteeds, and the like, to the Echidna, to the Circe, to the Medea, to the Achilles, to the Syrens, to the Harpies, to the Phryxus, to the Bellerophon of the ancients? The cave of Polypheme might furniſh out the ideas of their giants, and Andromeda might give occaſion for ſtories of diſtreſſed damſels on the point of being devoured by dragons, and delivered at ſuch a critical ſeaſon by their favourite knights. Some faint traditions of the ancients might have been kept glimmering and alive through the whole barbarous ages, as they are called; and it is not impoſſible but theſe have been the parents of the Genii in the eaſtern, and the Fairies in the weſtern world. To ſay that Amadis and Sir Triſtan have a claſſical foundation, may at firſt ſight appear paradoxical; but if the ſubject were examined to the bottom, I am inclined to think that the wildeſt chimeras in theſe books of chivalry, with which Don Quixote's library was furniſhed, would be found to have a cloſe connexion with ancient mythology *.

* Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. ii. page 3.

But

But although Arioſto's poem is acknowledged to be defective in plan and regularity, yet every particular beauty of the higheſt ſpecies of poetry is to be found in the ſeveral parts of it, in which reſpect Boyardo is greatly deficient, who ſeldom attains more than to amuſe the imagination by the pleaſing variety of his fictions. But I muſt not here omit to take notice of one noble paſſage in the Innamorato, where the encounter of Orlando and Agrican is compared to the meeting of two thunder clouds. Our great Milton has the ſame ſimile in the ſecond book of Paradiſe Loſt, when Satan and Death prepare to engage. The Orlando Furioſo may be conſidered as an Epic, formed on the manners of chivalry. Where the ſubject of Arioſto riſes, Taſſo does not appear with greater dignity.

All the battles and ſingle combats in Arioſto are excellent: in the laſt he is greatly ſuperior to Taſſo, and indeed to moſt other poets; for in this reſpect there appears ſome defect even in the poems of Homer and Virgil, in which there are few good deſcriptions of this kind. Our own countryman, Spenſer, has ſucceeded beſt in theſe paſſages, for which perhaps he is not a little indebted to the Italian.

Though the general battles of the Iliad and Æneid are ſupported with wonderful fire, and every circumſtance of terror inimitably introduced to keep the mind ſuſpended and anxious for the event, yet thoſe great poets do not ſeem to have attended, in the ſame manner, to the ſingle encounters of their heroes, the iſſue of which, being generally ſoon determined, or at leaſt foreſeen, ſeldom raiſes much anxiety for the fate of the combatants. Virgil, it is true, has improved upon Homer, and the laſt important action, between Æneas and Turnus, in the XIIth book, is conducted with more judgment than any ſingle combat in the Iliad.

Homer, indeed, introduces the duel between Hector and Ajax with unexampled ſublimity: but when the combatants meet, how ſoon is the conflict over, and how little are the readers kept in ſuſpenſe!

Taſſo has imitated this combat, with its attendant circumſtances; and however he may fall ſhort of his great original in ſome parts, he certainly has the advantage with reſpect to ſuch particulars as tend to aggrandize the valour of his heroes.

I ſhall produce one more inſtance from Homer to ſupport the foregoing aſſertion. When the mind has been long prepared for an engagement between the two great heroes of the poem, how muſt the expectation be excited from the idea of ſuch a combat! But here, I believe, every unprejudiced reader will confeſs his diſappointment, where Hector is repreſented flying at the mere ſight of Achilles; and when, after having been thrice chaced round the walls of Troy, he turns, at the inſtigation of Pallas, to engage his enemy, how little appears the proweſs of the gallant Hector, who had ſo often ſtood the bulwark of his country! of that Hector, who, notwithſtanding the united efforts of an army, had ſet fire to the Grecian fleet, and whom the poet had oppoſed to Neptune himſelf!

The laſt combat of Tancred and Argantes in the XIXth book of the Jeruſalem, excels every ſimilar paſſage in the Iliad or Æneid: in the Italian poet the mind is kept in ſuſpenſe for the event; and the ſeveral turns of fortune, between the two combatants, are well imagined: at the ſame time it muſt be confeſſed, that Taſſo has not always ſhewn equal judgment: he has ſometimes, through a partial reverence for the examples of antiquity, followed his Greek maſter

to a fault; amongſt other inſtances, the death of Solyman by the hand of Rinaldo, in the xxth book, muſt in ſome ſort offend the reader, like that of Hector by Achilles.

If we peruſe Arioſto attentively, we ſhall find him free from every objection of this kind: his great art, in theſe rencounters, is to keep up the attention between hope and fear, and when he has involved the reader in diſtreſs for the danger of ſome favourite warrior, he, by an unexpected turn, relieves the anxiety he has raiſed, and gives victory to the ſeemingly conquered party.

Nor will our poet be found deficient in the tender and pathetic, which every reader of taſte muſt acknowledge, when he peruſes the ſtories of Zerbino and Brandimart, the epiſode of Cloridan and Medoro, and more eſpecially the detail of Orlando's madneſs in the XXIIId Book, wherein the author has diſplayed the moſt intimate acquaintance with the human heart.

From the general plan of Arioſto's fable, which admits the agency of necromancers, witches, ſpirits and other preternatural powers, it will be eaſily expected, that the marvellous ſhould be carried to an exceſſive length; and yet many of his fic-

tions

tions are not more incredible than thoſe of the Greek and Latin poets. The metamorphoſis of the ſhips to nymphs, in the Æneid, is as violent a machine as the leaves to ſhips in the Orlando. The ſtories of the Italian poet are not more extravagant, than the legendary tales of the ſaints, which were currently believed in his time, and are ſtill objects of faith with the vulgar. Yet let it not be ſuppoſed, that this apology for Arioſto, which reſpects the times in which he wrote, is meant as a general defence for ſuch kind of fictions, critically, or even poetically conſidered, for ſome of theſe the warmeſt of Arioſto's admirers muſt give up as not to be defended.

Yet, while we candidly allow the force of objection to ſuch paſſages of Arioſto, as are juſtly reprehenſible, let us not adopt the faſtidious pedantry of thoſe French critics, who having little taſte for the works of imagination of other nations, and no examples of ſuch in their own, were continually declaiming againſt the falſe ſtyle, extravagant conceits, and abſurd fictions, of the Italian poets, principally Arioſto and Taſſo. Father Bohours, in many reſpects an excellent and judicious critic, has undoubtedly produced

ſeveral exceptionable paſſages in their writings; but has too haſtily given the following moſt extraordinary cenſure of Arioſto: "* De l'humeur dont vous êtes (repliqua Phalante) vous n'approuveriez pas ce que dit l'Arioſte d'un de ſes heros, qui dans la chaleur du combat, ne s'étant pas apperçu qu'on l'avoit tué, il combattit toujours vaillamment tout mort qu'il étoit."

Il pover' huomo, ed non s'en era accorto,
Andava combattendo ed era morto †.

This criticiſm, with the quotation undoubtedly made from memory, has been implicitly taken up by many, and produced as an example of the abſurdity of the Italian poets in general, and of Arioſto in particular: but the truth is, no ſuch lines are to be found in the whole poem of Orlando Furioſo, nor was Arioſto capable of a fiction ſo truly ridiculous, as only to deſerve a place in a burleſque compoſition. The paſſage that gave riſe to this remark of Father Bohours is in Berni's Rifacimento of Boyardo, and is entirely

* Maniere de bien penſer.

† The poor man, not perceiving what had happened to him, went on fighting, and he was dead.

his own, there being not the leaſt foundation for it in the original work of Boyardo. The whole ſtanza runs thus:

Onde ora avendo a traverſo tagliato
Queſto Pagan, lo fe ſi deſtramente,
Che l'un pezzo in ſu l'altro ſuggellato
Rimaſe, ſenza muoverſi niente:
E come avvien', quand uno è reſcaldato,
Che le ferite per allor non ſente,
Coſi colui del colpo non accorto,
Andava combattendo ed era morto.
Orland. Innam. L. ii. C. xxiv. S. 60.

He with his falchion aim'd ſo well the blow,
And ſever'd with ſuch art the Pagan foe,
That ſtill, as one, the ſeparate parts adher'd,
And ſtill, entire, unhurt, the man appear'd:
And as the limbs, while warm in action, feel
No ſenſe of anguiſh from the wounding ſteel;
So the fierce knight, with vigour yet unbroke,
Fought on, tho' dead, unconſcious of the ſtroke.

The champion who gave this wonderful ſtroke was Orlando, with his ſword Durindana.

But if we conſider that part of Arioſto's fable, which, independent of ſupernatural agents, and viſionary beings, exhibits merely a view of general manners ſo totally repugnant to the preſent ſyſtem of political and ſocial life, we ſhall find

the picture much nearer than we imagined to the early times of feudal violence and oppreſſion; and, with reſpect to many deſcriptions in thoſe writers, who are generally ſuppoſed to give us a world of their own creation, I beg to quote the following paſſage:

"The fictions of the Gothic romances were not ſo remote from credibility as they are now thought. In the full prevalence of the feudal inſtitution, when violence deſolated the world, and every baron lived in a fortreſs, forefts and caſtles were regularly ſucceeded by each other, and the adventurer might very ſuddenly paſs from the gloom of woods, or the ruggedneſs of moors, to feats of plenty, gaiety, and magnificence. Whatever is imaged in the wildeſt tale, if giants, dragons, and enchantments be excepted, would be felt by him, who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the ſea without a pilot, ſhould be carried amidſt his terror and uncertainty, to the hoſpitality and elegance of Raaſay and Dunvegan *."

The ſame writer, having deſcribed the nature of the caſtles or fortified places, formerly in uſe in the iſlands of Scotland, proceeds thus:

* A Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland, p. 174.

"These caſtles afford another evidence, that the fictions of romantic chivalry had, for their baſis, the real manners of the feudal times, when every lord of a ſeignory lived in his hold lawleſs and unaccountable, with all the licentiouſneſs and inſolence of unconteſted ſuperiority and unprincipled power. The traveller, whoever he might be, coming to the fortified habitation of a chieftain, would probably have been interrogated from the battlements, admitted with caution at the gate, introduced to a petty monarch, fierce with habitual hoſtility, and vigilant with ignorant ſuſpicion; who, according to his general temper, or accidental humour, would have ſeated a ſtranger as his gueſt at the table, or as a ſpy confined him to the dungeon *."

The characters of Arioſto are powerfully delineated, and admirably ſuſtained; and however he may offend in the probability of his action, his pictures of the affections of the mind have the cleareſt hiſtorical truth. Let the reader of imagination, and only ſuch readers are qualified to taſte the beauties of Arioſto, when he opens his book, allow him in full force the ideas of chivalry and magic, and he will find infinite

* A Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland, p. 364.

touches

touches of nature in the manners of his heroes and heroines, with a diſcrimination and variety rarely to be excelled.

"Arioſto (ſays a late writer) pleaſes; but not by his monſtrous and improbable fictions, by his bizarre mixture of the ſerious and comic ſtyles, by the want of coherence in his ſtories, or by the continual interruptions in his narration. He charms by the force and clearneſs of his expreſſion, by the readineſs and variety of his inventions, and by his natural pictures of the paſſions, eſpecially of the gay and amorous kind *."

No one ſeems to have been more powerfully impreſſed with the merits of Arioſto than an elegant poet of our own time, who, in taking a review of the ſeveral epic writers, where, in a moſt ſpirited manner, he aſſerts the ſuperiority of genius and fancy over rule and ſyſtem, has characterized the author of Orlando Furioſo in the following animated lines.

Indignant Fancy, who with ſcorn ſurvey'd
The ſleepy honours to proud Syſtem paid,

* HUME, Diſſertation iv.

Smiling

Smiling to ſee that on her rival's brow
The poppy lurk'd beneath the laurel bough,
Reſolv'd in ſportive triumph to diſplay
The rich extent of her ſuperior ſway:
From Necromancy's hand, in happieſt hour,
She caught the rod of viſionary power;
And, as aloft the magic wand ſhe rais'd,
A peerleſs Bard with new effulgence blaz'd,
Born every law of Syſtem to diſown,
And rule by Fancy's boundleſs power alone.
High in mid air, between the moon and earth,
The Bard of pathos now, and now of mirth,
Pois'd with his lyre between a griffin's wings,
Her ſportive darling ARIOSTO ſings.
As the light cloud, whoſe varying vapours fly,
Driven by the zephyr of the evening ſky,
Fixes and charms the never-wearied view,
By taking every ſhape and every hue;
So, by Variety's ſupreme control,
His changeful numbers charm the willing ſoul:
Enchanted by his ſong, Attention ſits,
With features catching every caſt by fits,
Like the fond infant, in whoſe tender brain
Young Senſibility delights to reign;
While rapid Joy and Pain each other chace,
Through the ſoft muſcles of its April face.

In

In vain the ſlaves of Syſtem would diſcard
From Glory's claſſic train this airy bard;
Delighted Nature her gay favourite crown'd,
And Envy's clamour in her plaudit drown'd.
Severe Morality, to cenſure mov'd,
His wanton lyre with juſter blame reprov'd;
But his ſweet ſong her anger ſo beguil'd,
That ere ſhe finiſh'd her reproof, ſhe ſmil'd.

HAYLEY'S Eſſay on Ep. Poet. Ep. iii.

But whatever may be the power of Arioſto in the original, a tranſlator will find great difficulties; and conſiderable liberties are to be allowed him, if he is expected to make his author graceful to an Engliſh reader. The great praiſe of Arioſto, amongſt the intelligent of his countrymen, is ſimplicity of expreſſion, and purity of diction; and it is univerſally allowed, that no author had ever a more abſolute command of his own language. There is a certain eaſy negligence in his muſe that often aſſumes a playful mode of expreſſion, incompatible with the nature of our preſent poetry, though ſome few examples of the kind may be met with in our old poets, particularly Spenſer, who has adopted much of Arioſto's manner. To this it may be added, that the Italian appears to run into rhyme

with

with a facility altogether unknown to us, which may be ſeen from what has been related of Pulci, on which ſubject I ſhall give a remarkable paſſage from Mr. Baretti, in the book before quoted.

" Among the general characteriſtics of the Tuſcans, I have already touched upon their love of poetry; and, what is altogether ſingular in them, their common cuſtom of *improviſare*; that is, of ſinging verſes extempore to the guitar, and other ſtringed inſtruments. I can aver that it is a very great entertainment, and what cannot fail of exciting very great ſurpriſe, to hear two of their beſt *improviſatori* et *cantare pares et reſpondere parati*, and eager to excel, expatiate in ottava rima, upon any ſubject moderately ſuſceptible of poetical amplification. Several times have I been aſtoniſhed at the rapidity of their expreſſions, the eaſineſs of their rhymes, the juſtneſs of their numbers, the copiouſneſs of their images, and the general warmth and impetuoſity of their thoughts; and I have ſeen crowds of liſteners hurried, as well as myſelf, into a vortex of delight, if I may ſo expreſs it, whoſe motion acquired more and more violence as the bards grew more and more inflamed by the repeated ſhoutings of the by-ſtanders, and by the force of

of the oppoſition which each encountered from his antagoniſt."

It is this eaſe, blended with occaſional ſtrength, that gives unſpeakable grace and variety to the narratives of Arioſto; and an Engliſh tranſlator will have frequent reaſon to regret the more rigid genius of his language, that rarely permits him, in this reſpect, to attempt even an imitation of his author. It will therefore be found, upon comparing this verſion with the original, that ſome parts are ſhortened, and that the ſtyle of others has been varied, retaining at the ſame time what was thought requiſite to preſerve the character of the writer, for which reaſon I have not omitted the puerile conceits at the end of his books, as they do not in the leaſt affect the general merit of the work.

Concerning the compliments to the houſe of Eſte, which occur in different parts of the poem, I have endeavoured to take off from the dryneſs of the ſubject, by giving in the notes a conciſe account of the Italian hiſtory and families alluded to. But there is a heavy charge againſt Arioſto, to which no defence can be made; which is, that he ſometimes gives himſelf up to an unwarrantable licentiouſneſs of idea and language: however,

ever, it is hoped, that every paſſage, of this nature, is ſo far ſoftened in the tranſlation, as to give no juſt cauſe of offence.

As the far greater part of my readers muſt be ſuppoſed unacquainted with the work on which this poem is immediately founded, I have thought it expedient to prefix to the FURIOSO a general view of Boyardo's principal ſtory, as connected with Arioſto, and to inſert in the notes an account of every adventure referred to in the former poem.

The reader will obſerve that Arioſto generally breaks off his ſtories abruptly, after the manner of Boyardo, and other romance writers, in which practice he has been followed by Spenſer. Some Italian writers have applauded this method as tending to excite and keep up the attention, and prevent ſatiety, by a continual variation of the ſubject; as the poet himſelf ſays:

" Come raccende il guſto il mutare eſca;
Coſi mi par, che la mia iſtoria, quanto,
Or quà, or là piu variata ſia,
Meno, a chi l'udirà noiſa ſia."

" As at the board, with plenteous viands grac'd,
Cate after cate excites the ſickening taſte;

So

So while my muſe repeats her vary'd ſtrains,
Tale following tale the raviſh'd ear detains."

Book xiii.

But perhaps the generality of readers will, with Gravina *, be rather diſguſted to have their curioſity ſo frequently raiſed, and almoſt as conſtantly diſappointed, and that, ſometimes, in the moſt critical and intereſting part: it is likewiſe to be feared that theſe repeated breaks, by blending the adventures with each other, muſt rather tend to perplex and embarraſs the ſtory; though we cannot but admire the art of the poet, in connecting ſuch an immenſe variety of incidents, and bringing them at laſt to one point. I have, therefore, ſet down the ſeveral continuations, after the example of ſome of the Italian editors, which method has likewiſe been purſued by Sir John Harrington in his tranſlation.

It will be proper, in this place, to ſay ſomething of the five cantos printed after Arioſto's death, in addition to the forty-ſix cantos of the Orlando Furioſo, and concerning which there have been different opinions amongſt his own countrymen of the intention of the poet. Some have ſuppoſed that they were meant to have

* See page 24.

been

been incorporated with his great work; but ſuch opinion muſt ſurely be erroneous, ſince the firſt of theſe additional cantos opens after Rogero had been converted to Chriſtianity, and was made one of the Paladins of Charlemain, circumſtances that certainly point out the concluſion of the Furioſo. Others have, with much more reaſon, judged theſe five cantos to be the beginning of an entire new work, continued from the ſubject of the former: and by ſome writers, among whom is Porcacchi, it has been doubted, whether theſe cantos were the genuine production of Arioſto, to whom, however, the generality of his biographers, without ſcruple, give them; but it ſeems to be agreed by all, that they are very inferior in compoſition, and elegance of ſtyle, to his celebrated poem; nor are they ever quoted or referred to by any writer, as ſo frequently happens with reſpect to the Furioſo. Some have thought that they were the work of his earlier years. It is certain that the fable appears very unintereſting after a peruſal of the Furioſo, and the fiction moſt abſurdly extravagant, where he brings Rogero into the belly of a whale, when he meets with a hermit, who had been there forty years, and who relates to him, that all thoſe who had eſcaped from Alcina, were ſooner or later impriſoned in this monſter.

Here he meets with Aſtolpho, and ſees a church and dwelling for the inhabitants, all in the belly of the whale. On conſidering theſe five poſthumous cantos, in which the ſtory is brought to no concluſion, I am almoſt tempted to ſubſcribe to the following judicious ſentiments of Sir John Harrington: "For the five cantos that follow Furioſo, I am partly of opinion they were not his, both becauſe methinke they differ in ſweetneſſe of ſtyle from the other, and beſide it is not likely that a man of his judgment, having made ſo abſolute a piece of worke as his Furioſo is, and having brought every matter to a great and well pleaſing concluſion, would, as it were, marre all again, and ſet them all by the ears, and bring Rogero in the whale's belly, and Aſtolpho with him for company, that a little before were conquerors of the world *."

If novelty be any recommendation of the work now offered to the Public, an Engliſh Arioſto may have that to plead, notwithſtanding any tranſlation that has yet appeared. We have indeed two verſions of the Orlando Furioſo, the firſt of which, by Sir John Harrington, before mentioned, publiſhed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and dedicated to that princeſs, is little

* Harrington's Life of Arioſto.

known;

known; the copies are become very ſcarce, and the genius of the performance, whatever merit it might claim at the time of the publication, affords now little encouragement to multiply them by a new impreſſion. The laſt tranſlation, ſent into the world, was profeſſedly given by its author as a literal verſion, the very idea of which, will neceſſarily exclude the thought of its being generally read as an Engliſh book, of which every one will judge, who is acquainted with the different idioms of the two languages.

Although this poem, like all the Italian writings of the kind, is written in the octave ſtanza, the preſent tranſlation will be found, in that reſpect, to differ from the two firſt, which are rendered in the ſame form of verſification as the Italian. I am aware that it has been, and is ſtill the opinion of ſome, whoſe judgment claims no little deference, that the Engliſh couplet is improper for a work of this nature, and that the ſtanza is the only manner ſuitable to romance: to which it may be anſwered that the Italians, who made uſe of this firſt, applied it, and ſtill continue to apply it, to the higheſt kind of poetry; it is therefore to be conſidered as their heroic ſtyle: It was not only uſed by Pulci, Boyardo and Arioſto, in their compoſitions of

the Gothic fiction, but is employed by Taſſo in his truly Epic poem of the Jeruſalem; and by many of the Italian writers in their tranſlations of the Greek and Roman poets, which, I believe, few other modern tranſlators would think of rendering in the ſtanza. The genius of our heroic verſe admits of a great variety; and we have examples of very different ſpecies of writing, in the works of Dryden and Pope, from the ſublime ſtyle of Homer and Virgil, to the familiar narratives of Boccace and Chaucer.

But of all the various ſtyles uſed by our beſt poets, none ſeems ſo well adapted to the mixed and familiar narrative as that of Dryden in his laſt productions, known by the name of his Fables, which, by their harmony, ſpirit, eaſe, and variety of verſification, exhibit an admirable model for a tranſlator of Arioſto.

In referring to the ſeveral commentators, I have been cautious how far I adopted their allegorical interpretations, as the temper of that claſs of writers frequently leads them to trace out a meaning, which the poet himſelf was a ſtranger to: that allegory, which requires explanation, is certainly defective; and it is notorious, that an inventive genius can convert the plaineſt narrative into

into myſtery, as Taſſo has done by his Jeruſalem, to which he has prefixed an allegory that renders the whole poem as completely viſionary as the Fairy Queen of Spenſer.

Should the Engliſh reader become more acquainted with this celebrated Italian, he will find the Orlando no bad elucidation of the Don Quixote of Cervantes, as a great part of the cuſtoms, at leaſt the general genius of chivalry, may be learnt from it, without the drudgery of travelling through the old romances.

Though it is not here recommended that any one ſhould imitate the extravagances of the Italian writers, yet while the enthuſiaſtic ſpirit, that hurries away the reader, continues to be regarded as the glorious criterion of true poetry, every follower of the Muſes will find ample ſubject for admiration in the peruſal of the Orlando Furioſo of Arioſto, an author, whom, with all his faults, Dryden acknowledges to have been a GREAT POET; an author, lately included in the higheſt praiſe of creative genius by one of our firſt critics, who thus deſcribes that general effect from which the power of every poet ought to be eſtimated. "Works of imagination excel by their allurement and delight; by their

power of attracting and detaining the attention. That book is good in vain which the reader throws away. He only is the maſter who keeps the mind in pleaſing captivity; whoſe pages are peruſed with eagerneſs, and in hope of new pleaſure are peruſed again; and whoſe concluſion is perceived with an eye of ſorrow, ſuch as the traveller caſts upon departing day."

Vol:1

to face the Life

I. Hall sculp.

THE

LIFE

OF

ARIOSTO:

Extracted from

PIGNA, FORNARI, GARAFOLO, MAZZUCHELLI, and others.

SOME authors, though with little authority, maintain, that the Arioſti derive their original from the Ariſti, or Arioviſti; it is, however, certain, that this family was very ancient in Bologna, where it had flouriſhed in great eſtimation, when Obizzo III. marquis of Eſte, married Lippa Arioſta, a lady of excellent beauty and rare accompliſhments, who, accompanying her huſband to Ferrara, took with her ſeveral

of her relations, and firſt eſtabliſhed the houſe of the Arioſti in that place.

Among other branches of the name, lived Nicolo, and his brothers, men of great conſideration in Ferrara: Nicolo not only filled, under Hercules and Borſo, dukes of Ferrara, the moſt important poſts in the city, but was choſen to the government of Rheggio and Modena, and ſeveral times ſent ambaſſador to the pope, the emperor, and the king of France: but nothing contributed more to deliver his name down to poſterity, than being the father of Ludovico.

While he was in the government of Rheggio, in Lombardy, he eſpouſed Daria de Malaguzzi, a lady of wealth and family, deſcended from one of the firſt houſes in Rheggio. By this marriage he had five ſons, Ludovico, Gabriele, Carlo, Galaſſo, and Aleſſandro; and the ſame number of daughters. Ludovico was born on the eighth of September, in the year 1474, in the fortreſs of Rheggio, where his father was governor; as Galaſſo and Aleſſandro were born while he was in the government of Modena. Theſe ſons were all well accompliſhed, and, for their many excellent qualities, patronized by ſeveral princes. Gabriele gave himſelf up to literary purſuits, and

is

is ſaid to have arrived at great excellence in Latin poetry, but to have been too cloſe an imitator of Statius: he died at Ferrara. Carlo, who was of a diſpoſition more inclined to diſſipation and gaiety, led the life of a courtier, and died at the court of Naples. Galaſſo embraced the profeſſion of the Church, was employed in ſeveral important offices, and, at laſt, ended his days, ambaſſador from the duke of Ferrara, at the court of Charles V. Aleſſandro, who was of an inquiſitive and enterpriſing genius, having ſpent great part of his time in viſiting foreign countries, at laſt finiſhed his life in Ferrara.

To return to Ludovico, the ſubject of our preſent enquiry; as he was the firſt-born of his father's children, ſo he is reported to have ſurpaſſed the reſt in the endowments of the mind; giving, from his tender years, uncommon preſage of a future genius. Being yet in his rudiments, he compoſed a kind of tragedy from the ſtory of Pyramus and Thiſbe, which he cauſed to be repreſented by his brothers and ſiſters.

He applied himſelf very early to the ſtudy of the Latin, in which he made greater progreſs than almoſt any one of his age; and, in the very beginning of his ſtudies, he compoſed and recited

recited an elegant oration in that language, which gave the highest expectations of him. Tito Strozza, a man of great learning and conſummate knowledge, took a particular delight to hear him, and to propoſe difficult queſtions for his ſolution; often encouraging a diſpute, on literary ſubjects, between him and Hercules his ſon, a youth whoſe age and ſtudies agreed with Arioſto.

But it happened to our Poet, as to Ovid, Petrarch, Taſſo, and others, that his father Nicolo, having little taſte for literature, and therefore diſinclined to encourage his ſon in purſuing the bent of his genius, was rather deſirous, that, as his eldeſt-born, he ſhould endeavour to eſtabliſh his fortune in the world, by taking up ſome lucrative profeſſion; and ſent him to Padua, to apply himſelf to the ſtudy of the Civil Law, under Angelo Caſtrinſe and Il Maino; in which employment he ſpent five years, highly diſagreeable to one of his diſpoſition: which circumſtance he laments in one of his ſatires addreſſed to Bembo.

Ahi laſſo! quando ebbi al Pegaſeo melo
L'età diſpoſta, e ohe le freſche guancie
Non ſi vedeano ancor fiorir du'n pelo;
Mio padre mi cacciò con ſpiedi e lancie,

(Non che con ſproni) a volger teſti e chioſe;
E, m'occupò cinque anni in quelle ciancie.

Ere yet my cheeks were fledg'd with riſing down,
When, ſmit with love of verſe, I ſought renown
On ſweet Parnaſſus' hill; my ſire's command
Compell'd me to forſake that happy land,
And chain'd me five long years to hear diſputes
Of brawling lawyers and litigious ſuits.

Satire vi.

So Ovid complains that his father compelled him to ſtudy the law: De Triſtibus, Lib. iv. Eleg. x.

At mihi jam puero cœleſtia ſacra placebant,
Inque ſuum furtim Muſa trahebat opus.
Sæpè Pater dixit, Studium quid inutile tentas?
Mœonides nullas ipſe reliquit opes.
Motus eram dictis: totoque Helicone relicto,
Scribere conabar verba ſoluta modis.
Sponte ſuâ carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod tentabam dicere, verſus erat.

While yet a boy, ſweet verſe my genius fir'd;
The ſecret Muſe her pleaſing taſk inſpir'd.
My ſire oft cry'd, This uſeleſs trade give o'er;
For Homer left behind no golden ſtore.

Mov'd

Mov'd at his words, I Pindus' hill reſign'd,
And ſtrove to write, by metre unconfin'd:
In vain—the Muſe ſpontaneous verſe beſtow'd,
And all I wrote in tuneful numbers flow'd.

Milton, in like manner, deſires his father to let him purſue the Muſes:

Tu, tamen, ut ſimules teneras odiſſe camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet; quà pronior area lucri,
Certàque condendi fulges ſpes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis damnas clamoribus aures.

Ad Patrem.

Thou canſt not ſure the gentle Muſes hate,
Or bid me change, O Sire! my peaceful ſtate,
To tread the ſordid path, that open lies
To fields of wealth, where golden harveſts riſe.
Thou wilt not force me to th' ungrateful bar,
Where ill-kept laws ſupply the conſtant jar;
Or fix me there, long tedious days, to hear
Thoſe ſounds of diſcord to a poet's ear.

But although Arioſto durſt not openly diſobey his father, he could not ſo far conquer his inclinations,

nations, but that, during the courſe of this time, he found leiſure to peruſe many authors, particularly French and Spaniſh romances, with which languages he was well acquainted, having tranſlated two or three of theſe authors himſelf into his native tongue; of which kind of performances he availed himſelf in his future works, making uſe of every beauty that occurred in theſe wild productions of imagination. Nicolo, at laſt, perceiving the averſion his ſon had to the profeſſion of the law, and the little progreſs he made therein, reſolved no longer to combat his deſires, but permit him to obey the ſtrong propenſity of genius, which evidently pointed out to what Nature had deſigned him. This indulgence of Nicolo is ſaid to have been, in a great degree, owing to the good offices of Pandolfo Arioſto, a youth of excellent endowments, and a near kinſman to Ludovico.

Ludovico, being now left at liberty, applied himſelf with unwearied aſſiduity to recover the advantages he had neceſſarily loſt. He had now put himſelf, at the age of twenty, under the tuition of Gregorio de Spoleti, a perſon of admirable taſte, and well verſed in the Latin and Greek tongues, who then reſided in the family of Rinaldo of Eſte, at Ferrara. Gregorio, obſerving

the avidity with which Arioſto applied himſelf to ſtudy, took every poſſible care to cultivate his genius; and, by his inſtructions, his pupil ſoon made himſelf maſter of the moſt excellent Latin authors, particularly the poets, among whom Horace appears to have been his favourite. He explained many difficult and obſcure parts in that author, which were never before underſtood. His intention was, in like manner, to have gone through a courſe of Greek literature; but, as he was firſt deſirous of perfecting himſelf in the Latin, he ſuddenly loſt the aſſiſtance of his preceptor Gregorio, who was conſtrained to take a journey into France, at the deſire of Iſabella, daughter to Alphonſo of Naples, as tutor to her ſon; where he ſoon after died, to the inexpreſſible grief of Arioſto.

About the ſame time died Nicolo Arioſto, the father of Ludovico, leaving behind him a numerous offspring. Arioſto, then only twenty-four years of age, found himſelf at once involved in the cares of a family, and obliged to take upon himſelf the management of domeſtic concerns, to introduce his brothers into the world, provide fortunes for his ſiſters, and, in every reſpect, ſupply to them the place of a father, who had left them but a very ſlender patrimony.

Mi

Mi more il padre e da Maria il penſiero
Drieto a Marta biſogna ch'io rivolga,
Chi'o muti in ſquarci e in vacchette Omero;
Trovi marito e modo che ſi tolga
Di caſa una ſorella e un' altra appreſſo,
E che' l'eredita non ſe ne dolga:
Co' piccioli fratelli a' quai ſucceſſo
Ero in luoco di padre far l'uffizio
Che debito e pieta m' avea commeſſo.

My father dead, I took the father's part;
And chang'd for houſehold cares the Muſe's art;
For tuneful verſe, each thoughtful hour I ſpent,
To huſband well the little heaven had ſent:
Each ſiſter claim'd, by turns, my guardian hand,
To watch their youth, and form their nuptial band;
While piety and love my heart engage,
To rear my helpleſs brethren's tender age.

Satire vi.

He was now ſo wholly engroſſed by a multiplicity of cares, as not only to give over his intended proſecution of the Greek language, but almoſt to abandon the Latin, which he had but lately recovered, had not Pandolfo Arioſto ſo far ſtimulated him, that he ſtill continued, in ſome degree, his ſtudies; till death deprived him of ſo pleaſing

pleaſing a companion. Yet all theſe diſappointments did not ſo much damp the vigour of his genius, but that he gave ſignal proofs of an excellent vein of poetry. He had now attained the age of twenty-nine years, and had acquired an uncommon reputation for his Latin verſes, and numerous poems and ſonnets full of ſpirit and imagination. His converſation was coveted by men of the greateſt learning and abilities; inſomuch that Cardinal Hippolito of Eſte, whoſe court was a receptacle for the moſt admired perſonages of the age, received him into his ſervice, where he continued fifteen years; during which time, his mind being always intent on the muſes, he formed the deſign of writing a poem of the romance kind; in which no one had yet written with the dignity of which the ſubject was capable. The happy verſatility of his genius was ſuch, that he could equally adapt himſelf to every ſpecies of poetry; and an Italian writer of his life obſerves, that whatever he wrote, ſeemed, at the time, to be his particular ſtudy.

At about thirty years of age, he began his Orlando; and Cardinal Bembo, to whom he communicated his deſign, would have diſſuaded him from writing in Italian, adviſing him to cultivate the Latin; to which Arioſto anſwered, that

that he would rather be the firſt among the Tuſcan writers, than ſcarcely the ſecond among the Latin. At the ſame time, it fortunately happened, that he had already written ſome ſtanzas of his Orlando; which communicating to ſeveral of his friends, he met with ſuch encouragement, that he determined vigorouſly to proſecute his deſign. It may be here obſerved, that Dante, at firſt, intended to have written his Poem in Latin; and actually compoſed ſome initial lines in that language.

He choſe the ſubject of Boyardo, which was well known to all; and, being left unfiniſhed, had ſtrongly excited the reader's curioſity, to ſee the end of a ſtory ſo artfully begun. In the ſame manner, Virgil, of whom Arioſto appears a great imitator, formed his Æneid as a kind of ſequel to the Iliad and Odyſſey. And it may be remarked, that, by adopting the fictions of Boyardo, Arioſto had not only an opportunity of bringing the romance of the Count to a concluſion, but of celebrating, under the perſon of Rogero, the family of his patron.

Arioſto had propoſed to write a poem in terza rima* (like Dante), in praiſe of the Houſe of Eſte,

* Of this terza rima of the Italians, the Engliſh reader will have a full idea, from the three cantos of the INFERNO

Eſte, different from the Furioſo; but not being ſatisfied with the work, he laid it aſide, and purſued the deſign of his Furioſo, in ottava rima. The intended poem began thus:

Cantero l'armi, cantero 'gli affanni
D'amor, che un cavalier ſottenne gravi
Peregrinando in terra e in mar molt' anni, &c.

I ſing of arms, and ſing the pains of love,
And all the toils a ſuffering hero bore,
Long deſtin'd far o'er land and ſea to rove, &c.

In order to purſue his ſtudies with leſs interruption, he choſe the ſituation of Rheggio, retiring to a pleaſant villa, belonging to Sigiſmundo Malaguzzi, his kinſman, where he ſpent his leiſure in the proſecution of his principal deſign. In one of his ſatires he gives the following agreeable ſketch of his retreat.

Gia mi fur' dolci inviti a empir le carte
I luoghi ameni, di che il noſtro Rheggio
Il natio nido mio n'ha la ſua parte:
Il tuo Mauritian ſempre vaglieggio

of Dante, tranſlated with wonderful ſpirit and fidelity by Mr. Hayley, notwithſtanding the confinement and difficulty of the metre. See Eſſay on Epic Poetry, Note to Epiſtle iii.

La

La bella ſtanza, e'l Rodano vicino,
Da le Naiade amato ombroſo ſeggio;
Il lucido vivaio, onde il giardino
Si cinge intorno, il freſco rio che corre
Rigando l'erbe, ove poi fa il molino.
Non mi ſi po de la memoria torre
Le vigni, e i ſolchi del fecondo Iacco,
Le valle e'l colle, e la ben poſta torre.

Bleſt be the time, when, from the world retir'd,
Fair Rheggio's peaceful ſcenes my muſe inſpir'd:
Nurſe of my infant years! Remembrance views
Thy pleaſing feats, and every charm renews:
I ſee where Rhodan's tide delightful flows,
While ſportive Naiads on the banks repoſe;
The fiſhy pool, with ſilvery luſtre crown'd,
Whoſe dimpled water moats the garden round;
The living ſtream, that pours a cryſtal rill
Thro' ſprinkled herbage to the neighbouring mill;
The cluſtering vines, that yield their purple ſtore;
The hills, the vales, and ivy-circled tower.

Satire iv.

While he was buſied in theſe literary purſuits, Alphonſo, duke of Ferrara, having occaſion to ſend ambaſſadors to Rome, in order to appeaſe the anger of Pope Julius II. who prepared to make war againſt him, was, by his brother the cardinal, recommended to Arioſto, as a proper

perſon to be entruſted with ſuch a negociation. The duke, therefore, made choice of him; and he acquitted himſelf ſo well in his commiſſion, that he returned with an anſwer much more favourable than was expected. However, the Pope, ſtill continuing at enmity with the duke, made a league with the Venetians, and collected a powerful army againſt Ferrara: but he gained little honour in this enterpriſe, being defeated at the battle of Ravenna. Part of a fleet was ſent up the Po, againſt Ferrara; but met with a repulſe from the duke's party. In this engagement, Arioſto, who was preſent, behaved with great courage, and took one of the largeſt of the enemy's veſſels, filled with ſtores and ammunition.

The papal army being diſperſed, Alphonſo thought it adviſeable to ſend an ambaſſador again to Rome. But every one being afraid to engage in this ſervice, knowing the Pope's diſpoſition, he diſpatched Ludovico a ſecond time, who found his Holineſs ſo incenſed againſt the duke, that his indignation was very near ſhewing itſelf to the ambaſſador; and it was not without difficulty that Arioſto eſcaped with life to Ferrara.

The duke's affairs being eſtabliſhed, Arioſto returned to his ſtudies; though, continuing ſtill in the ſervice of the cardinal, he was employed,

at

at times, in various public occupations, that often broke in upon his retirement, and obliged him to defer the completion of his Orlando. However, he found means to ſteal ſo much leiſure from his more ſerious employments, that he at laſt brought it to a concluſion: and though the work was far from having that perfection which he himſelf deſired, yet, in order to avail himſelf of the general opinion of the public, he was determined to give it to the world; and accordingly cauſed it to be firſt printed in the year 1515.

Some time after, the cardinal having a deſign to go into Hungary, was deſirous of being accompanied by the ingenious men who lived under his patronage: but Arioſto openly declared his inclination to be left behind; for, being now afflicted with a catarrh, he was fearful of the conſequences from the fatigues and inconveniences of ſo long a journey. Beſides, the ſervice of the cardinal began to grow very irkſome to him; thoſe, who were about him, being frequently obliged to watch the greateſt part of the night. It appears, likewiſe, that Arioſto was in his nature averſe to travelling, and had viſited few countries.

Degli uomini ſon varii gli appetiti,
A chi piace la chieſa, a chi la ſpada,
A chi la patria, a chi gli ſtrani liti.
Chi vuol andare a torno, a torno vada,
Vegga Inghilterra, Ungheria, Francia, e Spagna,
A me piace habitar la mia contrada.
Viſt' ho' Toſcana, Lombardia, Romania,
Quel monte che divide, e quel che ſerra
Italia e un mare, e l'altro che la bagna:
Queſto mi baſta, il reſto della terra,
Senza mai pagar l'oſte, andrò cercando
Con Tolomeo, ſia 'l mondo in pace o in guerra.
E tutto il mar ſenza far voti quando
Lampeggi il ciel, ſicuro in ſulle carte
Verrò' più che ſu i legni volteggiando.

Various are men's purſuits: theſe ſeek renown
In fields of death; thoſe chuſe the ſacred gown;
Some quit their native for a foreign ſhore:
Let thoſe, that wiſh, unnumber'd realms explore,
To France, Hungary, Spain, and England roam;
While I prefer a peaceful ſeat at home.
I've view'd whate'er the Tuſcan country yields,
Fair Lombardy, and wide Romania's fields:
The hills, that Italy from Spain divide,
And thoſe extending to the ſurging tide,
Let this ſuffice—the reſt I can ſurvey,
In peace or war—nor hoſt nor captain pay;

With

With Ptolemy can ſafely trace the ſeas,
Nor need with vows and prayers the ſtorms appeaſe:
Better on pictur'd charts ſecure to ſail,
Than in frail veſſels dare the treacherous gale!

Satire iv.

The refuſal of Arioſto to accompany the cardinal, ſo exaſperated the prelate, that he, in a manner, withdrew his protection from him; which circumſtance gave our Poet great uneaſineſs; though it is thought that Hippolito might have taken him again into favour, but for the ill offices of ſome malicious perſons, who had the addreſs to keep them at a diſtance from each other. On this difference between the cardinal and him; Arioſto ſtrongly dwells in his ſatires.

A me per eſſer ſtato contumace
Di non veder Agria ne Buda,
Che ſi ritoglia il ſua gia non mi ſpiace.

I murmur not, to think my patron's hand
Reſum'd the grace my ſervice once obtain'd;
Since I refus'd to quit Italia's ſhores,
To viſit Agria's* walls, and Buda's* towers.

and afterwards:

Che ſenza fede e ſenza amor mi nome
E che dimoſtri con parole e cenni
Ch' in odio, ch' in diſpetto habbia il mio nome.

* Two towns in Hungary.

Still let him, at his will, my faith reprove,
And tax me ſtill with breach of loyal love;
With every word and deed to all proclaim
His ſettled hatred of my hapleſs name!

The only conſolation Ludovico had, was the leading a retired life, which ſuited his diſpoſition far more than the continual buſtle of a court. He now applied himſelf, without interruption, to give every improvement to his Orlando; and, in the year 1521, publiſhed another edition of it, with further corrections.

In the mean time, cardinal Hippolito died; and Arioſto, who for fifteen years had lived in a ſtate of uneaſy dependence, and had now reached the forty-fourth year of his age, was determined never more to be connected with a court: but, being cloſely perſuaded by his intimate friend Buonoventura Piſtofolo, ſecretary to Alphonſo, he engaged in the ſervice of that prince, from whom he met with a moſt gracious and affectionate reception.

Not long after, when Adrian II. ſucceeded to the papal chair, Grafagnana, a province on the Apennine, being torn to pieces by factions, augmented by the licentiouſneſs into which the people had degenerated, from a total remiſſneſs of government,

government, it was judged neceſſary to appoint a perſon, whoſe prudence and authority might reduce them to a due ſubjection. For this important truſt Arioſto was choſen, who, though very averſe to the journey, would not again hazard incurring the diſpleaſure of his patron.

Ludovico continued three years in his new government, in which he acquitted himſelf ſo well, that he not only brought the people to a proper ſenſe of their duty to their ſovereign, but entirely gained their affections to himſelf; and was highly applauded by the duke for his good ſervices. An extraordinary inſtance is here given of the veneration paid to his character by all ranks and degrees of men: At his firſt coming to the government, having occaſion one day to croſs a wood, with about ſix horſemen in his company, he was obliged to paſs through a number of armed men, who, from their appearance, gave him great cauſe of ſuſpicion; the country being, at that time, all round greatly infeſted with robbers, the moſt formidable of whom were headed by Dominico Maroco and Filippo Pacchione. Arioſto had ſcarcely got clear of this troop, before-mentioned, when the captain demanded of one of the ſervants, that happened to be behind the reſt, who the ſtranger

was,

was, and being told it was Ludovico Arioſto, he immediately ran to overtake him, armed as he was. Arioſto, ſeeing him follow, ſtopped ſhort, waiting with ſome anxiety for the end of this affair. His purſuer, coming up, ſaluted him with great reſpect; and, declaring that his name was Filippo Pacchione, begged pardon, that, not knowing him, he had ſuffered him to paſs, without paying the reſpect due to his ſingular merit.

Mr. Baretti, in the preface to his Italian Library, relates this ſtory, with different circumſtances, in the following words; concluding with a reflection on the power of eloquence over ſavage minds, very appoſite to the ſubject.

"Among other ſtriking inſtances of the people's veneration for him, Arioſto had one of a very particular nature. The duke, his maſter, had ſent him governor of Grafagnana, a province on the Apennine, whoſe inhabitants, ſeizing the opportunity of the general turbulences that were in Italy at that time, paid but little obedience to their ſovereign. Arioſto took his reſidence in a fortified caſtle, from which it was imprudent to ſtep out without guards; as the whole neighbourhood was ſwarming with outlaws, ſmugglers, and banditti, who, after committing

mitting the moſt enormous exceſſes all around, retired, for ſhelter againſt juſtice, amidſt the rocks and cliffs. Arioſto, one morning, happened to take a walk without the caſtle, in his night-gown, and, in a fit of thought, forgot himſelf ſo much, that, ſtep after ſtep, he found himſelf very far from his habitation, and ſurrounded, on a ſudden, by a troop of theſe deſperadoes, who certainly would have ill-uſed, and perhaps murdered him, had not his face been known by one of the gang; who informing his comrades that this was Signor Arioſto, the chief of the banditti addreſſed him with intrepid gallantry, and told him, that ſince he was the author of the Orlando Furioſo, he might be ſure none of the company would injure him; but would ſee him, on the contrary, ſafe back to the caſtle: and ſo they did, entertaining him all along the way with the various excellencies they had diſcovered in his poem, and beſtowing upon it the moſt rapturous praiſes. A very rare proof of the irreſiſtible powers of poetry; and a noble comment on the fables of Orpheus and Amphion, who drew wild beaſts, and raiſed walls, with the enchanting ſound of their lyres."

While Arioſto continued in the government of Grafagnana, Buonoventura Piſtofolo often propoſed

propoſed to him, by letter, to go as ambaſſador from the duke to Clement VII. who had been a great patron of our poet; ſetting before him the honours and advantages that would accrue from ſuch an employ. But Ludovico gave little heed to theſe ſolicitations; his mind being altogether detached from views of intereſt or ambition. His general anſwer was, "that he eſteemed it better to enjoy a little, in peace and tranquillity, than to ſeek after a great deal, with fatigue and anxiety." Some relate, that he had a repugnance to live at a diſtance from his country, on account of a lady reſiding at Ferrara, for whom he had conceived a violent paſſion; and, indeed, he plainly acknowledges this himſelf, in his fourth Satire, to Annibale Malaguzzi.

Parmi vederti qui ridere e dire,
Che non amor di patri nè di ſtudi,
Ma de donna cè cagion che non vogl'ire.
Libero t'el confeſſo, or chiudi
La bocca———

Methinks you ſmile, and cry—nor love of home,
Nor ſtudy makes your friend averſe to roam:
But ſome fair dame—I own the guilt at large;
Upbraid not him who triumphs in the charge.

The

The term of his government being expired, he returned to court, where, finding that the duke took great delight in theatrical repreſentations, he applied himſelf to the drama; and, beſides the Caſſaria and Suppoſiti, he compoſed La Lena, and Il Negromante, in proſe and verſe, and the Scolaſtica in verſe; though the laſt was left imperfect by his death, and the fifth Act added by his brother Gabriele. Of theſe comedies, four were firſt printed in proſe, and afterwards turned into verſe. They were performed with univerſal applauſe, before many families of rank; the actors being generally perſons of condition: inſomuch, that when the Lena was firſt acted, in 1528, Signor Don Franciſco of Eſte, afterwards marquis of Maſſa, ſpoke the prologue himſelf.

A remarkable anecdote is handed down, which ſhews how entirely his mind was, in the early part of his life, abſorbed by his favourite ſtudies. His father having taken ſome offence at the conduct of Ludovico, expoſtulated with him, one day, with uncommon warmth; to which his ſon liſtened without the leaſt ſeeming notice, or returning any anſwer. Nicolo being gone, his brother Gabriele, who was with him, entered upon the ſame ſubject; to whom he gave ſuch ſatisfactory

reaſons, as entirely removed every objection that had been brought againſt him. His brother then aſking why he had not made uſe of the ſame arguments to his father, he replied, that, at that time, he was conſidering whether the ſcene, which paſſed between them, might not be of uſe to him in a comedy he was then writing, called the Caſſaria; that he thought his father would ſerve as an excellent model for an old man, whom he had introduced, on a like occaſion, reproaching his ſon: concluding, that his thoughts were ſo engroſſed by the fiction, that he had forgot the reality.

Another anecdote is told, relative to theſe comedies, which ſhews how totally the attention of the people in Italy was taken up with the merits and reputation of the Orlando Furioſo. Ricoboni conceived a deſign of exhibiting the Scolaſtica of Arioſto on the ſtage at Venice; and public notice being given of the repreſentation, the name of Arioſto drew together a prodigious concourſe of ſpectators. But it unfortunately happened, few of them knew that this Author had written comedies; and, before the Piece began, Ricoboni was informed, that they had a notion the Play was taken from the Orlando Furioſo; and, when the performance came on,

not

not ſeeing Angelica, Orlando, Bradamant, and the other perſonages of their favourite poem, they began to expreſs their diſſatisfaction; which increaſed to ſuch a degree, that Ricoboni was obliged to drop the curtain at the end of the fourth act *.

Arioſto now appeared to lead a life of tranquillity; which was the more agreeable to him, as he was not ſo deeply engaged by the duke, but that he had ſufficient leiſure to purſue his ſtudies; the ſervice of Alphonſo being far more eaſy than that of Hippolito. About this time he publiſhed his Satires, beſides thoſe he had formerly written; in the whole, to the number of ſeven; till, being again involved in family difficulties, and haraſſed with law-ſuits, he was obliged, for ſome time, to lay aſide his compoſitions. At laſt, having brought his affairs to a happy criſis, he purchaſed a piece of ground oppoſite the church of St. Benedict, where he built a pretty commodious dwelling; which, ſome ſay, he was enabled to do by the liberality of the duke. He had a garden adjoining to this houſe, the uſual ſcene of his poetical meditations. Here he paſſed the remainder of his life, as much as poſſible ſecluded from all public employments.

* See RICOBONI.

Having attained the lixth year of his age, he was ſeized, on the laſt day but one of the year 1532, with a lingering illneſs, though ſome ſay his illneſs firſt came upon him in October or November, about which time the ducal palace took fire, which accident conſumed the ſuperb theatre that had been built for the exhibition of his comedies; in the ſame year he had ſent his Furioſo to the preſs with his laſt improvements, corrected and enlarged as we now have it.

Some phyſicians attributed the cauſe of his malady to the cuſtom he had of eating faſt, and chewing his victuals little, that occaſioned an indigeſtion; the means they made uſe of to remove this complaint, brought on a conſumption, which, in ſpite of all the aſſiſtance of medicine, at laſt put a period to his life, at Ferrara, on the 6th of June, or, as others ſay, on the 8th of July 1533.

Thus died Ludovico Arioſto, a man of uncommon eminence, whether we conſider him as a member of the republic of ſociety, or of the more extenſive world of literature: as the firſt, he acquired the affection and eſteem of perſons of the higheſt conſideration; he contracted the cloſeſt intimacy with the family of Medicis, and was beloved by Leo X. the Auguſtus of that age:

age: as the ſecond, he was one of the few great poets who ſee that reputation attend their works, during their life-time, which continues to be tranſmitted down to poſterity; and perhaps few books have been ſo often printed as the Orlando, which has paſſed through upwards of eighty editions, and not only been rendered into all the European languages, but is ſaid to have found its way into every part of the world *. The uncommon popularity of this author may be further gathered from the numbers that have drawn their ſubjects from his original †.

Il Doni, an Italian writer, in a regiſter of the manuſcript works of ſeveral poets, has attributed two pieces to Arioſto, one called, RINALDO ARDITO; and the other, IL TERMINE DEL DESIDERIO; neither of which appears to have been printed ‡. Beſides the XLVI books of his ORLANDO FURIOSO, he left behind him five books on the ſame ſtory, which were firſt printed

* In the year 1756, a tranſlation of the Orlando Furioſo was made in Latin verſe by the Marquis Torquato Barbolani, a colonel of horſe in the emperor's ſervice.

† See Quadrio, Liſt of Romanzatori, continuators and imitators of Arioſto.

‡ Mazzuchelli.

in addition to the original poem in the year 1545, twelve years after Arioſto's death *.

An elegant ſonnet was written by Nicolo Eugenico in his praiſe, which we ſhall here give the reader.

Porto gran tempo al mare altiero il corno
Il Mincio, e ſparſo le ſue arene d'oro
Mentre che'l padre de Pierio Choro
Fece nel grembo ſuo dolce ſoggiorno.
Non men hor lieto, e d' egual' ſpoglie adorno
Va'l Po, ſpargando il nuovo ſuo teſoro.
Poi che cantando in lui cigno canoro
Fa riſonar le ricche ſponde intorno.
L'un perche irriga Mantoa, donde uſcio
Que ch' i fatti d' Enea più che mortali
Con ſtil divino a tutto 'l mondo aprio.
L'altro Ferrara, onde i concetti eguali
Spiegò chi l'opre di Ruggier ſcoprio
Monſtrandole ad ogn'un chiare immortali.

Long time had Mincius o'er his golden ſand,
Roll'd to the diſtant ſea in kingly pride;
While the great father of the Muſes' band,
Held his fair dwelling near th' exulting tide.

* Among other productions that took their riſe from the poem of Arioſto, Mazzuchelli tells us, that, in 1530, the whole poem was turned into a ſpiritual ſenſe, and that Giulio Ceſare Croce, in 1607, formed from it another work, on the Paſſion, Death, and Reſurrection of Chriſt.

Not

Not leſs elate, with equal honours crown'd,
His treaſure now triumphant Po can tell;
While, as our Swan his muſic pours around,
Along the banks the notes ſonorous ſwell,
Mincius to Mantua's wall his current leads,
Whence roſe the bard, who blaz'd th' immortal deeds
Of great Æneas, in his deathleſs lays:
Po bathes Ferrara, whence the poet ſprung,
Whoſe equal muſe Rogero's glories ſung,
And o'er the world diffus'd his lineal praiſe!

Several writers have affirmed, that he was ſolemnly crowned with laurel by the victorious Charles V. in the city of Mantua, in the year 1532, for his ORLANDO FURIOSO; and this circumſtance has been as poſitively denied by others. Mazzuchelli, in his Life of Arioſto, has conſidered the arguments on both ſides; and obſerves, that the ſilence of thoſe authors on the ſubject, who certainly would not have paſſed over ſuch an event, may juſtly render the whole ſuſpected; that, among others, ſurely little attention can be paid to the authority of one writer †, who relates that Arioſto had ſcarcely received the laurel crown, when, tranſported with joy, and inſpired, as it were, with a poetical frenzy,

† Minchenio.

he ran through the city apparently as mad as his own Orlando. Fornari ſpeaks of the coronation; but Pigna and Garafolo make no mention of it. Il Signore Dottorre Barotti thus examines the ſuppoſed fact. "Many have doubted of the coronation by Charles, and writers, who ſpeak of it, do not agree upon the time or place: ſome ſay that the ceremony was performed at Mantua, and others at Bologna: ſome, that it happened in 1530, and others, in 1532; but, ſurely, it could not be in 1530, as the complete edition of the poem, with the praiſes of the emperor, was not publiſhed till 1532. In a manuſcript book, delivered down for the hand-writing of his ſon Virginio, are theſe words: *E una baia che foſſe coronato.* But, in a public inſtrument between his ſon Virginio and his brother, in October 1542, we read as follows: *Cum annis decurſis animam egerit magnificus et* LAUREATUS *D. Ludovicus Areoſtus, &c.* both which, the manuſcript book and inſtrument, are in my poſſeſſion. In a letter of Galaſſo Arioſto it is ſaid, that Arioſto had ſcarce publiſhed the laſt edition of his work when he fell ill, and died after eight months. The publication was in October 1532, and it is difficult to ſuppoſe that he could be crowned in November, the time mentioned. Yet the epitaph, cauſed to be engraved by his nephew's ſon

Ludovico, ſets forth the coronation. If Pigna and Garafolo affirm that he fell ill in December, it may be underſtood that he then took to his bed; and as to the medal of Arioſto crown'd, nothing can be proved from that."

To this Mazzuchelli adds, that we may refer to the declaration of Franco, who aſſerts that he was not crowned; and concludes the argument, by oppoſing to all theſe, the authority of the exact Apoſtolo Zeno, who obſerves, that Franco petulantly denies that Arioſto was crowned poet, though, beſides other teſtimonies, we have the excluſive privilege granted him by Charles V.

I have thus laid before the reader the chief arguments on the ſubject, that he may form his own opinion of a fact, which, upon the whole, appears to me at leaſt extremely doubtful; and, indeed, the difficulty attending the proof of a matter, that muſt have been of ſuch notoriety, and ſurely upon public record, is to me a forcible preſumption againſt the fact itſelf, ſince we ſee that the account of this kind of honour, which was two hundred years before conferred on the poet Petrarch, has been brought down to us without any equivocal circumſtances.

"The cuſtom," ſays Dr. Burney *, "of crowning perſons who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in poetry and muſic, which was almoſt as ancient as the Arts themſelves, ſubſiſted till the reign of the emperor Theodoſius; when the Capitoline games, being regarded as remnants of ſuperſtition, were utterly aboliſhed. It was not till near the time of Petrarch that poetry recovered its ancient luſtre or importance, or was inveſted with its former prerogatives."

It may not here be altogether foreign to my ſubject, or unentertaining to the Engliſh reader, whoſe curioſity may probably be excited by the mention of ſo extraordinary a ceremony, to give an account of this honour, which, as we have before mentioned, was beſtowed on PETRARCH; the particulars of which I ſhall tranſcribe from the elegant Life of that poet, publiſhed in the year 1775.

"Orſo, count of Anguillara, was ſenator of Rome, when Petrarch arrived there in the ſpring of 1341, and was to continue in office but a few weeks longer. The day of the ceremony being fixed, the aſſembly was convoked early in the morning on Eaſter-day, which hap-

* See Hiſtory of Muſic, vol. ii. page 329.

pened

pened to be very ſerene and favourable to the ſolemnity. The trumpets ſounded, and the people, eager to view a ceremony that had been diſcontinued for ſo many years, ran in crowds to behold it. The ſtreets were ſtrewed with flowers, and the windows filled with ladies dreſſed in the moſt ſumptuous manner, who ſprinkled as much perfumed waters on the poet, as would ſerve for a year in the kingdom of Spain.

" Petrarch appeared at laſt at the capitol, preceded by twelve young men in ſcarlet habits. Theſe were choſen out of the firſt families in Rome, and recited his verſes; while he, adorned with the robe of ſtate which the king of Naples had given him, followed in the midſt of ſix of the principal citizens clothed in green, with crowns of flowers on their heads: after whom came the ſenator, accompanied by the firſt men of the council. When he was ſeated in his place, Petrarch made a ſhort harangue upon a verſe drawn from Virgil: after which, having cried three times, " Long live the people of Rome! Long live the ſenator! God preſerve them in liberty!" he kneeled down before the ſenator, who, after a ſhort diſcourſe, took from his head a crown of laurel, and put it upon Petrarch's,

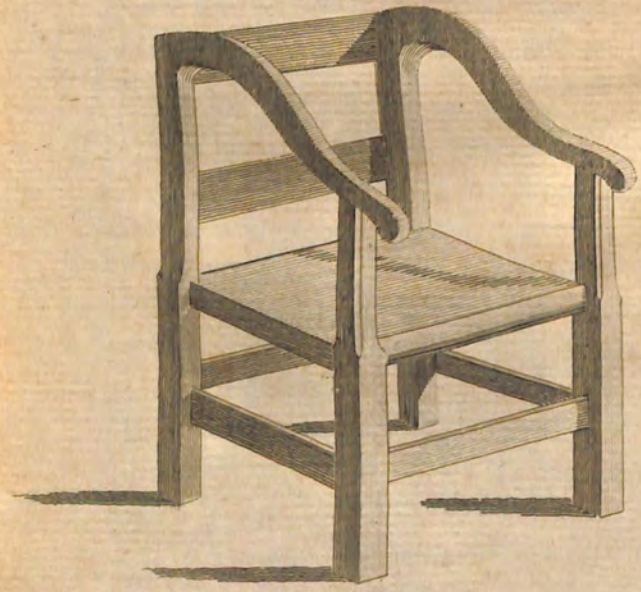
ſaying, " This crown is the reward of merit." Then Petrarch recited a fine ſonnet on the heroes of Rome. This ſonnet is not in his works.

" The people ſhewed their joy and approbation by loud and repeated ſhouts; by clapping their hands, and crying out ſeveral times, " Long flouriſh the capitol! Long live the poet!" Stephen Colonna then ſpoke; and, as he truly loved Petrarch, he gave him that praiſe which comes from the heart.

" When the ceremony in the capitol was ended, Petrarch was conducted in pomp, with the ſame retinue, to the church of St. Peter, where, after a ſolemn maſs, and returning thanks to God for the honour he had received, he took off his crown to place it among the offerings, and hung it up on the arch of the temple.

" The ſame day the count of Anguillara had letters patent drawn up, by which the ſenators, after a very flattering preface, declare Petrarch to have merited the title of a great poet and hiſtorian; and that at Rome, and in every other place, by the authority of king Robert, the Roman ſenate and the people of Rome, he ſhould have full liberty to read and comment on poetry and hiſtory, or on any of the works of the ancients,

Arioſtos Chair and Inkſtandiſh.



cients, and to publiſh any of his own productions, and to wear, on all ſolemn occaſions, the crown of laurel, beech or myrtle, and the poetic dreſs. In fine; they declare him a citizen of Rome, with all the privileges thereof, as a reward for the affection he has always expreſſed for the city and republic.

" Petrarch was then brought to the palace of the Colonnas, where a magnificent feaſt was prepared for him, at which were aſſembled all the nobility and men of letters in Rome*."

To return to Arioſto. The name of this poet is ſtill held in that kind of veneration by his countrymen with which the Engliſh conſider their Shakeſpeare. Antonio Zatta, in his edition of Arioſto's works of 1772, relates that a chair and ink-ſtandiſh, which, according to tradition, belonged to Arioſto, were then in the poſſeſſion of Il Signor Dottore Giovanni Andrea Barotti at Ferrara, and that a ſpecimen of his hand-writing was preſerved in the public library of that city. The republic of Venice did him the honour to cauſe his picture to be painted, and hung up with the ſenators and other illuſtrious men in the great Council Hall, which was afterwards deſtroyed by fire.

* Life of Petrarch, vol. i. page 237.

It appears, however, that Arioſto did not finally receive from his profeſſed patrons thoſe rewards, or obtain that eſtabliſhment, to which he thought his merits had entitled him. Probably his government of Grafagnana added more to his reputation than his fortune; and, from what he ſays in ſeveral parts of his Satires, he was by no means ſatisfied with his patrons of Ferrara. Nothing particular is recorded of the benefactions of the cardinal to him, before he incurred the diſpleaſure of that prelate. The duke, indeed, gave him two aſſignments on certain gabels or taxes, the firſt of which ceaſed with the abolition of the tax; and the ſecond, which produced him only twenty-five crowns every fourth month, collected, as he ſays himſelf, with great trouble, was conteſted and with-held from him during the wars of Lombardy; and ſome ſay, that the cardinal, upon withdrawing his patronage, deprived him of this ſlender advantage. Arioſto himſelf ſeems to impute his loſs to the duke, and ſpeaks thus on the ſubject, in his ſatire addreſſed to A. M. Sigiſmundo Malaguzzi.

Tu dei ſaper, che la mia voglia avara
Unqua non fù; ch'io ſolea ſtar contento
De lo ſtipendio, che traea in Ferrara.

Ma

Ma non ſai forſe; come uſci poi lento,
Succedendo la guerra, e come volſe
Il duca che reſtaſſe in tutto ſpento.

Satire iv.

Thou know'ſt I ne'er was tutor'd wealth to crave,
Content with what Ferrara's patrons gave,
Th' allotted ſtipend——but thou'rt yet to know
Succeeding wars had made the ſtipend low.
At length (ſo will'd the duke) the gain decreas'd
To leſs from little, till the whole had ceas'd.

Such were the great advantages which he derived from thoſe in whoſe ſervice he had engaged, and whoſe names he had immortalized by his muſe.

Two medals are ſaid to have been ſtruck, both bearing his effigies, but the devices different: on the firſt was figured a ſerpent, over which was ſuſpended a hand, with a pair of ſhears ready to cut off the head or ſting; and the other repreſenting a bee-hive, where the bees are driven from their habitation with fire and ſmoke, that the countryman may poſſeſs himſelf of their honey. The motto of both theſe medals was PRO BONO MALUM. Some affirm, that theſe devices were of Arioſto's invention; the

the firſt to expreſs the nature of his detractors; and the ſecond, to ſhew that, inſtead of honours and rewards for his labours, he met only with ſcoff and deriſion, alluding to the reception given his Orlando by the cardinal, who, having peruſed it, aſked him, with the moſt taſteleſs indifference, where he had collected ſo many fooleries. Every reader of fine taſte, with which fine feeling is inſeparable, will form ſome idea of the poet's thoughts at that time, and may recollect the like illiberal reflection of the ſtateſman Burleigh, on Queen Elizabeth's bounty to our own Spenſer, *All this for a ſong!*

Dolce relates, that he cauſed the device of the ſerpent to be prefixed to the ſecond edition of his poem; but that in the third he changed it to the bee-hive. In an edition of the Orlando, printed at Bologna in 1540, is a device in the title-page of two ſerpents, with a hand and ſhears; the tongue of one of theſe ſerpents is cut out, with this motto round them: DILEXISTI MALITIAM SUPER BENIGNITATEM.

With reſpect to Pope Leo X. the acknowledged patron of literature and arts, whom Fornari calls particularly liberal to poets, and by whom he relates that Arioſto was highly eſteemed, he is ſaid to have made him a preſent

of

of ſome hundred crowns for the proſecution of his work, though Arioſto himſelf is ſilent upon that head; and yet in the verſes publiſhed by Gabriele Simeoni, in his ſatire upon Avarice, are theſe lines:

Succeſſe a lui Leon poi lume é ſpecchio
De cortesia, che fu la cagion prima,
Che al' Arioſto ancor porgiamo orecchio.

Leo to him ſucceeds, in whom we find
The light and mirror of a courteous mind:
To him we owe, that now, in tuneful ſtrains,
Great Arioſto's page our ear detains.

And in the margin is this note: Leo X. gave Arioſto ſeveral hundred crowns to complete his work.

Upon the exaltation of Leo X. to the papal chair, he paid a viſit to that pontiff, with great expectations of advantage, as appears from his VIIth ſatire. The Pope gave him a very gracious reception, and gave him a grant of half the profits of a certain bull, the amount of which is altogether unknown; and poſſibly the ſum ariſing from this may be the donation meant by Simeone. It is however certain, that he

he left Rome diſſatisfied in his expectation: he declares that Fortune, when ſhe raiſes men to dignities, dips them in Lethe: at the ſame time he bears teſtimony to the pope's honourable reception of him.

Teſtimonio ſon io di quel ch'io ſcrivo,
Ch'io nol 'ho ritrovato, quando il piede,
Gli baccia prima, di memoria privo.
Piegaſſi a me de la beata ſede,
La mano e poi le gote ambi mi preſe,
E'l ſanto baccio in amendue mi diede.
De meza quella bolla anco corteſe
Mi fù, de la qual ora il mio Bibiena
Eſpedito m' ha il reſto a le mie ſpeſe.
Sat. iii.

This well I know, this truth can well atteſt,
When with my lips his reverend foot I preſs'd,
He ſeem'd not mindleſs of his grace deſign'd,
But lowly from his bleſſed ſeat declin'd:
My hand he gracious took, on either ſide,
He to my cheek a holy kiſs apply'd;
And more—he gave me half the bull to ſhare,
Conſign'd me, at my coſt, by Bibiena's care.

But it ſeems that Arioſto had raiſed his thoughts to ſome great eccleſiaſtical preferment; on which occaſion

occaſion Signor Rolli obſerves, that one reaſon why he was not preferred was, that he was devoted to Alphonſo of Ferrara, whom the pope hated, and therefore could not give our author a cardinal's hat. Leo died in 1521, ſix years after the firſt publication, and the year in which Arioſto publiſhed the third edition of his poem. Perhaps had he lived longer, the poet might have experienced further marks of his generoſity.

A very extraordinary circumſtance is related, and has been received as truth by ſome, that pope Leo X. exerted the authority and influence of his apoſtolic character in promoting the ſucceſs of Arioſto's poem, and that he went ſo far as to publiſh a bull in favour of the Orlando Furioſo, denouncing the cenſure of excommunication on all thoſe who ſhould preſume to find fault with that performance. Bayle, in his article of Leo X. gravely propagates the ſtory in theſe words: « Etoit ce garder le decorum de la papauté que d'expedier une bulle ſi favorable aux poëſies de l'Arioſte, Hippolite en jugea très bien, quand il dit, D'où avez-vous pris tant de fadaiſes. Leo fut plus débonnaire en menaçant d'excommunication ceux qui les blameroient ou empecheroient le profit de l'imprimeur." This matter was very likely to be caught up by

Voltaire, who accordingly alludes to it, with his uſual gaiety, in his laſt opinion given of Arioſto *.

Upon a cloſe enquiry it will perhaps appear, that there was no other foundation for this ſtory than a diploma or licence granted by Leo for the ſale of the work, and this merely from his authority as a temporal prince, in the ſame manner as patents or privileges are granted in other nations by their reſpective ſovereigns.

We learn from Fontanini, that to the third edition of Arioſto's poem in 1521, publiſhed at Ferrara, was a diploma of Leo X. for printing the work (privativa della ſtampa), written by cardinal Jacobo Sadoletto, Secretary of the Briefs; and that other diplomas of the ſame nature were granted to Arioſto by the king of France, by the Venetians, by the Florentines, by the Genoeſe, and other powers. Apoſtolo Zeno relates that he had ſeen a fourth edition, which had once been in the poſſeſſion of Peter Aretine, in the blank leaf of which were ſeveral poetical pieces by that poet; and that in the beginning was a diploma of Clement VII. written by Palladio Bloſſio, Secretary of the Briefs, dated January

* See preface, page 29.

1532, which grants to Arioſto the privilege of printing, publiſhing, and vending his Orlando Furioſo, with any additions or corrections, *imprimere, corrigere, et ſupplere, et in melius reformare.*

In the college library at Wincheſter is an old edition of a Greek Pindar, printed at Rome in 1515, the year in which Arioſto's work was firſt publiſhed, with a diploma or privilege of Leo X. in the title-page *; and in 1513, a patent for printing maſſes, ſet to muſic, was granted by the ſame pope to Ottavio Petruccio.

After what has been ſaid, I believe there can be little reaſon to doubt but that this pretended bull of Leo was nothing more than a common licence to a book, granted in the cuſtomary forms; which circumſtance appears to have been violently exaggerated, from the religious fury of the times, to caſt an odium on the papal au-

* Impreſſi Romæ per Zachariam Calergi Cretenſem, per miſſu S. D. N. Leonis X. Pont. Max. ea etiam conditione, ut nequis alius per quinquennium hos imprimere, aut venundare Libros poſſit, utque qui ſecus fecerit, is ab univerſa Dei Eccleſia, toto orbe terrarum expers excommunicatuſque cenſeatur.

thority in general, and on Leo in particular; and has ſince been received without examination.

The general character and qualities of Arioſto may be, in ſome ſort, gathered from the foregoing narrative, to which his Italian biographers have added the following particulars.

In his converſation he was modeſt and affable to every body, demeaning himſelf in ſuch a manner, as if altogether unconſcious of that great ſuperiority which nature had given him: he was cloſe in argument and ready in repartees, but was ſeldom obſerved to laugh more than became the dignity of a philoſopher: yet, though his temper was rather inclined to melancholy, which is perhaps the nature of every great genius, he was very remote from a rigid diſpoſition; being particularly open and ſprightly in his converſation with women, by whom his company was much coveted. He was an avowed enemy to ceremony, though always ready to pay due reſpect to place and rank. He abhorred all thoſe dignities that could only be acquired by ſervility: he was a ſincere lover of his country, loyal to his prince, and ſteady in his friendſhips. In his diet he was abſtemious, making only one meal a day,

a day, and that generally towards the evening, and was neither curious for variety or delicacies, being indeed a contemner of luxury in general.

Io non hò molto guſto di vivande,
Che ſcalco ſia, fui degno eſſer' al mondo,
Quando vivevan gli huomini di ghiande.

I little heed what plenteous wealth affords,
Where coſtly dainties pile luxurious boards;
Well had I liv'd, when man to hardſhip bred,
In early times on ſimple acorns fed!

Sat. ii.

While he was compoſing his Orlando, he would frequently riſe in the middle of the night, and cauſe his ſervant Gianni to bring him pen, ink, and paper, when he wrote down what had immediately occurred to his imagination, which in the day he communicated to his friends.

His integrity was incorruptible, as appears by what he ſays to his brother Galaſſo of the old man, who being poſſeſſed of great wealth, was fearful of being poiſoned by his relations, and therefore would truſt himſelf in no hands but Arioſto.

His affection as a ſon and brother, is ſeen from the care he took of his family, after the death of his father: concerning his mother, he thus tenderly expreſſes himſelf:

L'eta di noſtra madre mi percote
Di pieta il core, che da tutti a un tratto
Senz' infamia laſciata eſſer non puote.

I view my mother's age with pitying eye,
That draws my ſoul by every tender tie:
Shall ſhe be left by all! forbid it ſhame,
And every duty to a parent's name!

He took great delight in building, but was an œconomiſt in his expences that way; a friend once expreſſing an aſtoniſhment, that he, who had deſcribed ſuch magnificent edifices in his poem, ſhould be contented with ſo poor a dwelling; Arioſto anſwered very aptly, that "words "were much eaſier put together than bricks;" and leading him to the door of his houſe, pointed to this diſtich which he had cauſed to be engraved on the portico:

Parva, ſed apta mihi, ſed nulli obnoxia, ſed non
Sordida, parta meo ſed tamen ære domus."

Small

Small is my humble roof, but well deſign'd
To ſuit the temper of the maſter's mind;
Hurtful to none, it boaſts a decent pride,
That my poor purſe the modeſt coſt ſupply'd.

Notwithſtanding what has been mentioned of his perſonal bravery in the engagement between the pope's veſſels and the duke's; he is reported to have been naturally of a timid diſpoſition; when on horſeback he would alight on the leaſt appearance of danger: he was particularly timorous on the water; and when he went out of a veſſel, would always ſtay till the laſt, frequently uſing this expreſſion, *de puppe noviſſimus exi*: in every other reſpect his temper was firm and unruffled.

His ſon Virginio has left behind him the following particulars relative to his father, which we will inſert in his own words, as the leaſt matter of information muſt gratify curioſity in the life of ſo extraordinary a man.

" He was never ſatisfied with his verſes, but continually altering them. He was very fond of gardening, but ſo frequently varying his deſign, that he never ſuffered any plant to remain above three months; at the ſame time he knew little of botany. I remember, that once imagining he had

had planted capers, he was highly pleaſed to ſee them thrive ſo well, till at laſt, inſtead of capers, he found that he had planted elder. Of authors he highly approved Virgil and Tibullus: he greatly extolled Horace, but thought little of Propertius.

"He made no diſtinction in his food, but always eat of that which was next him, and often eat a ſmall loaf or roll after he had dined. He was in general ſo loſt in meditation, that he attended little to what paſſed. It ſo happened that a ſtranger once came to viſit him at his dinner-time, and while his gueſt was talking, Arioſto eat the meat that was ſet before him; for which being afterwards reproved by his brother, he only coolly replied, "That the loſs was the ſtranger's, and that he ought to have taken care of himſelf."

Sir John Harrington has given the following anecdote of Arioſto, for which he has not mentioned his authority, and which does not appear in any of the biographers or commentators conſulted in writing this life. Take the relation in Sir John's own words.

"As he himſelf could pronounce very well, ſo it was a great penance to him to hear others

pronounce ill that which himſelf had written excellent well. Inſomuch as they tell of him, how coming one day by a potter's ſhop that had many earthen veſſels ready made to ſell on his ſtall, the potter fortuned, at that time, to ſing ſome ſtave or other out of Orlando Furioſo, I think where Rinaldo requeſteth his horſe to tarry for him, in the firſt book, the 32d ſtanza.

Ferma, Baiardo, mio, deh, ferma il piede
Che l'eſſer ſenza de troppo mi nuoce.

Hoy, my Boyardo; Hoy!—thy flight reſtrain,
Methinks thy wants to-day perplex'd thy lord.

" Or ſome ſuch grave matter fit for a potter; but he plotted the verſes out ſo ill-favouredly (as might well beſeem his dirty occupation), that Arioſto being, or at leaſt making ſemblance to be in a great rage withal, with a little walking ſtick he had in his hand, brake divers of the pots: the poor potter, put quite beſide his ſong, and almoſt beſide himſelf, to ſee his market half marred before it was a quarter done, in a pitiful tone or manner, between railing and whining, aſked, What he meant to wrong a poor man that had never done him injury in all his life? Yes, varlet! quoth Arioſto, I am yet ſcarce even with

thee for the wrong thou haſt done me here before my face, for I have broken but half a dozen baſe pots of thine, that are not worth ſo many half pence, but thou haſt broken and mangled a fine ſtanza of mine worth a mark of gold *.

A ſtory of the ſame kind has been likewiſe told of Camöens; and Mr. Mickle obſerves, that "both theſe ſilly tales are borrowed from Plutarch's Life of Arceſilaus, where the ſame dull humour is told of Philoxenus. He heard ſome brickmakers miſtune one of his ſongs, and, in return, deſtroyed a number of their bricks †."

He was of an amorous conſtitution, and very apt to receive impreſſions from every beautiful object, violent in his attchments, impatient of a rival; but in his amours he was diſcreet, cautious, and ſecret. It has been ſaid that he might poſſibly allude to this by the ſculpture of his ink-ſtandiſh, on the top of which was a Cupid, with his fore-finger placed on his lip, as an emblem of ſilence. This diſpoſition to gallantry, which he retained to the laſt year of his life, is confirmed by many parts of his writings.

* Sir John Harrington's Life of Arioſto.

† Mickle's Life of Camöens.

Penſi, chi vuol; ch'el tempo i lacci ſcioglia
Che amore annoda, e che ci dorrem' anco,
Nomando queſta leve e baſſa voglia;
Ch'io per me voglio al capel nero e bianco,
Amare ed eſortar che ſempre s'ami,
E ſe in me tal voler dee venir manco;
Spezzi or la parca all mia vita i ſtami.

There are who think, that time, with ſtealing hand,
Diſſolves the knot of Cupid's tender band;
That frozen age ill ſuits with amorous fire,
When wiſdom bids us ſcorn each frail deſire:
For me, let graceful ringlets deck my head,
Or hoary ſnows my wrinkled temples ſpread;
Still muſt I love—ſtill woo the melting dame,
Exhorting all to love—but when the flame
Is quite extinct, the ſiſter's fatal ſhears
May cut my thread, and end my uſeleſs years.

Elegy xv.

The names of the women, whom he loved, do not appear to be mentioned, except one whom he is ſaid to be ſtrongly attached to, of the name of Geneura, to whom he is ſuppoſed to allude in this Sonnet.

Quel'

Quel' arboſcel, che in le ſolinghe rive
All' aria ſpiega i rami oridi et irti,
E d'odor vince i pin gli abeti e i mirti,
E lieto e verde al caldo e al ghiaccio vive,
Il nome hà di colei che mi preſcrive
Termine e leggi a' travagliati ſpirti,
Da cui ſeguir non potrian' ſcille e ſirti
Ritarmi, o le brumali ore o l'eſtive.
E ſe begnigno influſſo di pianeta,
Lunghe vigilie od amoroſi ſproni
Son per condurmi ad onorata meta;
Non voglio, o Febo, o Bacco, mi perdoni,
Che lor frondi mi moſtrino poeta;
Ma che un Ginebro ſia che mi coroni.

Yon tree, that near the rivulet's pleaſing ſcene,
Than pines or myrtles ſweeter ſcents the gale,
Whoſe boughs, for ever gay, for ever green,
Nor droop in ſummer, nor in winter fail,
Bears her dear name*, whoſe beauties fill my heart,
And o'er my ſenſes boundleſs ſway maintain;
From whom no change can force me to depart,
While fortune ſhifts her vary'd face in vain!

* *Ginebre*, or *Genuro*, the juniper-tree, which by the liberty the Italians give themſelves, may be ſuppoſed to ſtand for *Geneura*.

Should

Should ſome fair planet, from benignant ſkies,
Befriend a lover's cares, a lover's ſighs,
And kindly lead him to the goal deſign'd,
Tho' haply Phœbus chide, or Bacchus frown,
Their ſlighted leaves ſhall ne'er my temples crown,
But this lov'd tree my happy brows ſhall bind.
Sonnet vii.

In his early life he contracted an intimacy with a noble Florentine called Nicolo Veſpucci, whom he accompanied into Florence in 1513, being then thirty-nine years old, to perfect himſelf in the Tuſcan dialect, and to be preſent at the magnificent ceremony uſed at the feaſt of St. Baptiſt: here he fell violently in love with a kinſwoman of Veſpucci, whom he found preparing a dreſs of ſilver embroidered with purple for her ſons to appear in at the jouſts. Arioſto, who was then deeply engaged in writing his poem, is ſuppoſed, from this circumſtance, to have taken the idea of that beautiful ſimile in the twenty-fourth book, when he deſcribes the wound received by Zerbino from the hand of Mandricardo.

Le lucide arme il caldo ſangue irriga,
Pen ſin al piè di rubiconda riga.
Coſi tal hora, un bel purpureo naſtro
Ho veduto partir tela d'argento,

Da

Da quella bianca man più ch' alabaſtro
Da cui partir il cor ſpeſſo mi ſento.

The warm blood iſſu'd with a crimſon tide,
And, trickling down, his ſhining armour dy'd
So have I ſeen a purple floweret ſpread,
And ſtain the ſilver veſt with bluſhing red;
Wrought by her ſnowy hand with matchleſs art,
That hand, whoſe whiteneſs oft has pierc'd my heart.

It has been the opinion of ſome, that he was privately married, but that he was obliged to keep it ſecret for fear of forfeiting ſome church benefices which he enjoyed; ſome go ſo far as to ſay, that his wife's name was Alexandra, and that he alludes to her in theſe lines. Orl. Fur. B. xx.

Aleſſandra gentil ch'umida avea,
Per la piétà del giovanetto i rai.

Fair Alexandra, in whoſe gentle eyes,
Tears, for the youth, in ſweet compaſſion riſe.

Concerning the perſon of Arioſto, he was rather above the common ſize; of a countenance generally grave and contemplative, as appears from the admirable picture painted by Titian: his head was partly bald; his hair black and curling; his forehead high; his eye-brows raiſed;

raiſed; his eyes black and ſparkling; his noſe large and aquiline; his lips well formed; his teeth even and white; his cheeks rather thin, and his complexion inclining to the olive: he was well made, except that his ſhoulders were ſomewhat large, which made him appear to ſtoop a little: his walk was ſlow and deliberate, as indeed were his actions in general.

Arioſto left behind him two ſons by Alexandra, who were always conſidered illegitimate; Virginio before named, and J. Baptiſta; the firſt of whom being brought up under his father, who took great pains to inſtruct him, was made a canon of the houſe of Ferrara, and Arioſto reſigned a great part of his benefices to him: the latter went very young into the army, and, having acquired conſiderable reputation as a ſoldier, returned to Ferrara a little while before Arioſto's death, and died himſelf an officer in the duke's ſervice.

Arioſto is reported to have met his diſſolution with the utmoſt compoſure, and to have told ſome of his friends, who were preſent at his laſt moments, that he left the world without the leaſt reluctance; and the more ſo, becauſe, as he believed, that, in another ſtate, men would know each other, he was impatient to meet again ſo many friends that had gone before him.

He

He was interred in the church of St. Benedict, under a plain monument, which was afterwards enriched with a number of inſcriptions in the Greek, Latin, and Tuſcan languages, the greateſt wits contending to celebrate his memory.

Arioſto, among his other Latin pieces, left the following epitaph written for himſelf, but which an Italian writer of his life ſuppoſes to have been conſidered as too ludicrous to be made uſe of upon the occaſion!

" LUDOVICUS ARIOSTUS humantur oſſa
" Sub hoc marmore, vel ſub hoc humo, ſeu
" Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres,
" Sive hærede benignior comes, ſeu
" Opportunius incidens viator;
" Nam ſcire haud potuit futura, ſed nec
" Tanti erat vacuum ſibi cadaver
" Ut urnam cuperet parare vivens,
" Vivens iſta tamen ſibi paravit,
" Quæ inſcribi voluit ſuo ſepulchro
" Olim ſiquod haberet is ſepulchrum *."

The

* The bones of Ludovico Arioſto are buried under this marble, under this turf, or under whatever pleaſes his bountiful heir, or perhaps more bountiful friend; or ſtranger who ſhall take this charge upon him: he could not look into the future, but was not ſolicitous, while living, to prepare an

The falſe thought on which the whole point of this epitaph turns, has been lately juſtly expoſed in an obſervation on a ſimilar one written by Pope for himſelf:

Under this ſtone, or under this ſill,
Or under this turf, &c.

"When a man is once buried, the queſtion under what he is buried, is eaſily decided. He forgot that though he wrote the epitaph in a ſtate of uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made*."

The death of Arioſto was lamented by every good man, and the monks of St. Benedict, contrary to their uſual cuſtom, attended his body to the grave; and ſo great was their veneration of his name, that they would, by no means, conſent that his bones ſhould be afterwards removed to a chapel or ſepulchre erected for him by his ſon Virginio, in the garden belonging to his houſe, which was afterwards deſtroyed by an ignorant builder, without the concurrence, and to the great mortification of the owners of the

an urn for his remains; yet, while living, he prepared theſe lines to be inſcribed on his tomb, if ſuch a tomb ſhould ever be obtained.

* Dr. Johnſon's Preface to Pope's Works.

dwelling.

dwelling." However, many years after, Signor Agoſtino Moſti, who had a ſincere regard for the memory of Arioſto, having been early initiated by him in the knowledge of polite letters, and who was concerned that ſo great a man ſhould want a monument worthy of him, reſolved to build one that ſhould be anſwerable to the veneration he had for his many virtues. He therefore cauſed a marble ſepulchre to be erected at his own expence in the ſame church of St. Benedict, ardorned with proper emblems, and a fine ſtatue of Arioſto; and to ſhow the zeal with which he paid this laſt duty to his maſter he depoſited, with his own hands, the bones of this illuſtrious poet in their new ſepulchre, with the following inſcription, and the annexed verſes compoſed by Lorenzo Frizoli.

" D. O. M.

" LUDOVICO AREOSTO, Poetæ Patricio
" Ferrarienſi Auguſtinus Muſtus Tanto Viro, Ac
" de ſe bene merenti tumulum et effigiem marmor,
" ære proprio P. C. Anno Salutis MDLXXXIII.
" VIII. Idus Junii Alphonſo II. Duce, vixit ann.
" LXX. Obiit ann. Salut. MDXXXIII. Idus
" Junii.

" Heic

" Hic Areoſtus eſt ſitus, qui comica
" Aures theatris parſit urbanis ſale,
" Satyraque mores ſtrinxit acer improbus,
" Heroa cultus qui furentem carmine
" Ducumque curas cecinit, atque prælia
" Vates corona dignus unus triplici,
" Cui trina conſtant, quæ fuere vatibus
" Graiis, Latinis, vixque Etruſcis, ſingula.

But in the year 1612 a new and more magnificent monument was erected for him by his nephew's ſon Ludovico Arioſto, with the effigies of the poet, and two ſtatues repreſenting Glory and Poetry: to this his bones were removed, for the third time. This monument is ſtill to be ſeen in the church of the Benedictines at Ferrara, with the following inſcription.

" D. O. M.

" Ter illi Maximo, atque ore omnium celeber-
" rimo vati, A Carolo V. coronato, nobilitate ge-
" neris, atque animi claro, in rebus publicis
" adminiſtrandis, in regendis publicis, in graviſſi-
" mis ad ſummos Pontifices Legationibus pruden-
" tia, conſilio, eloquentia, præſtantiſſimo, Ludo-
" vicus Areoſtus pronepos, ne quid domeſticæ pie-
" tati, ad tanti viri gloriam cumulandam defuiſſe

" videri poſſit, magno Patruo, cujus oſſa hîc vere
" condita ſunt. P. C. Anno Salutis MDCXII.
" vixit An. LIX. Obiit An. Salut. MDXXXIII.
" VIII. Idus Junii."

Notus et Heſperiis jacet hic Arioſtus et Indis,
Cui muſa eternum nomen Hetruſca dedit,
Seu ſatyram in vitio exacuit, ſeu comica luſit,
Seu cecinit grandi bella duceſque tuba,
Ter ſummus vates! cui ſummi in vertice Pindi,
Tergemina licuit cingere fronde comas!

Here Arioſto lies, whoſe deathleſs name
From eaſt to weſt the muſes crown with fame;
Whoſe pointed ſatire laſh'd the vicious age;
Whoſe comic ſcenes inſpir'd the laughing ſtage;
Whoſe martial trumpet, breathing loud alarms,
Could ſing of mighty chiefs and bruiſing arms.
Hail, matchleſs bard! for Pindus' ſummit born,
Whoſe happy brows the triple bays adorn!

GENERAL VIEW

OF

BOYARDO'S STORY,

AS CONNECTED WITH

ARIOSTO.

CHARLEMAIN, having proclaimed a ſolemn feaſt and tournament in Paris, at which were preſent many foreign princes and knights from various parts of the world, as well Pagan as Chriſtian, on a certain day, when all the nobles and ſtrangers were aſſembled, an unknown knight and lady entered the hall, attended by four giants of a dreadful ſtature. The lady, whoſe perſonal charms dazzled all the ſpectators, addreſſed herſelf to the emperor; and begging an audience, told him, that her name was Angelica, that ſhe was come with her brother Uberto, from a diſtant kingdom, attracted by the fame of the magnificence of his court;

that her brother, who earneſtly deſired to prove his valour with the warriors then preſent, was ready to meet any of them in the field, whether Saracen or Chriſtian, upon condition, that whoever was unhorſed by him, ſhould immediately become his priſoner; but that if he himſelf ſhould be overthrown, he promiſed to depart with his giants, and leave his ſiſter as the prize of the conqueror: ſhe concluded with ſaying, that her brother would expect them at his pavilion without the city.

The lady, having received a gracious anſwer, retired with her company, while every knight, captivated with her charms, felt the utmoſt impatience to enter the liſt with the ſtranger: but above the reſt, Orlando, whoſe eyes had been rivetted on ſo beautiful an object, confeſſed the poiſon of love, though he ſtudiouſly endeavoured to conceal his inward emotions: even Namus could not reſiſt the power of ſuch perfections, nor was Charlemain himſelf wholly exempted from the general contagion.

In the mean time Malagigi, a couſin to Rinaldo, who was deeply ſkilled in magic, ſuſpecting that the uncommon viſit of theſe ſtrangers foreboded no good to the Chriſtians, had recourſe to his art, and upon conſulting his ſpirits, received

received intelligence, that the lady was daughter to Galaphron, king of Cathay; that the knight her brother was not called Uberto, but Argalia; that the king their father, to effect a great deſign which he meditated, had procured for his ſon a ſuit of enchanted armour, a golden lance of ſuch hidden virtue, that the leaſt touch of it would diſmount the ſtouteſt warrior, and a horſe of incomparable ſwiftneſs: to theſe gifts he added a ring of ſuch wonderful efficacy, that being conveyed into the mouth, it made the perſon inviſible, and, being worn upon the finger, had the power to fruſtrate all enchantments: but that the king confided chiefly in the beauty of his daughter, not doubting, but her charms would faſcinate the champions of Charlemain, and that ſhe would bring them priſoners to the throne of Cathay.

Malagigi having heard this, conceived the deſign of delivering his country from the impending danger: he cauſed himſelf to be tranſported, by his ſpirits, to the pavilion of Argalia, whom he found aſleep, with Angelica near him, guarded by the four giants: theſe he ſoon caſt into a deep ſlumber by the force of his ſpells, and drew his ſword, with a determination to put an end to the life of this dangerous beauty:

but, as he approached her, he began to feel ſenſations of a very different nature, till every reſolution, giving way to the ſofter paſſions that inſpired him, from a nearer view of her charms, he could no longer reſiſt the powerful impulſe, but advanced to embrace her.

Angelica, who had the ring upon her finger, which preſerved her from the force of his incantations, ſuddenly awaked, and finding herſelf in the arms of a man, uttered a loud cry: Argalia ran to her aſſiſtance, and ſeized Malagigi, while the princeſs made herſelf miſtreſs of his magical book, and calling upon his ſpirits, commanded them to convey the priſoner to her father's kingdom; which was performed in an inſtant.

In order to put an end to the diſſention that had ariſen in the Chriſtian court, each champion claiming the preference to enter firſt the liſt with Argalia, the emperor commanded that lots ſhould be drawn; when the names that appeared were Aſtolpho, Ferrau, Rinaldo, and next Charlemain, who would not be excluded notwithſtanding his age: after theſe came a number more before the name of Orlando appeared.

Aſtolpho

Aſtolpho being armed, as the firſt on the liſt of combatants, preſented himſelf to encounter Argalia, was unhorſed by the golden lance, and ſent priſoner into the pavilion. Next morning, at day break, Ferrau, a Spaniſh knight, came from the city to try his fortune, and was overthrown in the ſame manner: but refuſing to yield to the conditions of the combat, the giants endeavoured to ſeize his perſon; theſe he ſlew, and compelled Argalia to engage him on foot. Angelica, fearing the iſſue of their combat, fled; when Argalia, perceiving her flight, followed her, and was as ſuddenly purſued by Ferrau.

Ferrau, after ſome time entering the foreſt of Arden, found Argalia aſleep, who had not been able to overtake his ſiſter. The Spaniard, determined that he ſhould not eſcape him, turned Argalia's horſe looſe, and waited, with the utmoſt impatience, till his enemy awaked. An obſtinate battle then enſued, till victory at laſt declared for Ferrau, when Argalia, finding himſelf mortally wounded, entreated that when he was dead, his body, with all his arms, might be thrown into the river, that no one might wear them after him, and reproach his memory for ſuffering himſelf to be vanquiſhed, when he was defended with impenetrable armour. Ferrau

promiſed to grant his requeſt, having firſt deſired the uſe of his helmet for a few days, his own being demoliſhed in the battle.

After the departure of Argalia, Angelica, and Ferrau, Aſtolpho having recovered his liberty, mounted his horſe, took the golden lance which Argalia had left behind him, and returned to the city: in his way he met Rinaldo, who was impatient to learn the iſſue of the combat; and having heard what had paſſed, determined to go in ſearch of Angelica.

Orlando, who had felt no eaſe ſince the appearance of the lovely ſtranger, after Aſtolpho's return, left the court of Charlemain, and ſet out likewiſe to follow Angelica, and in his way met with various adventures.

When Rinaldo firſt left the court of Charlemain to follow Angelica, he entered the foreſt of Arden, where he came to the enchanted fountain made by Merlin the magician, to cure Sir Triſtram of his paſſion for Iſotta; but though it ſo happened that the knight never taſted of the water, yet the virtue of it remained ever after. Rinaldo arriving here drank of the fountain, and immediately found his love for Angelica converted to hatred: he then came to the other fountain,

fountain, likewiſe the work of Merlin, called the Fountain of Love, which had the faculty of inſpiring the breaſt with that paſſion: here, tempted by the beauty of the place, he alighted from his horſe, yet, as he had before quenched his thirſt, he drank not of the ſtream, but ſtretching himſelf on the turf, ſoon fell into a profound ſleep.

Angelica, who had fled while her brother was engaged with Ferrau, was led by chance to the ſame place where Rinaldo lay; the princeſs, fatigued with her flight, and invited by the clearneſs of the water, drank a large draught, and conceived a violent paſſion for the ſleeping knight, whom ſhe ſtood contemplating with inexpreſſible pleaſure, till he awaked. As ſoon as Rinaldo opened his eyes, and beheld Angelica, who was now become the object of his moſt bitter averſion, he remounted his horſe, and left the place with the utmoſt precipitation, in ſpite of the moſt moving entreaties which the love-ſick virgin made uſe of to detain him.

About this time Gradaſſo, king of Sericana, having been long deſirous to get poſſeſſion of Durindana, Orlando's ſword, and of Bayardo, Rinaldo's horſe, paſſed with a great army into France, and, Orlando being abſent, he defeated Charlemain

Charlemain in a general battle, and made him and many of his leaders priſoners. Charlemain promiſed, at the return of Orlando, to give up to him Durindana and Bayardo; but Aſtolpho, who was at Paris, and in poſſeſſion of Bayardo, refuſed to reſign him, and challenged Gradaſſo to the jouſt, whom he overthrew with the golden lance, when, according to the conditions of their rencounter, Charlemain and all the priſoners were ſet at liberty: Gradaſſo then joined himſelf to Marſilius.

After the return of Angelica to India, Agrican king of Tartary, and father of Mandricardo, demanded her in marriage; but being refuſed by her, he raiſed a great army, and beſieged her in Albracca, the capital of Cathay, inviting other nations to join him. Many gallant actions were performed at the ſiege. Orlando, Brandimart, Sacripant, Marphiſa, Aſtolpho, and many others, took the part of Angelica; but Rinaldo, who at that time hated Angelica, from his having drank of the enchanted fountain, joined himſelf to her enemies: in conſequence of which he had ſeveral encounters with Orlando. After various ſucceſſes on either ſide, and an infinity of adventures engaged in by the ſeveral knights during the ſiege, Agrican was

ſlain by Orlando in ſingle combat; and Angelica, hearing that Rinaldo, whom ſhe then loved, was gone to France, perſuaded Orlando to accompany her thither; and, after her departure, the enemies of Albracca, taking advantage of the abſence of Orlando, and her other brave defenders, entered the city by ſtorm, and reduced it to aſhes.

When Angelica, after the taking of Albracca, returned to France with Orlando, ſhe paſſed again through the foreſt of Arden, and, in her way, happened to drink of the fountain of hatred, which entirely obliterated her former paſſion. About the ſame time Rinaldo, meeting with the contrary fountain, drank of the waters of love.

While the ſiege of Albracca was carrying on, Agramant, the young king of Africa, only twenty-two years of age, and the braveſt knight in the dominions of Africa, except Rodomont king of Sarza, burning with deſire to revenge the death of his father Troyano, ſlain by the Chriſtians, ordered a council to be called in the city of Biſerta, the capital of his empire, where two and thirty kings, his tributaries, being aſſembled, he propoſed to them his deſign of invading

vading the kingdom of Charlemain. After many debates it was at laſt reſolved to tranſport a powerful force into France, notwithſtanding the prophecy of the king of Garamanta, who declared that the expedition would prove fatal to Agramant and his army.

When the king of Garamanta had in vain endeavoured to diſſuade Agramant from his deſigned invaſion of France, he told the monarch, that there remained but one expedient by which he might hope to meet with any ſucceſs againſt the Chriſtians; this was, to take with him a young hero, named Rogero, who then reſided with Atlantes, the magician, on mount Carena. Agramant having, in conſequence of this advice, made many fruitleſs reſearches to find the fatal warrior, was directed, by the king of Garamanta, to procure the enchanted ring, then in poſſeſſion of Angelica, daughter of Galahpron, king of Cathay, without which the retreat of Atlantes could never be diſcovered. Thereupon Agramant, offering great rewards to any one that would undertake this adventure, Brunello, a perſon of mean extraction, but well verſed in the arts of fraud, engaged to perform it. Accordingly he went to Albracca, ſtole the ring from the princeſs, and brought it to Agramant, who, in recompenſe for his

his good ſervice, made him king of Tingitana. In this excurſion, Brunello likewiſe ſtole Sacripant's horſe Frontino, Marphiſa's ſword, Orlando's ſword Baliſarda, which he had won from the enchantreſs Falerina, and the famous horn which he had taken from Almontes.

Agramant, having got poſſeſſion of this precious ring, went, with all his court, to the mountain, where Atlantes was ſaid to reſide; and the ring having diſpelled every miſt that enchantment had caſt before their eyes, they ſoon diſcovered the rock on which was the wonderful dwelling; but the height forbidding all approaches to it, Agramant, by the advice of Brunello, ordered a tournament to be held on the plain, at the foot of the rock. Rogero, rouzed with the ſound of the warlike inſtruments, and fired with the ſight of horſes and armour, which he ſtood for ſome time contemplating from the ſummit of the rock, at laſt made Atlantes, though with great reluctance, deſcend with him to the plain. Brunello, who carefully watched the ſucceſs of his project, ſoon eſpied Rogero with Atlantes, and drawing near them, entered into converſation: Brunello was then completely armed and mounted on Frontino, when obſerving, that Rogero was ſtruck with

with the beauty of his horſe and armour, he preſented them to him, and the young warrior impatiently arming himſelf, and girding Baliſarda to his ſide, leaped on Frontino, and entered the liſts, where he overthrew every opponent, and obtained the whole honour of the day. All the combatants were aſtoniſhed at the valour of this unknown champion, till Agramant, having at laſt diſcovered him to be Rogero, whom he had ſo eagerly ſought for, received him with open arms, conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, and engaged him to accompany him to France, notwithſtanding all the arguments uſed by Atlantes, to diſſuade the king from taking Rogero with him in that expedition.

After encountering a variety of dangers and adventures, Orlando and Angelica arrived at the Chriſtian camp, where Orlando and Rinaldo meeting, a dreadful combat enſued between them for the lady; but Charlemain interpoſing with his authority, put an end to the battle, and delivered Angelica to the care of Namus duke of Bavaria *.

* Here begins the action of Arioſto's poem.

Marſilius,

Marſilius, king of Spain, being encamped near mount Albano, to which he prepared to lay ſiege, was joined by Rodomont, king of Sarza, who had paſſed from Africa before Agramant, and after having loſt great part of his fleet in a ſtorm, landed with the remainder of his forces near Monaco, where he met with a very warm reception from the Chriſtians.

Charlemain, having collected the ſtrength of the empire, marched with Orlando and Rinaldo to attack Marſilius, whoſe army being now reinforced by ſome of the braveſt warriors, among whom were Rodomont and Ferrau, was able to make head againſt him. The battle was fought with great obſtinacy on both ſides. Orlando and Rinaldo, elevated with the hopes of poſſeſſing Angelica, performed prodigies of valour: Rodomont made great ſlaughter of the Chriſtians, and Bradamant, ſiſter to Rinaldo, ſignalized herſelf in a particular manner. In the mean time, Agramant, having embarked his forces at Biſerta, was landed, and advanced with ſpeedy marches towards mount Albano, bringing with him the flower of the African chivalry, among which was the young Rogero, who had been with difficulty drawn from the enchanted fortreſs,

in

in which he had been ſhut by Atlantes, to avoid the deſtiny which threatened him, but whoſe preſence, like that of Achilles, had been declared of the higheſt importance to the expedition. This young warrior was accompanied by Atlantes, who, ſince he could not divert his charge from the purſuit of glory, was prompted, by his anxiety, to be near him in time of danger.

The whole force of the Saracens being now united, the battle raged with redoubled fury. Rogero, having overthrown numbers of the Chriſtians, at laſt ſingled out Orlando, when Atlantes, fearing the event of ſuch an encounter, by his magic art faſcinated the eyes of Orlando, who, believing that he ſaw Charlemain in danger, abruptly left the field, and was made priſoner in an enchanted garden. At this time Mandricardo joined the army of Agramant, when Rogero and Rinaldo being engaged in ſingle combat, the Chriſtians began to give ground, till being entirely diſcouraged by the abſence of Orlando, the rout became general, and the tide of fugitives and purſuers parted Rinaldo and Rogero.

During this general battle between the Pagans and Chriſtians, Bradamant being engaged in

ſingle combat with Rodomont, received intelligence from Rogero, who chanced to be a ſpectator of their battle, that Charlemain was in imminent danger; upon which ſhe deſired to go to his aſſiſtance, but Rodomont oppoſing this, Rogero took her quarrel upon himſelf, encountered Rodomont, and diſarmed him, who then retired vanquiſhed by the courteſy of his enemy. After the departure of the prince of Sarza, Bradamant, ſtruck with the manly deportment of Rogero, was deſirous to learn who he was, and received from him the account of his origin.

Bradamant, in return, diſcovered her birth and name, and taking off her helmet, ſurpriſed the young warrior with her beauty. At this inſtant, a band of Pagans fell in with them, one of whom wounded Bradamant in the head, which was then unarmed. Rogero, who had by this time conceived a violent paſſion for the fair warrior, and enraged at the brutality of the action, advanced furiouſly to revenge it on the author; the Pagans then attacked him all at once, and Bradamant, who now began to feel the tendereſt ſentiments for Rogero, immediately joined him: their united force ſoon got the better of their adverſaries, who were either ſlain, or put to

flight: but it ſo happened, that in the purſuit the two lovers were ſeparated, this being their firſt meeting; after this, Bradamant continued to go in ſearch of Rogero, and arrived at the dwelling of a hermit, or friar, who healed the wound that ſhe had received in her head. Afterwards falling aſleep on the banks of a river, ſhe was ſeen, by Flordeſpina, daughter to king Marſilius, who was hunting in the foreſt, and being deceived by the arms and dreſs of Bradamant, ſuppoſing her to be a man, fell deeply in love with her*.

Orlando, having been delivered by Brandimart, Rogero and Gradaſſo, from the enchanted garden, where he had been confined by Atlantes, arrived at Paris when the city was cloſely beſieged by Agramant, Marſilius, Rodomont, Mandricardo, Ferrau, and the whole power of the Pagans. Orlando and Brandimart attacked the enemy with great ſlaughter, and Rodomont attempting to ſcale the walls was thrown down by Orlando. The city was however at laſt in imminent danger of being taken, having been fired in ſeveral places; but a great ſtorm ariſing,

* This ſtory is completed by Arioſto, ORL. FUR. book XXV.

with

with a ſudden violent ſhower of rain, extinguiſhed the flames, and put an end to the battle for that time.

Here the great action of Boyardo breaks off unfiniſhed, and the ſubject is again taken up by Arioſto, in the eighth book of the ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ORLANDO arrives at the Chriſtian camp with Angelica, where to put an end to the diſſention that had ariſen between him and Rinaldo, ſhe is taken from him by Charlemain, and given to the care of Namus. The Chriſtian army is defeated, in a general battle, by the forces of Agramant and Marſilius. Angelica flies from the camp, and is met by Rinaldo, who fights for her with Ferrau, till the combat being broke off by the departure of the lady, they both go in ſearch of her. Ferrau, endeavouring to recover his helmet from the river, ſees the ghoſt of Argalia, who reproaches him with perjury. Angelica, having taken ſhelter in a bower, ſees unexpectedly one of her former lovers, to whom ſhe diſcovers herſelf: their converſation is interrupted by the arrival of a ſtrange knight: a battle enſues: the ſtranger departing, they find Bayardo, Rinaldo's horſe, and ſoon after meet Rinaldo himſelf.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

DAMES, knights, and arms, and love! the deeds that ſpring
From courteous minds, and venturous feats, I ſing!
What time the Moors from Afric's hoſtile ſtrand
Had croſt the ſeas to ravage Gallia's land,

By

Ver. 1. *Dames, knights, and arms,* —] It is ſaid Cardinal Hippolito had been heard to declare that Arioſto was particularly difficult in compoſing the two firſt lines of his poem, and that he wrote them many times before he could ſatisfy himſelf. Marc Antonio Mureto, a moſt reſpectable writer of the xvith century, delivers himſelf thus on the ſubject: "Audivi a maximis viris qui facillime id noſſe poterant, Ludovicum Areoſtum nobiliſſimum nobiliſſimæ

By Agramant, their youthful monarch, led,
In deep reſentment for Troyano dead,
With threats on Charlemain t' avenge his fate,
Th' imperial guardian of the Roman ſtate.
Nor will I leſs Orlando's acts rehearſe,
A tale nor told in proſe, nor ſung in verſe;
Who once the flower of arms, and wiſdom's boaſt,
By fatal love his manly ſenſes loſt.
If ſhe, for whom like anguiſh wounds my heart,
To my weak ſkill her gracious aid impart,
The timorous bard ſhall needful ſuccour find,
To end the taſk long ponder'd in his mind.
Vouchſafe, great offspring of th' Herculean line,
In whom our age's grace and glory ſhine,
Hippolito, theſe humble lines to take,
The ſole return your poet e'er can make;
Who boldly now his gratitude conveys
In ſheets like theſe, and verſe for duty pays:
Nor deem the labour poor, or tribute ſmall;
'Tis all he has, and thus he offers all!

domus præconem in *duobus primis* grandioſis illius poematis ſui *verſibus*, pluſquam credi poteſt, laboraſſe, neque ſibi prius animum explere potuiſſe, quam quum illos in omnem partem diu multumque verſaſſet."

Ver. 6. —— *Troyano dead,*] See Gen[illegible] II. Boyardo's Story.

Here midſt the braveſt chiefs prepare to view,
(Thoſe honour'd chiefs to whom the lays are due)
Renown'd Rogero, from whoſe loins I trace
The ancient fountain of your glorious race:
My muſe the hero's actions ſhall proclaim,
His dauntleſs courage, and his deathleſs fame;
So you awhile each weightier care ſuſpend,
And to my tale a pleas'd attention lend.

Orlando, long with amorous paſſion fir'd,
The love of fair Angelica deſir'd:
For her his arms immortal trophies won,
In Media, Tartary, and India known.
Now with her to the weſt he held his courſe,
Where Charlemain encamp'd his martial force,
And near Pyrene's hills his ſtandard rear'd,
Where France and Germany combin'd appear'd,
That Spain and Afric's monarchs to their coſt,
Might rue their vain deſigns and empty boaſt:
This, ſummon'd all his ſubjects to the field,
Whoſe hand could lift the ſpear, or falchion wield;

Ver. 33. *Orlando, long* —] See General View of BOYARDO's Story.

That, once again impell'd the Spaniſh race,
To conquer Gallia, and her realm deface.
And hither to the camp Orlando drew,
But ſoon, alas! his fatal error knew:
How oft the wiſeſt err! how ſhort the ſpan
Of judgment here beſtow'd on mortal man!
She, whom from diſtant regions ſafe he brought,
She, for whoſe ſake ſuch bloody fields he fought,
No ſword unſheath'd, no hoſtile force apply'd,
Amidſt his friends was raviſh'd from his ſide.
This Charles had doom'd the diſcord to compoſe,
That twixt Orlando and Rinaldo roſe,
Each kindred chief the beauteous virgin claim'd;
Deep hatred hence each rival heart inflam'd;
The king, who griev'd to ſee the knights engage
With fatal enmity and jealous rage,
Remov'd th' unhappy cauſe, and to the care
Of great Bavaria's duke, conſign'd the fair;

Ver. 45. *That, once again impell'd* —] "Marſilius, king of Spain, who being worſted by Gradaſſo, king of Sericane, did homage to him for his crown, and joined him: theſe princes afterwards turned their forces againſt Charlemain." Orl. Innam. B. i. C. i, ii, &c.

Ver. 57. *Each kindred chief*—] Orlando and Rinaldo were couſins.

Ver. 62. — *Bavaria's duke*, —] Namus, duke of Bavaria.

Yet promis'd HE ſhould bear the maid away,
His valour's prize, on that important day,
Whoſe arm could beſt the Pagan might oppoſe,
And ſtrow the ſanguine plain with lifeleſs foes.
But Heaven diſpers'd theſe hopes in empty wind:
The Chriſtian bands th' inglorious field reſign'd;
The duke, with numbers more, was priſoner made,
The tents, abandon'd, to the foes betray'd.
The damſel, doom'd to yield her blooming charms,
A recompenſe to grace the victor's arms,
With terror ſeiz'd, her ready palfrey took,
And, by a ſpeedy flight, the camp forſook:
Her heart preſag'd that fortune's fickle turn
That day would give the Chriſtian bands to mourn.
As through a narrow woodland path ſhe ſtray'd,
On foot a warrior chanc'd to meet the maid;
The ſhining cuiraſs, and the helm he wore,
His ſide the ſword, his arm the buckler bore;
While through the woods he ran with ſwifter pace
Than village ſwains half naked in the race.

Ver. 68. — *th' inglorious field reſign'd*;] At this part Arioſto takes up the ſtory from Boyardo, but paſſes over the particulars of the battle, which had been fully deſcribed by his predeceſſor. See General View of BOYARDO's Story.

Not with ſuch haſte the timorous maiden flies,
Who, unawares, a latent ſnake eſpies;
As, when Angelica beheld the knight,
She turn'd the reins, and headlong urg'd her flight.
This was the Paladin for valour known,
Lord of mount Alban, and duke Amon's ſon,
Rinaldo nam'd, who late when fortune croſt
The Chriſtian arms, his ſteed Bayardo loſt.
Soon as his eyes beheld th' approaching fair,
Full well he knew that ſoft enchanting air;
Full well he knew that face which caus'd his ſmart,
And held in love's ſtrong net his manly heart.
Meantime th' affrighted damſel threw the reins
Looſe on her courſer's neck, and ſcour'd the plains;
Through open paths ſhe fled, or tangled ſhade,
Nor rough, nor buſhy paths her courſe delay'd;
But pale and trembling, ſtruck with deep diſmay,
She lets her flying palfrey chooſe the way.
Now here, now there, amidſt the ſavage wood
She wander'd, till ſhe ſaw a running flood;
Where on the lonely banks Ferrau ſhe view'd,
With duſt and ſweat his weary limbs bedew'd;

Ver. 90. — *his ſteed Bayardo loſt.*] When Rinaldo, in the laſt general battle, diſmounted to engage Rogero, who was on foot, his horſe eſcaped from him.

Late from the fight he came with toil oppreſt,
To quench his thirſt, and taſte the ſweets of reſt;
When ſoon returning to the bloody fray,
An unexpected chance compell'd his ſtay;
For where the flood its circling eddies toſt,
His helmet, ſunk amidſt the ſands, was loſt.

Now to the ſtream the panting virgin flies,
And rends the air with ſupplicating cries;
The Pagan warrior, ſtartled at the ſound,
Leap'd from the ſhore, and caſt his eyes around;
Till, earneſt gazing, as ſhe nearer drew,
Tho' pale with dread, the trembling fair he knew;
Then, as a knight who courteous deeds profeſs'd,
And love, long ſince, enkindled in his breaſt;
Dauntleſs her perſon to defend he ſwore,
Though on his head no fencing helm he wore.
He graſp'd his ſword, and mov'd with haughty ſtride
To meet Rinaldo, who his force defy'd,
And oft had each the other's valour try'd.

And now, on foot, oppos'd, and man to man,
With ſwords unſheath'd, a dreadful fight began;

Ver. 110. *His helmet, ſunk* —] This circumſtance of Ferrau leaving the battle, and loſing his helmet in the river, is related by Boyardo.

Ver. 120. *Though on his head* —] See note to Book xii. ver. 312.

In

In vain did plate and mail their limbs encloſe,
Not maſſy anvils could reſiſt their blows.
While thus his utmoſt force each warrior try'd,
His feet again the virgin's palfrey ply'd;
At his full ſtretch ſhe drives him o'er the plain,
And ſeeks the ſhelter of the woods again.
Long had the knights contended in the field,
Nor this nor that could make his rival yield;
With equal ſkill could each his weapon bear,
Practis'd alike in all the turns of war;
When Alban's lord, with amorous fears poſſeſs'd,
Firſt to the Spaniſh foe theſe words addreſs'd.
While thus on me your thoughtleſs rage you turn,
Yourſelf (he cry'd) have equal cauſe to mourn;
If yonder dame, the ſun of female charms,
Has fill'd your glowing breaſt with ſoft alarms,
What gain is yours?—Suppoſe me priſoner made,
Or breathleſs, by the chance of battle, laid;
Yet could you not poſſeſs the beauteous prize,
For while we linger here, behold ſhe flies!
But if the paſſion you profeſs is true,
Then let us firſt Angelica purſue:
This wiſdom bids—be firſt ſecur'd the fair,
And let the ſword our title then declare;

Elſe what can all our fond contention gain,
But fruitleſs toil and unavailing pain?
Ferrau with pleaſure heard the Chriſtian knight,
Then both agreed t' adjourn the bloody fight;
And now ſo firmly were they bound to peace,
So far did rage and rival hatred ceaſe,
That, in no wiſe, the Pagan prince would view
Brave Amon's ſon on foot his way purſue,
But courteous bade him mount the ſteed behind,
Then took the track Angelica to find.
O noble minds, by knights of old poſſeſs'd!
Two faiths they knew, one love their hearts profeſs'd;
And ſtill their limbs the ſmarting anguiſh feel,
Of ſtrokes inflicted by the hoſtile ſteel.
Through winding paths, and lonely woods they go,
Yet no ſuſpicion their brave boſoms know.
At length the horſe, with double ſpurring, drew
To where two ſeveral ways appear'd in view;
When doubtful which to take, one gentle knight
For fortune took the left, and one the right.
Long through the devious wilds the Spaniard paſs'd,
And to the river's banks return'd at laſt:

Ver. 162. — *the ſmarting anguiſh feel,*] See note to Book xii. ver. 312.

The

The place again the wandering warrior view'd,
Where late he drop'd his caſque amidſt the flood;
Since all his hopes to find his love were vain,
Once more he ſought his helmet to regain.
A tall young poplar on the banks aroſe;
From this a branch he hew'd and lopt the boughs:
A ſtake thus faſhion'd with induſtrious art,
He rak'd the river round in every part:
When, riſing from the troubled brook was ſeen
A youth with features pale and ghaſtly mien:
Above the circling ſtream he rais'd his breaſt;
His head alone was bare, all arm'd the reſt:
His better hand the fatal helmet bore,
The helmet that in vain was ſought before:
Full on Ferrau he turn'd with threatening look,
And thus the ghoſt th' aſtoniſh'd knight beſpoke.
Wretch! does this helm perplex thy faithleſs mind,
A helm thou ſhould'ſt have long ere this reſign'd?
Remember fair Angelica, and view
In me her brother, whom thy weapon ſlew.
Didſt thou not vow, with all my arms, to hide
My caſque ere long beneath the whelming tide?
Though baſely thou haſt fail'd thy plighted word,
See juſter fortune has my own reſtor'd:

Then murmur not—or if thou ſtill muſt grieve,
Lament that e'er thy falſehood could deceive.
But if thou ſeek'ſt another helm to gain,
Seek one that may no more thy honour ſtain:
Seek one perchance of ſtronger temper'd charms;
Such has Orlando, ſuch Rinaldo arms:
Mambrino, this; Almontes, that poſſeſs'd;
By one of theſe thy brows be nobler preſs'd:

But

Ver. 202. *Mambrino, this; Almontes, that poſſeſs'd;*] I do not find theſe actions recorded in Boyardo, but like many others mentioned in the work, Arioſto alludes to them as well-known incidents in the romance writers. In an old romance, in ottava rima, intituled INNAMORAMENTO DI RINALDO, apparently much prior to Arioſto, is a long account of a Pagan king, named Mambrino, who comes againſt Charlemain and the Chriſtians with a vaſt army. He is at laſt killed by Rinaldo, but no particular mention is made of his helmet. This helmet of Mambrino, ſaid by Arioſto to be won by Rinaldo, is the ſame which the reader muſt recollect to have ſeen ſo frequently mentioned in Don Quixote, and for which the knight of la Mancha took poſſeſſion of a barber's baſon. See Jarvis's Don Quixote, Vol. I. B. iii. C. vii.

With reſpect to the death of Almontes, the following account is given in the romance poem of ASPRAMONTE.

Almontes, ſon of Agolant, and brother to Troyano, having embarked from Africa to revenge the death of Garnieri king of Carthage, his grandfather, killed by Milo, father of Orlando, had performed many great actions and

ſlain

But what I claim by ſacred faith for mine,
Forbear to ſeek, and willingly reſign.
The Saracen beheld, with wild affright,
The ſtrange appearance of the phantom-knight;
Up roſe his hair like briſtles on his head,
His utterance fail'd him, and his colour fled.
But when he heard Argalia, whom he ſlew,
(Argalia was the name the warrior knew)

ſlain Milo. He one day came to a fountain called Sylveſtra, which was ſaid to be made by St. Silveſter, and that by taſting theſe waters Conſtantine was converted. Almontes here fell aſleep, and was ſoon after ſurpriſed by Charlemain. Theſe two warriors then engaged in a dreadful combat, and Charlemain was very near being defeated, when Orlando, ſeeking Almontes, in order to revenge the death of his father, was met by a hermit, who incited him to go to the aſſiſtance of Charlemain. Orlando, having loſt his ſword, took an enormous mace or club from a dead Turk, and ſoon reached the fountain, where he attacked Almontes, who had juſt overpowered the emperor. Orlando, after an obſtinate battle, killed Almontes, who before his death, recollected the prophecy of his ſiſter Galicella, that he ſhould die by a fountain. Orlando then took poſſeſſion of the armour of Almontes, which was enchanted, and of his horn, together with his horſe Brigliadoro, and his ſword Durindana, both ſo celebrated in Arioſto. See ASPRAMONTE, Cant. xix.

Ver. 210. — *Argalia*, —] For an account of the death of Argalia, ſee General View of BOYARDO's Story.

Reproach his tainted faith and breach of fame,
His haughty boſom glow'd with rage and ſhame.
Then by Lanfuſa's life a ſacred vow
He made, to wear no head-piece o'er his brow,
But that which in fam'd Aſpramont of yore,
From fierce Almontes' head Orlando tore.
And to this oath a due regard he paid,
And kept it better than the firſt he made.
Thence with ſad ſteps in penſive mood he went,
And long remain'd in ſullen diſcontent.
Now here, now there he ſeeks the Chriſtian knight,
And in his panting boſom hopes the fight.

Rinaldo, who a different path had try'd,
As fortune led, full ſoon before him ſpy'd
His gallant courſer bounding o'er the plain —
Stay, my Bayardo, ſtay — thy flight reſtrain:

Ver. 214. — *Lanfuſa's life, a ſacred vow* —] Lanfuſa was the mother of Ferrau. Such kind of vows were common with the knights in romance: thus Don Quixote, in imitation of theſe, ſwears he will not reſt till he has won a helmet by conqueſt. Don Quix. Part i. B. ii. C. ii.

Ver. 223 — *hopes the fight.*] We hear no more of Ferrau till the xiith book, ver. 169, where he is introduced as one of the knights confined in the enchanted palace of Atlantes.

Much

Much has thy want to day perplex'd thy lord —
The ſteed, regardleſs of his maſter's word,
Through the thick foreſt fled with ſpeed renew'd,
While, fir'd with added rage, the knight purſu'd.

Now turn we to Angelica, who ſpeeds
O'er ſavage wilds, and unfrequented meads;
Nor thinks herſelf ſecure, but ſwiftly ſcuds
Thro' the deep mazes of ſurrounding woods; Starts

Ver. 232. — *Angelica, who ſpeeds*] Taſſo ſeems to have had a reference to this, and the former paſſage ver. 95. in deſcribing the flight of Erminia.

Mean while Erminia's rapid courſer ſtray'd
Through the thick covert of the woodland ſhade;
Her trembling hand the rein no longer guides,
And through her veins a chilling terror glides.
JERUS. DEL. B. vii. ver. 1.

Still flies the damſel to her fears reſign'd,
Nor dares to caſt a tranſient look behind:
All night ſhe fled, and all th' enſuing day, &c.
Ver. 13.

But our countryman Spenſer more immediately follows Arioſto, in his account of Florimel, on a like occaſion, in his FAIRY QUEEN.

Like as an hind forth ſingled from the herd,
That hath eſcaped from a ravenous beaſt,
Yet flies away, of her own feet affeard,
And every leaf, that ſhaketh with the leaſt

Murmur

Starts at the leaves that ruſtle with the wind,
And thinks the knight purſues her cloſe behind:
Each ſhadow that in hill or vale appears,
Again recalls Rinaldo to her fears!
So when a fawn or kid by chance has found,
Amidſt the covert of his native ground,
His hapleſs dam ſome furious leopard's prize,
Who tears her throat, and haunches as ſhe lies;
Far from the dreadful ſight, with terror chac'd,
From grove to grove he flies with trembling haſte;
While every buſh he touches in his way,
He thinks the cruel ſavage gripes his prey.

Murmur of wind, her terror hath encreaſt:
So fled fair Florimel from her vain fear,
Long after ſhe from peril was releaſt:
Each ſhade ſhe ſaw, and each noiſe ſhe did hear,
Did ſeem to be the ſame, which ſhe eſcap'd whyleare.

All that ſame evening ſhe in flying ſpent,
And all that night her courſe continued;
Ne did ſhe let dull ſleep once to relent,
Nor wearineſs to ſlack her haſte, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behind, her ready to arreſt:
And her white palfrey having conquered
The maiſt'ring reins out of her weary wriſt,
Perforce her carried wherever he thought beſt.

B. iii. C. vii.

Unconſcious where ſhe paſs'd, that day and night,
With half the next, the damſel urg'd her flight.
At length ſhe came, where roſe a bowery ſhade,
Whoſe nodding branches to the breezes play'd:
Two purling ſtreams adorn the ſylvan ſcene,
And clothe the turf with never-fading green:
Along the meads they roll their eaſy tide,
The ſtones, with murmuring noiſe, their paſſage chide.
Here hop'd the fair a ſafe retreat to find,
And fondly deem'd Rinaldo far behind:
O'ercome with toil, with burning heat oppreſt,
She ſought to eaſe her limbs with needful reſt.
Then lighting on the ground, ſhe loos'd the reins,
And gave her ſteed to graze th' enamell'd plains.
Not diſtant far, an arbour ſtruck her view,
Where flowery herbs and bluſhing roſes grew:
Cloſe by the bower the glaſſy mirror flow'd:
The bower was ſhelter'd with a waving wood
Of lofty oaks; the inner part diſplay'd
A cool retreat amidſt ſurrounding ſhade.
So thick the twining branches nature wove,
No ſight, no ſun could pierce the duſky grove:

A riſing bank, with tender herbage ſpread,
Had form'd for ſoft repoſe a rural bed.
The lovely virgin here her limbs compos'd,
Till downy ſleep her weary eyelids clos'd.
Not long ſhe lay, for ſoon her ſlumber fled,
A trampling ſteed her ſudden terror bred:
When, riſing ſilent, near the river's ſide,
A graceful warrior, ſheath'd in arms, ſhe ſpy'd.
Uncertain if ſhe view'd a foe or friend,
Alternate hopes and fears her boſom rend.
Th' approaching ſtranger now his ſteed forſook,
And ſtretch'd his careleſs limbs beſide the brook,
His arm ſuſtain'd his head, and, loſt in thought,
He ſeem'd a ſtatue by the ſculptor wrought.
An hour and more (my lord) the penſive knight
With head reclin'd remain'd in mournful plight,
At length began with ſuch a doleful ſtrain,
To tell the liſtening woods his ſecret pain,
That parting rocks might tender pity ſhow,
And ſavage tigers ſoften at his woe:
He ſigh'd; his breaſt, like flaming Ætna glow'd,
While down his cheeks the tears like rivers flow'd.

Ver. 284. — *my lord*] Addreſſing his patron.

Ah me! (he cry'd) whence comes this inward ſmart,
Theſe thoughts that burn at once and freeze my heart!
What to a tardy wretch, like me, remains?
With happier ſpeed the fruit another gains.
To me were ſcarcely words and looks addreſs'd,
The laſt dear bliſs another has poſſeſs'd.
Since then I neither fruit nor flowers enjoy,
Why ſhould her love in vain my peace deſtroy?
The ſpotleſs maid is like the blooming roſe
Which on its native ſtem unſully'd grows;
Where fencing walls the garden-ſpace ſurround,
Nor ſwains, nor browzing cattle tread the ground:
The earth and ſtreams their mutual tribute lend,
Soft breathe the gales, the pearly dews deſcend:
Fair youths and amorous maidens with delight
Enjoy the grateful ſcent, and bleſs the ſight.

Ver. 300. *The ſpotleſs maid* —] Imitated from Catullus.

Ut flos in ſeptis ſecretus naſcitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo contuſus aratro,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat ſol, educat imber:
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ.
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ:
Si virgo dum intacta manet, tum cara ſuis, ſed,
Quum caſtum amiſit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.

CARMEN NUPTIALE.

But if ſome hand the tender ſtalk invades,
Loſt is its beauty and its colour fades:
No more the care of heaven, or garden's boaſt,
And all its praiſe with youths and maidens loſt.
So when a virgin grants the precious prize
More choice than beauty, dearer than her eyes,
To ſome lov'd ſwain; the power ſhe once poſſeſs'd,
She forfeits ſoon in every other breaſt;
Since he alone can juſtly love the maid,
To whom ſo bounteous ſhe her love diſplay'd.
While others triumph in each fond deſire,
Relentleſs fortune! I with want expire.
Then ſhake this fatal beauty from thy mind,
And give thy fruitleſs paſſion to the wind —
Ah! no — this inſtant let my life depart,
Ere her dear form is baniſh'd from my heart.
If any ſeek to learn the warrior's name
Whoſe mournful tears increas'd the running ſtream,
'Twas Sacripant, to hapleſs love a prey,
Whoſe rule Circaſſia's ample realms obey:

For

Ver. 326. *'Twas Sacripant* —] "Sacripant, king of Circaſſia, one of the braveſt and moſt faithful of Angelica's lovers. When this princeſs was beſieged in Albracca by

For fair Angelica his courſe he bends
From eaſtern climes to where the ſun deſcends:
For pierc'd with grief, he heard in India's land
With Brava's knight ſhe fought the Gallic ſtrand;
And after heard in France, the blooming fair
Was giv'n by royal Charles to Namus' care;
The wiſh'd-for prize the champion to reward,
Whoſe arms ſhould beſt the golden lily guard.
Himſelf that fatal conflict had beheld,
When Pagan arms the Chriſtian forces quell'd:
Since then through many a winding track he ſtray'd,
And ſought, with fruitleſs care, the wandering maid.
While, grieving thus, in doleful ſtate he lies,
The tears like fountains guſhing from his eyes,

Agrican, he marched to her aſſiſtance with a numerous army, and performed many gallant actions before the walls. Agrican, having one night by ſurpriſe gain'd admittance into the city, with three hundred of his followers, Sacripant, who then lay dangerouſly wounded, ſallied out, armed only with his ſword and ſhield, and bravely repulſed them, till the whole army of Tartars entering the walls, he was compelled to retire into the fort, whence, at the requeſt of Galaphron, he ſoon after ſet out to aſk aſſiſtance from Gradaſſo, king of Sericane."

ORLANDO INNAM. Book I. C. x. xi.

Ver. 331. — *Brava's knight* —] Orlando, ſo called from having the Marquiſate of Brava.

Beyond his wiſh, propitious fortune bears
His ſoft complainings to his miſtreſs' ears.
Angelica attentive hears his moan,
Whoſe conſtant paſſion long the fair had known :
Yet, cold as marble, her obdurate breaſt
No kindly pity for his woes confeſs'd :
As one who treats mankind with like diſdain,
Whoſe wayward love no merit could obtain :
But thus with perils clos'd on every ſide,
She thinks in him that Fortune might provide
A ſure defence, her champion and her guide.
For who, when circling waters round him ſpread
And menace preſent death, implores not aid ?
This hour neglected, never might ſhe view
A knight again ſo valiant and ſo true.
Yet meant ſhe ne'er t' aſſuage his amorous ſmart,
Who kept her deeply treaſur'd in his heart ;
And with that happineſs his pains reward,
That happineſs, which lovers moſt regard :
Some other new-fram'd wile the fair deſign'd
To lure with hope his unſuſpecting mind ;
And, when her fears were paſt, return again
To all her cruelty and coy diſdain.
Then, ſudden iſſuing from the tufted wood,
C[illegible]meſs'd in open ſight the virgin ſtood :

As, on the ſcene, from cave or painted grove,
Appears Diana, or the queen of love.
Hail! mighty warrior! (thus the damſel ſaid)
May favouring heav'n afford me timely aid,
That you may ſtill unſully'd keep my name,
Nor with ſuſpicion wrong my ſpotleſs fame!
Struck with the viſion, Sacripant amaz'd
On fair Angelica in rapture gaz'd:
Not with ſuch joy a mother views again
Her darling offspring, deem'd in battle ſlain,
Who ſaw the troops without him home return'd,
And long his loſs with tears maternal mourn'd.
The lover now advanc'd with eager pace,
To claſp his fair one with a warm embrace:
While ſhe, far diſtant from her native ſeat,
Refus'd not thus her faithful knight to meet,
With whom ſhe hop'd ere long her ancient realms to greet.
Then all her ſtory ſhe at full expreſs'd,
Ev'n from the day, when urg'd by her requeſt,
He parted, ſuccours in the eaſt to gain
From fam'd Gradaſſo king of Sericane;

Ver. 385. — *when urg'd by her requeſt,*] Alluding to a paſſage in Boyardo.

How great Orlando did her ſteps attend,
And ſafe from danger and miſchance defend;
While, as ſhe from her birth had kept unſtain'd
Her virgin fame, he ſtill that fame maintain'd.

This might be true, but one diſcreet and wiſe,
Would ſcarcely credit ſuch a fond ſurmiſe:
Yet Sacripant with eaſe the maid believ'd,
For mighty love had long his ſenſe deceiv'd:
Love, what we ſee, can from our ſight remove,
And things inviſible are ſeen by Love.

What though Anglante's knight ſo long forbore
To ſeize the bleſt occaſion in his power:
(Thus to himſelf in ſecret ſpoke the knight)
Shall I ſo coldly fortune's gifts requite?
Or e'er repent I ſlighted beauty's charms
When the glad hour had giv'n them to my arms!
No — let me crop the freſh, the morning roſe,
Whoſe budding leaves untainted ſweets diſcloſe.
Midſt all diſguiſe, full well the fair approve
The ſoft, the pleaſing violence of love.
Then let no forg'd complaints my ſoul affright,
Nor threatenings rob me of the wiſh'd delight.

Ver. 398. — *Anglante's knight* —] Orlando, lord of Anglante.

He

He ſaid; and for the ſoft attack prepar'd:
But ſoon a loud and ſudden noiſe was heard:
The noiſe, reſounding from the neighbouring grove,
Compell'd the knight to quit his taſk of love:
His ready helmet on his head he plac'd;
His other parts in ſhining ſteel were cas'd:
Again with curbing bit his ſteed he rein'd,
Remounted ſwiftly and his lance regain'd.
Now, iſſuing from the wood, a knight is ſeen
Of warlike ſemblance and commanding mien:
Of dazzling white the furniture he wears,
And in his caſque a ſnowy plume he bears.
But Sacripant, whom amorous thoughts employ,
Defrauded of his love and promis'd joy,
Beholds th' intruding champion from afar
With haughty looks, and eyes that menace war.
Approaching nearer he defies his force,
And hopes to hurl him headlong from his horſe:
With threatening words the ſtranger makes return,
With equal confidence and equal ſcorn:
At once he ſpoke, and to the combat preſs'd,
His courſer ſpurr'd and plac'd his lance in reſt:
King Sacripant return'd with equal ſpeed;
And each on each impell'd his rapid ſteed.

Not bulls or lions thus the battle wage
With teeth and horns, in mutual blood and rage,
As fought theſe eager warriors in the field:
Each forceful javelin pierc'd the other's ſhield
With hideous craſh: the dreadful clangors riſe,
Swell from the vales, and echo to the ſkies!
Through either's breaſt had pierc'd the pointed wood,
But the well-temper'd plates the force withſtood.
The fiery courſers, long to battle bred,
Like butting rams encounter'd head to head.
The ſtranger's with the ſhock began to reel,
But ſoon recover'd with the goring ſteel;
While on the ground the Pagan's breathleſs fell,
A beaſt that, living, ſerv'd his maſter well.
The knight unknown, beholding on the mead
His foe lie cruſh'd beneath the ſlaughter'd ſteed,
And deeming here no further glory due,
Reſolv'd no more the conteſt to renew;
But turning ſwift, again purſu'd his way,
And left the fierce Circaſſian where he lay.
As when, the thunder o'er, the ether clears,
Slow riſing from the ſtroke the hind appears,
Where ſtretch'd he lay all ſenſeleſs on the plain,
Where faſt beſide him lay his oxen ſlain;

And

And ſees the pine, that once had rais'd in air
Its ſtately branches, now of honours bare:
So roſe the Pagan from the fatal place,
His miſtreſs preſent at the dire diſgrace.
He ſigh'd full deeply from his inmoſt heart,
Not for a wounded limb, or outward ſmart;
But ſhame alone his tortur'd boſom tore,
A ſhame like this he ne'er confeſs'd before;
And more he ſorrow'd, when the damſel freed
His limbs encumber'd from the murder'd ſteed;
Long time he ſilent ſtood with downcaſt look,
Till firſt Angelica the ſilence broke.

She thus began: Let not my lord bemoan
His courſer's fatal error, not his own;
For him had graſſy meads been fitter far,
Or ſtalls with grain ſurcharg'd, than feats of war!
Yet little praiſe awaits yon haughty knight,
Nor can he juſtly glory in his might;
For he, methinks, may well be ſaid to yield,
Who firſt forſakes the fight and flies the field.

With words like theſe the drooping king ſhe chear'd,
When from the woods a meſſenger appear'd;
Tir'd with a length of way he ſeem'd to ride,
His crooked horn and wallet at his ſide:

When now, approaching to the Pagan knight,
He aſk'd if he had ſeen, with buckler white,
And ſnowy plumage o'er his creſt diſplay'd,
A warrior paſſing through the foreſt ſhade.
To whom thus Sacripant in brief again:
The knight you ſeek has ſtretch'd me on the plain:
But now he parted hence; to him I owe
My ſham'd defeat, nor yet my victor know.
I ſhall not, ſince you wiſh me to reveal,
(Reply'd the meſſenger) your foe conceal:
Know then, the fall you ſuffer'd in the fight,
A gallant virgin gave, unmatch'd in might,
Of fame for deeds of arms, of greater fame
For beauteous form, and Bradamant her name.
He ſaid; and turn'd his courſer from the place:
The Saracen, o'erwhelm'd with new diſgrace,
All mute with conſcious ſhame, dejected ſtood,
While o'er his features flaſh'd the mantling blood;
Till to the damſel's ſteed the knight addreſs'd
His ſilent ſteps, and now the ſaddle preſs'd;
Then plac'd the fair Angelica behind,
Reſolv'd ſome more ſecure retreat to find.
Ere far they rode, they heard a trampling ſound,
That all the foreſt ſeem'd to ſhake around:

They

They look, and ſoon a ſtately ſteed behold,
Whoſe coſtly trappings ſhine with burniſh'd gold;
He leaps the ſteepy mounds, and croſſing floods,
And bends before his way the craſhing woods.
Unleſs the mingled boughs, with duſky ſhade,
Deceive my erring ſight (exclaim'd the maid)
I ſee Bayardo in yon gallant horſe,
That through the woodland breaks his ſounding courſe:
One palfrey could but ill two riders bear,
And fortune ſends him to relieve our care.
King Sacripant, alighting on the plain,
Drew near, and thought ſecure to ſeize the rein;
But ſwift as lightnings flaſh along the ſky,
With ſpurning heels Bayardo made reply.
It chanc'd beſide him the Circaſſian ſtood,
Elſe had he mourn'd his raſh attempt in blood;
Such dreadful force was in the courſer's heel,
The ſtroke had burſt a mount of ſolid ſteel.

Ver. 512. — *Bayardo* —] Many wonders are told in the romances of this horſe. It is ſaid that he was found by Malagigi in a grotto, together with a ſuit of armour and the ſword Fuſberta, all under the guard of a horrible ſerpent, and that by his magic art he got poſſeſſion of, and gave them to Rinaldo. See INNAMORAMENTO di RINALDO, C. iv.

Then

Then to Angelica with eaſy pace
He moves, and humbly views her well-known face:
A Spaniel thus, domeſtic at the board,
Fawns after abſence, and ſurveys his lord.
The damſel was remember'd by the ſteed
Wont at Albracca from her hands to feed,
What time Rinaldo, courted by the maid,
With foul ingratitude her love repay'd.
Now boldly in her hand ſhe took the rein,
Strok'd his broad cheſt, and ſmooth'd his ruffled mane:
While conſcious he, with wondrous ſenſe indu'd,
Still as a lamb, beſide her gently ſtood,

Ver. 529. *Wont at Albracca* —] Malagigi, who was made priſoner by Angelica, (ſee General View, &c.) being releaſed upon his parole, endeavoured to perſuade Rinaldo to return her love; but all his arguments proving ineffectual, he, in revenge, by a magical illuſion, decoyed his couſin from the Chriſtian camp: Bayardo, being left behind, came into the poſſeſſion of Aſtolpho, who, going to the ſiege of Albracca, in aid of Angelica, was overthrown before the walls of that city, when his horſe was ſeized by Agrican; who being afterwards ſlain, Bayardo came into the hands of Orlando, who had loſt his horſe Brigliadoro. Orlando at laſt having recovered his own, and departing from Cathay on a new adventure, left Bayardo in Albracca with Angelica, who ſoon after ſent him to his maſter Rinaldo. See ORLANDO INNAM.

The

The watchful Pagan leap'd into the ſeat,
And curb'd, with ſtreighten'd reins, Bayardo's heat.
The palfrey to Angelica remain'd,
Who gladly thus her former place regain'd.
Now as by chance ſhe caſt her eyes aſide,
A knight on foot in ſounding arms ſhe ſpy'd:
What ſudden terror on her face was ſhown,
Soon as the knight for Amon's ſon was known.
Long had he woo'd, but ſhe deteſts his love;
Not ſwifter from the falcon flies the dove.
He hated once, while ſhe with ardor burn'd;
And now behold their ſeveral fortunes turn'd.
This cauſe at firſt from two fair fountains came,
Their waters different, but their look the ſame:
Amidſt

Ver. 548. — *two fair fountains* —] "As many of theſe ſpecious and wonderful tales in romance writers, are borrowed from Greek or Latin poets, ſo this ſtory of the two fountains of Ardenna, with their different effects, is borrowed from Claudian, in his deſcription of the gardens of Venus.

Labunter gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
Alter, et infuſis corrumpit mella venenis:
Unde Cupidineas armavit fama ſagittas.

Two fountains here, of different nature, riſe:
This dulcet draughts; that bitter ſtreams ſupplies:
While here dire poiſon flows to taint the heart,
Fame tells that Cupid tempers there his dart."

UPTON, Notes on Spenſer, B. iv. C. iii.

Spenſer

Amidſt the ſhade of Arden's dreary wood,
Full in each other's view the fountains ſtood:
Who drinks of one, inflames with love his heart,
Who drinks the other ſtream contemns his dart:
Rinaldo taſted that, and inly burn'd;
The damſel this, and hate for love return'd.
Soon as Angelica beheld the knight,
A ſudden miſt o'erſpread her chearful ſight;
While with a falt'ring voice and troubled look,
To Sacripant with ſuppliant tone ſhe ſpoke;
And begg'd him not th' approaching chief to meet,
But turn his courſer, and betimes retreat.
Does then my proweſs (Sacripant replies)
Appear ſo mean and worthleſs in your eyes,
That you too feeble deem this ſlighted hand,
The force of yonder champion to withſtand?

Spenſer mentions one of theſe fountains in his FAIRY QUEEN.

Much more of price, and of more gracious power,
Is this, than that ſame water of Arden,
The which Rinaldo drank in happy hour
Deſcribed by that famous Tuſcan pen:
For that had might to change the hearts of men
From love to hate. ——— Book iv. C. iii.

Have you forgot that memorable night
When at Albracca I maintain'd the fight?
In your defence, unarm'd, I durſt oppoſe
King Agrican, and brav'd a hoſt of foes.
Not ſo (ſhe ſaid)—nor to reply ſhe knew;
As thus ſhe ſpoke Rinaldo nearer drew,
Who now began the Pagan king to threat,
Soon as his eyes the well-known courſer met,
And that lov'd face he view'd, whoſe charms had fir'd
His raviſh'd boſom, and his ſoul inſpir'd.

But ceaſe we here: the enſuing book ſhall tell
What ſtrife between theſe haughty warriors fell.

Ver. 566.—*that memorable night*] See note on ver. 326. Concerning the force mentioned in Romances to have been ſet down before Albracca, Milton, to expreſs the idea of a prodigious concourſe, alludes to it in the following lines:

"Such forces met not, nor ſo wide a camp
When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
Beſieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Galaphron, from thence to win
The faireſt of her ſex, Angelica,
His daughter, ſought by many proweſt knights,
Both Paynim and the Peers of Charlemain;
Such and ſo various was their chivalry."

PARAD. REG. B. iii. ver. 336.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

BATTLE betwixt Sacripant and Rinaldo. Angelica, flying, meets with a hermit, who, by a magical illuſion, parts the two rivals. Rinaldo, returning to Paris, is ſent by Charlemain on an embaſſy to England. Bradamant, ſeeking her lover Rogero, meets with Pinabello, from whom ſhe hears a melancholy ſtory of his misfortunes. She promiſes him aſſiſtance; and afterwards, being deceived, falls into a pit.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

AH! why ſo rare does cruel Love inſpire
Two tender boſoms with a mutual fire!
Say, whence, perfidious, doſt thou pleaſure find
To ſow diſſention in the human mind?
In ſhallow waters when I fain would keep,
Thou, to my ruin, draw'ſt me to the deep:
From thoſe, that love me, doſt avert my love,
To place it where no ſighs, no ſufferings move!
Thou giv'ſt Angelica t' enſlave the knight,
Yet mak'ſt him hateful in the virgin's ſight:
But when ſhe lov'd him, and his form admir'd,
He, with averſion, from her love retir'd.

Ver. 11. *But when ſhe lov'd him,* —] See General View of BOYARDO's Story.

With grief he now in flames unpity'd burns,
Thus equal fortune ſcorn for ſcorn returns.

Rinaldo furious thus — Baſe thief! alight!
Forſake my courſer, and reſtore my right.
Think not ſuch theft ſhall unreveng'd ſucceed,
Impending puniſhment awaits the deed:
But more — yon damſel to my arms reſign;
'Twere far unmeet ſuch beauties ſhould be thine.
Wer't not a ſhame, that hence a thief ſhould bear
A ſteed ſo ſtately, and a maid ſo fair!
Thief! doſt thou ſay!—take back th' opprobrious lye,
(With equal rage the Pagan made reply)
But, if we truſt the common voice of fame,
'Tis thou far more deſerv'ſt th' opprobrious name.
This inſtant ſhall th' important ſtrife decide,
Who merits beſt the courſer, and the bride:
Yet this, ſo far our thoughts conform, I own,
No equal to her charms the world has known.
As when two hungry maſtives from afar,
By hate or envy mov'd, prepare for war;
Slowly they meet, their threatening teeth they ſhow,
With livid fire their glaring eye-balls glow:
At laſt with ſnarls the bitter fray they wage,
And bite and tear in mutual blood and rage.

So

So after piercing taunts and vengeful words,
The mighty warriors drew their ſhining ſwords.
One urg'd the conflict from the courſer's height,
One on his feet below maintain'd the fight:
Nor think the horſeman could th' advantage boaſt,
His force was uſeleſs, and his proweſs loſt:
For well, by nature taught, the faithful ſteed
Againſt his lord refus'd his ſtrength and ſpeed:
Nor could Circaſſia's prince, by ſkill or force,
With ſpur or bit direct the reſtiff horſe.
Now prone to earth his head Bayardo thruſt;
Now wheel'd around; now furious ſpurn'd the duſt;
When haughty Sacripant in vain had try'd
Each vary'd art to tame his headſtrong pride,
His hand he laid upon the ſaddle-bow,
And ſwift alighted on the plain below.

Ver. 44. *Againſt his lord refus'd*] In the Orlando Innamorato, Orlando, who had loſt his horſe Brigliadoro, having got poſſeſſion of Bayardo, and engaging in combat with Rinaldo, a conteſt ariſing between them, the horſe refuſes, in the ſame manner as here, to fight againſt his maſter. B. i. C. xxvi.

"Theſe kind of tales told of the great ſagacity of horſes, and the love which they bear their maſters, have more than poetical warrant for their truth; for hiſtorians relate the ſame of the horſes of Alexander and of Julius Cæſar."

UPTON, notes on Spenſer, B. v. C. iii.

The Pagan, thus eſcap'd Bayardo's might,
Between the chiefs enſu'd a dreadful fight.
Now high, now low, their rapid ſteel they ply;
While from their arms the fiery ſparkles fly!
Not ſwifter the repeated ſtrokes go round,
Which hollow Ætna's winding caves reſound,
When Vulcan bids the ponderous hammers move,
To forge the thunder and the bolts of Jove.
Sometimes they feign a ſtroke; ſometimes they ſtay;
Then aim the thruſt, as ſkilful in the play.
Sometimes they riſe; then ſtoop upon the field;
Now open lie; then crouch beneath the ſhield:
Now ward; then with a ſlip elude the blow;
Now forward ſtep; then backward from the foe:
Now round they move; and where the one gives place,
The other preſſes on with eager pace.
Brave Amon's ſon *, collecting all his might,
His weapon rais'd to ſtrike the Pagan knight;
When Sacripant, to meet the falchion, held,
Compos'd of bone and ſteel, his ample ſhield:
The ſword Fuſberta, ruſhing from on high,
Pierc'd the tough plates; the ſounding woods reply;

* Rinaldo.

The

Ver. 73. *The ſword Fuſberta,*—] This ſtrange affectation of giving names to ſwords was common with them: thus, Joyoſa,

The bone and ſteel, like ice, in ſhivers broke;
His arm benumb'd confeſs'd the dreadful ſtroke.
This, when the fair and fearful damſel view'd,
And well perceiv'd the miſchief that enſu'd,
A death-like paleneſs chac'd her roſy bloom,
Like one who trembling waits his fatal doom.
She thinks the time admits of no delay,
And fears that hour to be Rinaldo's prey;
Rinaldo, hateful to her virgin breaſt,
Though love of her his amorous ſoul diſtreſs'd.
She turn'd her palfrey to the woods in haſte,
And through a narrow thorny paſſage paſs'd,
While oft ſhe caſt behind her timorous view,
And deem'd ſhe heard Rinaldo cloſe purſue.
Not far ſhe fled, but where a valley lay,
She met an aged hermit on the way:
His beard deſcending on his breaſt was ſeen,
Severe his aſpect, and devout his mien.

Joyoſa, is the name of Charlemain's ſword, in ASPRAMONTE; Chryſaor, is the name of Arthegal's ſword, in Spenſer; Caliburn, of King Arthur's, in the romance of that name; Aſcalon, of St. George's, in the Seven Champions; Tranchera, of Agrican's, in Boyardo; and in Arioſto, beſides Fuſberta, we have Rogero's Baliſarda, and Orlando's Durindana. In Spenſer, Arthur's ſword is called Mordure; and his ſhield or banner, Pridwen, and his ſpear, Roan, by the romance writers.

He

He ſeem'd with years and frequent faſting worn,
And gently on a ſlow-pac'd aſs was borne:
While all his form beſpoke a pious mind,
From the vain follies of the world refin'd:
Yet, when the fair and blooming maid appear'd,
So much her looks his drooping ſpirits chear'd;
Though cold and feeble, as his age requir'd,
An unknown warmth his languid pulſe inſpir'd.
Of him the damſel ſought the neareſt way
To where in port ſome ready veſſel lay,
That there embarking, ſhe might quit the ſhore,
And never hear Rinaldo mention'd more.
The hermit, vers'd in magic, ſtrove to cheer
The virgin's thoughts, and diſſipate her fear;
Drew from his ſide a book his ſkill to prove,
With promiſe every danger to remove.
A leaf he'd ſcarce perus'd, when to their ſight,
In likeneſs of a page, appear'd a ſpright;
Who, by the force of ſtrong enchantment bound,
Went where the knights in cruel ſtrife he found;
And when his eyes the furious fight eſpy'd,
Between them boldly ruſh'd and loudly cry'd.

Ver. 114. — *and loudly cry'd.*] The poet returns to Angelica. Book viii. ver. 199.

Tell

Tell me, ye warriors! what avails the ſtrife,
Though either ſhould deprive his foe of life?
If without ſword unſheath'd, without the fear
Of ſhatter'd armour, or the lifted ſpear,
Orlando now to Paris ſafe conveys
The maid, whoſe charms your fond contention raiſe?
Not hence a mile, the couple I deſcry'd,
Whoſe bitter taunts your empty pains deride.
Attend my counſel — ceaſe your fruitleſs fight,
And, while occaſion ſerves, purſue their flight:
For know, if Paris' walls they ſafely gain,
Henceforth your hopes to ſee your love are vain.
He ſaid: the gallant knights on either hand,
Struck with the news, abaſh'd and ſilent ſtand;
Condemning each his judgment and his eyes,
That thus their rival ſhould obtain the prize.
At length, a ſigh deep-iſſuing from his breaſt,
His ſteps Rinaldo to his ſteed addreſs'd;
And vow'd, o'ercome with anger and diſdain,
To glut his vengeance on Orlando ſlain;
Nor bade farewel, nor with a courteous mind,
He proffer'd once to take the knight behind.

Ver. 136. — *the knight behind.*] We hear again of Sacripant in the ivth Book, ver. 313 where he is delivered by Bradamant, with the other knights, from the caſtle of Atlantes.

Urg'd

Urg'd by the well-known ſpur, the fiery ſteed
Bore all before him that oppos'd his ſpeed:
Nor trench, nor ſteepy mound, nor thorny ſhade,
Nor croſſing flood, Bayardo's paſſage ſtay'd.
Deem it not ſtrange Rinaldo ſeiz'd again
The generous courſer ſought ſo long in vain;
Who, fraught with human ſenſe, when firſt he view'd
The trembling damſel's flight her track purſu'd.
Not idly from the Chriſtian camp he fled,
But to regain the maid his maſter led,
Who then, on foot, a dreadful combat wag'd
With a fierce baron, hand to hand engag'd:
The faithful ſteed, to guide him where ſhe went,
His courſe ſagacious to the foreſt bent:
Nor ſuffer'd yet his generous lord to ride,
Leſt he ſhould turn him from his path aſide.
By him Rinaldo twice the fair o'ertook,
And twice the fair his eager ſight forſook:
For firſt Ferrau, as late my tale diſclos'd,
Then Sacripant his amorous hopes oppos'd.
Bayardo now, confiding in the ſpright,
Whoſe ſpecious falſchood had amus'd the knight,

Ver. 148. *With a fierce baron,* —] Rogero, with whom Rinaldo fought at the laſt general battle. See General View of BOYARDO's Story.

Purſu'd

Purſu'd his way, and patient of command,
Obey'd the ſpur, and anſwer'd to the hand.
Rinaldo, fir'd with love and ſtern diſdain,
To Paris flies, and gives up all the rein:
So deep the tidings rankled in his thought,
Which the vain phantom of the hermit brought.
Nor ceas'd his eager journey morn or night,
Till the near city roſe before his ſight;
Where Charlemain, with his defeated crew,
Th' unhappy remnants of his ſtrength withdrew:
A ſiege expecting now, he bends his care,
Supplies of ſtores and forces to prepare.
He ſinks the trenches, fortifies the walls,
And every aid, in time of danger, calls;
Provides an embaſſy to England's ſhore,
With ſpeed auxiliar proweſs to implore:
Reſolv'd again to tempt the doubtful field,
And try what war another day might yield;
Then ſends Rinaldo to the Britiſh clime,
Known by fair England's name in future time.
Sore griev'd the Paladin at this command,
Not that he ſhunn'd to tread the Britiſh land,
But that the haſty charge his prince enjoin'd,
Bade him, reluctant, leave the fair behind;

Yet,

Yet, as his duty call'd, he takes his way,
And ſpeeds to Calais, reſtleſs of delay.
The knight, impatient to return again,
Againſt the counſels of the ſailor-train,
Tempts the black ſea, that wears a threatening form,
And, murmuring hoarſe, forebodes the future ſtorm.
The wind, who ſees the knight his power deſpiſe,
In dreadful tempeſts makes the billows riſe,
And with ſuch fury whirls them from below,
That o'er the maſt th' inſulting waters flow.
The ſkilful mariners, with buſy care,
Strike their broad ſails to ſhun the watery war;
And think th' abandon'd harbour to regain,
Whence, in ill hour, they dar'd to brave the main.
Fools! never hope (the wind indignant cry'd)
Unpuniſh'd thus my empire to deride!
Raging he ſpeaks, and makes the crew obey
On pain of ſhipwreck, as he points the way.
Before, behind, unweary'd howls the blaſt:
With humble ſails the wandering veſſel paſs'd,
Now here, now there, amidſt the watery waſte.

But ſince a web ſo various I prepare,
Where every thread by turns demands my care,

I leave Rinaldo in the ſtormy main,
And turn to noble Bradamant the ſtrain:
The warlike virgin, whoſe reſiſtleſs might
Had from his courſer thrown Circaſſia's knight.
Not Charlemain, or joyful France, ſurvey'd
With leſs delight the valour of the maid,
Than the known proweſs of Rinaldo's arms,
Such martial fire her daring boſom warms!
To her a gentle youth affection bore,
Who came with Agramant from Afric's ſhore;
Whom Agolant's unhappy daughter bred,
The vigorous offspring of Rogero's bed;

And

Ver. 206. *I leave Rinaldo* —] The poet returns to Rinaldo, Book iv. 368.

Ver. 214. *To her a gentle youth*—] For the loves of Rogero and Bradamant, ſee General View of BOYARDO's Story.

Ver. 216. *Whom Agolant's unhappy daughter* —] For the genealogy of Rogero, take the following fictitious account from Boyardo.

"After the Grecians had taken Troy, and put moſt of their priſoners to the ſword, among whom was Polyxena, daughter of Priam and Hecuba, who was ſacrificed at the tomb of Achilles; in order entirely to extirpate the race of Hector, they ſought for Aſtyanax; but Andromache, to preſerve his life, concealed him in a ſepulchre, and took another child in her arms, with whom being found, they were both put to death. In the mean time, the real Aſtyanax

was

And ſhe, nor nurs'd in wilds, nor ſavage-born,
Receiv'd not love like his with maiden ſcorn;
Though fortune yet had giv'n the dame and knight
But once to ſpeak and meet each other's ſight.
Now Bradamant explores with fond deſire
Her lover, call'd Rogero from his ſire;
And unaccompany'd ſecurely far'd,
As if a thouſand ſquadrons were her guard.
Soon as her arm had caſt in ſingle fight,
Low on his mother earth Circaſſia's knight;
A wood ſhe travers'd, then a mountain paſs'd,
And to a limpid river came at laſt,

was ſafely conveyed, by a friend of his father, to the iſland of Sicily, when, being grown to man's eſtate, he conquered Corinth and Argos: he eſtabliſhed a government at Meſſina, and married the queen of Syracuſa, but was afterwards killed by treachery, and his widow, being driven from the city by the Greeks, took ſhelter in Riſa, where ſhe was delivered of a ſon named Polydore, from whom deſcended Clovis and Conſtantius. Conſtantius was the head of the line of Pepin, father of Charlemain; and from Clovis came Rogero, who married Galicella, daughter of Agolant: Rogero, being cruelly murdered, and his city deſtroyed, his wife fled to the coaſt of Africa, where ſhe was delivered of two children, a boy and a girl, and died ſoon after: the boy, called Rogero, was brought up by Atlantes, a magician. See ORLANDO INNAM. B. ii. C i. &c.

That

That through the meads its gentle current drew,
Where ancient trees with ſpreading branches grew.
A pleaſing noiſe the murm'ring waters made,
Inviting ſwains to drink beneath the ſhade:
A riſing hillock on the left was ſeen,
That fenc'd from noon-tide heat the chearful green.

Here, as the virgin turn'd her eyes aſide,
On the fair bank a comely youth ſhe ſpy'd:
Faſt by the margin of the flood he lay,
The margin with a thouſand colours gay.
Alone and ſilent in a penſive mood,
With ſteadfaſt gaze the cryſtal ſtream he view'd:
Not diſtant far a tree his courſer held,
Aloft were hung his helmet and his ſhield:
His eyes were moiſt with tears, his head declin'd,
Sad indications of a troubled mind.

Urg'd by deſire which prompts each generous heart
In others woes to bear a friendly part,
The virgin begs th' afflicted knight to ſhow
His ſecret ſtate, and whence his ſorrows flow:
To whom the ſtranger all his grief diſplay'd,
Mov'd with the courteous ſpeeches of the maid,
And by her looks miſled, that ſeem'd to tell
Some gallant warrior prov'd in battle well.

Thus he—Know, gentle knight, a valiant crew
Of horſe and foot, in aid of Charles, I drew,
When near Pyrene's hills the Chriſtian force
Encamp'd t' oppoſe Marſilius in his courſe.
With me a damſel went, from whom my breaſt
Had long the powerful fire of love confeſs'd:
When, lo! we ſaw near Rhodan's rapid tide
A knight all-arm'd a flying ſteed beſtride.
Soon as the robber (whether helliſh ſpright
That with a human form deceiv'd the ſight,
Or mortal born) beheld my blooming fair,
Swift as a falcon through the yielding air,
He flew, and ſeiz'd her trembling with diſmay,
Then bore her ſudden in his arms away:
Unconſcious of my loſs, till with ſurpriſe
I heard in air her lamentable cries.
So from the clouds deſcends the ravening kite,
And gripes the chicken in his mother's ſight.
What could I do, alas! encompaſs'd round
With ſteepy mountains and a rocky ground?
His courſer flew, when mine, oppreſs'd with toil,
Could ſcarcely move amidſt the ſtony ſoil.

Ver. 261. — *a flying ſteed* —] The fiction of this griffin-horſe is Arioſto's own, nothing like it occurring in Boyardo.

Wild

Wild with my fate, I rov'd with frantic mind,
Careleſs of life, and left my men behind:
Thence turning o'er the craggy deſerts ſtray'd,
While love's blind impulſe blindly I obey'd.
Six tedious days, from morn to eve, I paſs'd
O'er many a pendent cliff and horrid waſte;
A pathleſs way, uncultur'd and forlorn,
Where not a track of human feet was worn.
At length a wild and lonely vale I found,
With hills and dreadful caves encompaſs'd round.
Here, in the midſt, a wondrous rock I view'd,
On which a ſtrong and ſtately caſtle ſtood:
It ſeem'd afar to ſhine like glowing flame;
Nor harden'd earth, nor ſtone compos'd the frame.
As nearer to the mountain's baſe we drew,
The beauteous pile more ſtruck my raptur'd view.
This fort, the demons, from th' infernal plains
By fuming incenſe drawn and magic ſtrains,
Enclos'd with ſteel, to which the Stygian wave,
And Stygian fire eternal temper gave:
A dazzling poliſh brighten'd ev'ry tower,
Which ſpots could ne'er defile nor ruſt devour.
The robber ſcours the country day and night,
Then, with his prey, he thither bends his flight:

Thither my fair, my better part he bore,
And never, never muſt I view her more!
What hope remain'd! In vain with longing eyes,
I ſee the place where all my treaſure lies!
The rock ſo high and ſteep, who enters there,
Muſt learn to wing his paſſage through the air.
So when the mother-fox, with anguiſh ſtung,
Hears in the eagle's neſt her crying young;
She circles round the tree, with wild affright,
No wings vouchſaf'd her for ſo vaſt a flight.
While in ſuſpenſe I ſtood, from far I ſpy'd
Two champions and a dwarf that ſeem'd their guide;
Theſe with the hopes of praiſe had fir'd their mind,
But ſoon theſe hopes diſſolv'd in empty wind.
They both were warriors of eſtabliſh'd fame:
A monarch one, Gradaſſo was his name;
The other was a youth of courage prov'd,
Rogero, in Biſerta's court belov'd.
They come (declar'd the dwarf) to try their power
Againſt the lord of this enchanted tower,

Ver. 311. *Two champions and a dwarf* —] Boyardo tells us, that after the deliverance of Orlando, Gradaſſo and Rogero were led by a dwarf to an adventure of a caſtle, which ſeems to be the ſtory here continued by our poet. See ORLANDO INNAM. B. iii. C. vi, vii.

Who

Who through the air, enclos'd in armour bright,
Directs his wondrous courſer's rapid flight.
Then I — Vouchſafe, O generous knights! to hear
A wretch's fond complaints with pitying ear;
Or if in fight your arms victorious prove,
(As ſure I truſt they ſhall) reſtore my love.
Then all my griefs I ſpoke; while tears that roll'd
Down my wan cheek, confirm'd the tale I told.
With courteous words they anſwer'd my requeſt,
And down the mountain to the caſtle preſs'd:
Aloof I ſtood the battle to ſurvey,
Beſeeching Heaven to aid the doubtful day.
Meanwhile the warriors to the rock drew nigh,
Diſputing who ſhould firſt th' adventure try.
At length Gradaſſo (whether lots deſign'd,
Or elſe Rogero to his will inclin'd)
Lifts to his mouth the horn: the cliffs around,
The rock and fortreſs to the noiſe reſound!
When, lo! the magic knight, with inſtant ſpeed,
Ruſh'd from the portal on the flying ſteed.
At firſt he ſeems by ſlow degrees to riſe:
Like cranes, prepar'd to ſail to foreign ſkies,
Till, with collected wind, at once they ſpring
Aloft in air, and ſhoot upon the wing.

With ſuch a flight the necromancer towers,
That ſcarce ſo high th' ethereal eagle ſoars!
But, when he ſees his 'vantage beſt below,
With cloſing pinions on th' unwary foe,
He ſinks precipitate — as from above
Deſcends the manag'd falcon on the dove.
And ere Gradaſſo can perceive his flight,
He feels the ſpear with dreadful ſtrength alight:
The ſpear breaks ſhort; Gradaſſo ſtrikes again;
But furious ſtrikes the yielding air in vain.
The ſtern magician fearleſs on the wind
Aſcending, leaves the champions far behind.
The good Alfana, with the force oppreſs'd,
Reclin'd on earth awhile the ſhock confeſs'd:
Alfana was the mare Gradaſſo rein'd,
The faireſt beaſt that ever knight ſuſtain'd.
And now the ſorc'rer mounts the ſtarry ſkies,
Then wheels around, and down again he flies;

Ver. 356. *The good Alfana,* —] Alfana, the name of a wild breeding mare. It was very unuſual for the knights in romance to make uſe of mares, eſteeming it derogatory from their dignity; but Gradaſſo is ſaid to have taken an oath, never to mount a horſe till he could get poſſeſſion of Bayardo, Rinaldo's horſe.

Now on Rogero falls, who ſeeks to bring
His needful ſuccour to th' aſtoniſh'd king.
The ſwift aſſault diſturbs the youthful knight,
While ſcarce his horſe ſupports th' unequal fight;
And when he turns to ſtrike, he ſees the foe
Ride on the clouds and mock the fruſtrate blow.
In ample circles round he ſteers his courſe,
And threatening one, on t' other bends his force:
No pauſe he gives, but ruſhing by ſurpriſe,
Confounds their ſenſes, and diſtracts their eyes.
Thus did theſe three the doubtful ſtrife maintain,
That high in air, theſe lowly on the plain;
Till riſing night her duſky veil diſplay'd,
And wrapt each object in ſurrounding ſhade.
Think not my words in artful fiction dreſt,
Whate'er I ſpeak was to my view confeſt:
Yet, with reluctance now, my tongue declares
A tale that ſuch a face of falſehood wears.
On his left arm the foe was ſeen to wield,
Clos'd in a ſilken caſe, a mighty ſhield;
Whoſe poliſh'd orb, whene'er reveal'd to ſight,
The gazer ſtrikes with ſuch a powerful light;
In death-like ſlumber on the ground he lies,
And to the foe becomes an eaſy prize!

Bright as Pyropus ſhines the buckler's blaze;
No mortal e'er beheld ſuch dazzling rays:

Full

Ver. 386. *Bright as Pyropus*—] Prince Arthur's ſhield in Spenſer is ſomething of this kind, which is always kept covered with a veil.

His warlike ſhield all cloſely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever ſeen,
- - - - - - - - - - - - -
The ſame to wight he never wont diſcloſe,
But when as monſters huge he would diſmay,
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes;
Or when the flying heav'ns he would affray:
For ſo exceeding ſhone his gliſt'ring ray,
That Phœbus' golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay, &c.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. i. C. vii.

Prince Arthur, being engaged with the Soldan, diſcovers his ſhield, in order to dazzle the eyes of the Soldan's horſes.

At laſt from his victorious ſhield he drew
The veil, which did his pow'rful light empeach,
And coming full before his horſes' view,
As they upon him preſs'd, it plain to them did ſhew.
Like light'ning flaſh that hath the gazer burn'd,
So did the ſight thereof their ſenſe diſmay,
That back again upon themſelves they turn'd,
And with their rider ran perforce away, &c.

B. v. C. viii.

Perhaps,

Full in their eyes the flaſhing ſplendor play'd,
And prone on earth each knight was ſenſeleſs laid,
Like theirs, a ſudden ſleep my ſenſes bound;
But when, at length, recovering from the ground
I roſe, and ſought the knights and dwarf again;
Dark was the mount and deſolate the plain!
Th' unpitying foe had ſeiz'd the hapleſs pair,
And borne them to his caſtle through the air.

Perhaps, as Mr. Upton obſerves, the original may be found in the Ægis of the Greeks.

Phœbus himſelf the ruſhing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High held before him, Jove's enormous ſhield
Portentous ſhone, and ſhaded all the field.
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift conſign'd,
To ſcatter hoſts, and terrify mankind.

Again—

As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the ſhield,
Sate doubtful conqueſt hov'ring o'er the field:
But when aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror ſeizes ev'ry Grecian breaſt, &c.
POPE's Iliad, B. iv. ver. 348—360.

Ver. 395. *And borne them to his caſtle* —] The idea of this caſtle ſeems to be taken from the ORLANDO INNAMORATO, where we meet with a garden, made by Atlantes, on the ſummit of a rock, on mount Carena, in Africa, ſurrounded with a wall of glaſs, in which he kept Rogero, to preſerve him from the evil influence of his ſtars.

Thus

Thus by the light, that o'er their eyes he ſpread,
Their liberty is gone, my hopes are fled!
Then from the place deſpairing I withdrew,
But ere I parted took a laſt adieu:
Now judge, what woes with mine can equal prove,
Of all the various woes that ſpring from love.

Thus ſaid the knight, and thus his fortune mourn'd,
Then penſive to his ſilent grief return'd:
This was that earl, whoſe birth Maganza claim'd,
Anſelmo's ſon, and Pinabello nam'd;
Who, like his race for wicked actions known,
Increas'd his kindred vices by his own.

The warlike virgin with attention ſtood,
While Pinabello his complaint purſu'd:
When firſt Rogero's much-lov'd name ſhe heard,
A ſudden gladneſs in her looks appear'd;
But when ſhe found a baſe magician's pow'r
Detain'd him thus ignobly in a tower,
Her pitying boſom glow'd with anxious pain,
And oft ſhe begg'd to hear the tale again.

Ver. 398. *Then from the place*—] The allegory of the ſhield and caſtle is thus explained by the Italian commentators. The ſhield ſhews, how the eyes of the underſtanding are blinded by the deſires of concupiſcence; or repreſents the violence and frauds, which worldly paſſions employ over reaſon and true virtue: the caſtle repreſents the carnal appetite, that holds men priſoners, as ſome ſay, that by Atlantes is figured love.

Then

Then full inform'd: Sir knight (ſhe cry'd) give o'er
This unavailing grief, and mourn no more:
Since from our meeting here, perchance may flow
Your happineſs, and ruin to your foe.
Haſte; to the caſtle be our courſe addreſt,
Whoſe walls are with ſo rich a treaſure bleſt:
Nor ſhall we find in vain our labour ſpent,
If favouring fortune anſwer my intent.
And ſhall I, then, your luckleſs feet to guide,
Again thoſe mountains paſs? (the youth reply'd)
For me, indeed, but little were the ſmart
To toil my body, having loſt my heart.
Yet why ſhould you ſteep rocks and barren plains
Thus raſhly tread, to purchaſe ſlaviſh chains?
Hence, warn'd in time, if evil chance enſues,
Not me unjuſtly, but yourſelf accuſe.
Thus having ſaid, he mounts without delay
To lead the noble damſel on the way;
Who for Rogero means the fight to prove,
And hazard life or freedom for her love.
When lo! a meſſenger that ſwiftly rode,
Purſu'd them cloſe behind, and call'd aloud:
The ſame, who told king Sacripant the force
Of Bradamant had hurl'd him from his horſe;

Who

Who from Montpelier and Narbona came,
With ſudden tidings to the martial dame,
That all the land was kindled with alarms,
And all the coaſt of Acquamort in arms:
That, loſing her, their ſafety and their guard,
Marſeilles was for the foes but ill prepar'd;
And, by this meſſage, with their fears diſmay'd,
Implor'd her counſel and immediate aid.

Struck with the virtues of her dauntleſs mind,
The king to Amon's daughter had aſſign'd
This town, and all for many miles, that lay
'Twixt Vare and Rodon ſtretching to the ſea.

Theſe tidings heard, a doubtful pauſe enſu'd,
And undetermin'd for awhile ſhe ſtood:
On that ſide honour and her friends aſſail'd;
On this the ſtronger fires of love prevail'd.
At length reſolv'd to end the taſk deſign'd,
And free Rogero in the tower confin'd;
Or, if her enterprize ſucceſsleſs prov'd,
Remain a priſoner with the youth ſhe lov'd.
The damſel firſt excus'd a ſhort delay,
Then ſent the meſſenger well-pleas'd away.

Now, turning round, her former path ſhe took;
Her Pinabel purſu'd with alter'd look;

Conſcious

Conſcious her lineage to that houſe ſhe ow'd,
For which he ever nouriſh'd hate avow'd;
And anxious fears perplex'd his troubled mind,
Leſt ſhe ſhould know him of Maganza's kind.
An ancient feud between theſe houſes reign'd,
And both the ſtrife and hatred ſtill maintain'd;
Full oft oppos'd in ſtern debate they ſtood,
And dy'd the ground beneath with mutual blood.
For this the caitiff bent his thoughts to frame
Some treaſon to deceive th' unwary dame.

Such various paſſions had diſturb'd his breaſt,
With enmity, with doubts and fears poſſeſt,
Unheeding where he paſs'd, he loſt his way,
And through a gloomy foreſt chanc'd to ſtray;
Where in the midſt a ſteepy mount appear'd,
That in a craggy rock its ſummit rear'd.
Meanwhile the dame of Clarmont's noble kind,
With heedful ſteps purſu'd the knight behind.

When Pinabel beheld the duſky ſhade,
He ponder'd in his thoughts to leave the maid;
And thus began—While yet we view the light,
'Twere beſt to ſeek a ſhelter from the night:
Beyond that hill, unleſs my mem'ry fail,
There ſtands a ſtately caſtle in the vale:

Here

Here patient wait, while from yon height I try
T' explore the proſpect with a ſurer eye.
So ſaying, to the hill he bent his courſe,
And up the ſteepy ſummit ſpurr'd his horſe;
Thence, looking round, he ſought ſome path to take,
By which he might the damſel's track forſake:
When ſudden here a monſtrous cave he found,
Hewn out with labour in the ſtony ground:
Full thirty cubits deep it ſeem'd in ſhow:
A fair and lofty gate appear'd below,
Which, by its ample ſtructure, ſeem'd deſign'd
For entrance to ſome larger place behind,
And through the ſhade a glimmering brightneſs gave,
As of a torch that burnt within the cave.
While here in deep ſuſpenſe the traitor ſtood,
The cautious virgin, who his ſteps purſu'd,
Fearful to loſe the track, ſtill kept in view
Her faithleſs guide, and near the cavern drew.
His firſt deſign thus foil'd, a ſudden thought
Of treacherous purpoſe in his boſom wrought:
He makes the damſel from her ſteed alight,
And, pointing out the cavern to her ſight,
Tells her within its confines he had ſeen,
A dame of beauteous face and graceful mien;

Whoſe courtly looks and coſtly garments ſhow'd
Her birth deriv'd from no ignoble blood:
But from her eyes ſhe pour'd a tender ſhower,
And ſeem'd her loſt condition to deplore.
And when he thought t' attain a nearer view,
And learn the cauſe from which her grief ſhe drew,
One from the inner grot with fury came,
And ſeizing carry'd off the weeping dame.

The dauntleſs Bradamant, whoſe generous mind,
Unconſcious of the wile the wretch deſign'd,
With ardor glow'd to give the fair one aid,
Revolves how beſt ſhe may the cave invade.
When on a lofty elm ſhe caſt her eyes,
And midſt the boughs a mighty branch eſpies:
This with her ſword ſhe hews, and lops the leaves,
That done, the cavern's mouth the pole receives.
She prays her treacherous guide aloft to ſtand,
And graſp the end, tenacious, in his hand.

Ver. 523. *Revolves how beſt ſhe may the cave invade.*] One of the moſt favourite atchievements of the knights of old was to ſearch into caverns, where they met with many wonderful adventures. Thus Don Quixote deſcends into the cave of Monteſinos, and, at his return, relates many extravagant incidents, which his diſtempered imagination had furniſhed him with in the true ſpirit of romance.

DON QUIXOTE, Part ii. C. xxii.

Now

Now firſt within the cave her feet deſcend,
While as ſhe ſinks, her arms her weight ſuſpend;
When Pinabello, ſcoffing, aſk'd the maid
To leap below — then loos'd his graſp, and ſaid:
O! would that all thy race with thee were join'd,
That thus I might at once deſtroy the kind.

But happier fortune than the traitor meant,
All gracious Heaven, to ſave the guiltleſs, ſent:
The pole firſt lighted on the ground below,
And inſtant ſhiver'd with the forceful blow;
Yet thus the fury of the ſhock ſuſtain'd,
That Bradamant preſerv'd from death remain'd.

The ſudden fall awhile ſurpris'd the maid,
As in th' enſuing book is full diſplay'd.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

BRADAMANT, deceived by Pinabello, finds herſelf in Merlin's cave, where ſhe meets with Meliſſa, who ſhews to her, in viſion, all her deſcendants that were to make a figure in hiſtory. In this paſſage the poet pays a compliment to the moſt illuſtrious Italian families. Meliſſa then inſtructs Bradamant how to deliver Rogero from the caſtle in which he was confined by Atlantes, and diſmiſſes her.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHAT power will teach me lofty words to find
For the great ſubject that inflames my mind?
What power will lend my venturous muſe a wing
In tuneful lays my high conceits to ſing?
A vigour mightier far muſt here be ſhown
Than e'er my ſwelling boſom yet has known:

This

Ver. 1. *What power will teach* —] This invocation of Arioſto, is apparently tranſlated by Spenſer in his Fairy Queen:

Who now ſhall give unto me words and ſound
Equal unto this haughty enterprize?
Or who ſhall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verſe may loftily ariſe,
And lift itſelf unto the higheſt ſkies?

This verſe my patron claims, which dares to trace
The fountain whence he draws his glorious race!

Amidſt th' illuſtrious chiefs by fate deſign'd
With righteous government to bleſs mankind,
O Phœbus! you, whoſe eye the world ſurveys,
Ne'er view'd a line like this, whoſe deathleſs praiſe,
In peace and war, ſhall fill the lips of fame;
Whoſe blooming honours ſhall endure the ſame,
(Or vain the light prophetic in my ſoul)
While Heaven, unchanging, whirls around the pole.
To blazon all their virtues would require
Not my weak lute, but that immortal lyre,
On which, the giants quell'd, you ſung above
The grateful praiſes of eternal Jove!

More ample ſpirit than hitherto was wont
Here needs me, whiles the famous anceſtries
Of my moſt dreaded ſovereign I recount,
By which all earthly princes ſhe doth far ſurmount.

Again——

Argument worthy of Mœonian quill,
Or rather worthy of great Phœbus' rote,
Whereon the ruins of great Oſſa hill,
And triumphs of Phlegræan Jove he wrote.

B. ii. C. x.

O! ſhould

O! ſhould you here the wiſh'd-for aid impart,
And to the ſubject raiſe the ſculptor's art;
Each noble image ſhall my fancy fill,
To challenge all my genius, all my ſkill;
Then what at firſt I may but roughly trace,
By ſlow degrees ſhall ripen into grace;
Till crown'd by you, I ſee with joyful eyes
Each labour'd form to full perfection riſe.

But let the muſe to him the ſtory bend,
Whoſe breaſt, nor ſhield, nor cuiraſs could defend;
The treacherous Pinabel, who hop'd in vain
With murderous guile the damſel to have ſlain.
The traitor deem'd her in the cavern dead,
And, with a viſage pale through guilty dread,
The place, polluted by his crime, forſook,
Then inſtant ſpeeding back, his courſer took:
That every action might his ſoul betray,
He with him bears the virgin's ſteed away.
But leave we him, who while his craft is ſhown
To ſeek another's fall, procures his own;
And turn to her, who nearly ſcap'd the doom,
In one ſad hour to find her death and tomb.

Ver. 39. *But leave we him,* —] The ſtory of Pinabello is continued, B. xx. ver. 803.

Soon as the maid again from earth was rais'd,
With the hard ſhock and ſudden fall amaz'd,
She enter'd boldly through the gate, which gave
An entrance to the ſecond, larger cave.
The building, ſquare within, and ſpacious made,
A ſtately temple to the ſight diſplay'd.
Magnificent the ſumptuous pile appear'd,
On pillars fair of alabaſter rear'd.
An altar in the midſt; and kindled bright,
A lamp before, caſt round a trembling light.
Soon as the damſel view'd, with pious mind,
This ſacred place for holy rites deſign'd,
Devoutly on her knees the earth ſhe preſs'd,
And to the king of Heaven her prayers addreſs'd.
Meantime a ſudden jarring ſound was heard,
When from a narrow gate a dame appear'd,
Ungirt, with feet unſhod, with hair diſplay'd,
Who, by her name addreſs'd the warrior-maid.
And thus, O generous Bradamant! (ſhe ſaid)
Not without Heaven's appointment hither led,

Ver. 58. — *a dame appear'd,*] Meliſſa, an enchantreſs; a character introduced by Arioſto, who, throughout the poem, intereſts herſelf in all the concerns of Rogero and Bradamant.

Merlin foretold, that by a paſſage new
Thou ſhouldſt, deſcending here, his relicks view;
And hence I ſtay'd, to ſet before thy eyes
The glorious fate predeſtin'd in the ſkies.
Behold this ancient cave, by Merlin wrought,
Merlin, in every art of magic taught:
Here with bewitching looks, and wiles prepar'd,
The lady of the lake his heart enſnar'd.

His

Ver. 67. —— *by Merlin wrought,*] According to Jeffery of Monmouth, the famous magician Merlin was born at Kaermardin, i. e. Caermarthen, named by Ptolemy Maridunum. Merlin's mother, who was a niece and daughter of the king of Demetia, (or South Wales) giving an account of her wonderful conception of her ſon, a philoſopher explains it, that it was ſome demon, or incubus, "ſome guileful ſpright," partaking partly of the nature of man, partly of angels, and aſſuming a human ſhape, which begot Merlin; and this explains what Arioſto ſays, that Merlin was the ſon of a demon.

Di Merlin dico, del demonio figlio.
C. xxxiii.

Drayton, in his Polyalbion, ſong V, thus ſings of Merlin, who was born at Caermarden:

Of Merlin and his ſkill what region doth not hear?
Who of a Britiſh nymph was gotten, whilſt ſhe play'd
With a ſeducing ſpirit ——

His ſepulchre is here, whoſe womb contains
The deathleſs ſpirit, and decay'd remains:
To this he by her blandiſhments was led,
And what receiv'd alive, detains him dead.

His

Thus Spenſer, ——

And ſooth men ſay that he was not the ſon
Of mortal ſire, or other living wight,
But wond'rouſly begotten and begun,
By falſe illuſion of a guileful ſpright
On a fair lady ——

FAIRY QUEEN, B. iii. C. iii.

It is ſaid that Merlin intended to build a wall of braſs round Maridunum; and ſo ſays Drayton, Polyalbion, ſong IV.

How Merlin by his ſkill and magic's wond'rous might
From Ireland hither brought the Stonendge in a night;
And for Caermarden's ſake would fain have brought to paſs
About it to have built a wall of ſolid braſs;
And ſet his fiends to work upon the mighty frame;
Some to the anvil; ſome that ſtill enforc'd the flame;
But whilſt it was in hand, by loving of an elf
(For all his wond'rous ſkill) was cozen'd by himſelf.
For walking with his fay, her to the rock he brought
In which he oft before his necromancies wrought,
And going in thereat his magics to have ſhown,
She ſtopt the cavern's mouth with an inchanted ſtone:
Whoſe cunning ſtrongly croſt, amaz'd whilſt he did ſtand,
She captive him convey'd into the fairy land.
Then how the lab'ring ſpirits to rocks by fetters bound,
With bellows rumbling groans, and hammers thund'ring ſound

A fearful

His living ſoul muſt with his corſe repoſe, 75
Till the laſt trump the fatal angel blows:
Then ſhall the juſt award his deeds requite,
With ſin polluted, or with virtue white.

His

A fearful horrid din ſtill in the earth do keep,
Their maſter to awake, ſuppos'd by them to ſleep;
As at their work how ſtill the grieved ſpirits repine,
Tormented in the fire, and tired in the mine.

Spenſer again,

—— A little while,
Before that Merlin dy'd, he did intend
A brazen wall in compaſs to compile
About Caermarthen, and did it commend
Unto his ſprights to bring to perfect end;
During which time the lady of the lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haſte did ſend,
Who therefore forc'd his workmen to forſake,
Them bound till his return, their labour not to ſlake.

In the mean time by that falſe lady's train,
He was ſurpriz'd and bury'd under bier,
Ne ever to his work return'd again, &c.

B. iii. C. iii.

This lady of the lake appears to have been a fairy or nymph, with whom Merlin was enamoured: the ſtory of her deceiving him is thus related in the romance called Morte Arthur, or the life and death of prince Arthur, printed by Caxton in 1485.

" The

His voice ſurvives, and oft is heard to come
In tuneful muſic from the marble tomb.
To all that queſtion, is his wiſdom ſhown;
He tells the paſt, and makes the future known:

I many

" The lady of the lake and Merlin departed; and by the way, as they went, Merlin ſhewed to her many wonders, and came into Cornwaile: And alwaies laid about the lady for to have her favour; and ſhe was ever paſſing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him; for ſhe was afraid of him, becauſe he was a divells ſonne, and ſhe could not put him away by no meanes. And ſo, upon a time it hapned that Merlin ſhewed to her in a roche (rock) whereas was a great wonder, and wrought by inchantment, which went under a ſtone, ſo by her craft and working ſhe made Merlin to go under that ſtone, to let him wit of the marvailes there. But ſhe wrought ſo there for him, that he came never out, for all the craft that he could doe."

B. i. C. lx.

But in the life of Merlin, this adventure is related with circumſtances nearer the account given by our author.

" Merlin's mother having ſecretly conceived by a demon, was, after her delivery, condemned to be put to death, for breach of chaſtity; but her ſon, an infant, defended, and ſet his mother at liberty. Merlin, being grown up, went to the court of Uther Pendragon, where he eſtabliſhed the famous round table, wrought many wonderful works, and uttered a number of propheſies; here he fell in love with the lady of the lake, whom he uſed to call the white ſerpent; before his death, he erected a tomb, in the foreſt of

Nor-

I many days have in this cave remain'd,
To which I travell'd from a diſtant land;
For he, whoſe ſage predictions never ly'd,
This hour for thy arrival propheſy'd.

She

Nortes, capable to hold him and his miſtreſs; and having ſhewed it her, he taught her a charm that would cloſe the ſtone, ſo that it could never be opened. The lady, who ſecretly hated him, began one day to careſs him exceedingly, and at laſt made him go into the tomb, in order to try whether it was large enough: Merlin, being entered, ſhe cloſed the ſtone upon him, where he died: his ſpirit being likewiſe confined by the force of the ſpell, continued from time to time to ſpeak, and to give anſwers to ſuch queſtions as were put to him."

We ſhall quote one more paſſage of Spenſer, where he gives a noble deſcription of the cave, which was the ſcene of Merlin's incantations. Britomart, and her nurſe old Glauce, go to conſult this magician:

To Maridunum, that is now by change,
Of name Cayr Mardin call'd, they took their way;
There the wiſe Merlin whilom went, they ſay,
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deep delve, far from the view of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When ſo he counſell'd with his ſprights encompaſs'd round.

And if thou ever happen that ſame way
To travel, go to ſee that dreadful place:
It is an hideous, hollow cave, they ſay,
Under a rock that lies a little ſpace

She ſaid, and Amon's daughter, while ſhe ſpoke,
With ſilence heard, amazement in her look;
When caſting on the ground her baſhful eyes,
She to the dame with modeſt grace replies:
Alas!

From the ſwift Barry, tumbling down apace,
Emongſt the woody hills of Dynevowre;
But dare thou not, I charge, in any caſe,
To enter into that ſame baleful bower,
For fear the cruel fiends ſhould thee unwares devour.

But ſtanding high aloft, low lay thine ear,
And there ſuch ghaſtly noiſe of iron chains,
And brazen cauldrons thou ſhalt rumbling hear,
Which thouſand ſprights with long enduring pains
Do toſs, that it will ſtun thy feeble brains;
And oftentimes great groans, and grievous ſtounds,
When too huge toil and labour them conſtrains:
And oftentimes loud ſtrokes, and ringing ſounds
From under that deep rock moſt horribly rebounds.
B. iii. C. iii.

This deſcription is not entirely the fiction of the poet, as there are ſufficient vouchers to produce for the truth of the ſtory. "In a rock of the iſland of Barry, in Glamorganſhire, there is a narrow chink or cleft, to which if you put your ear, you ſhall perceive all ſuch ſort of noiſes, as you may fancy ſmiths at work under ground; ſtrokes of hammers, blowing of bellows, grinding of tools, &c. See Cambden's Britannia. Drayton, in the above lines, alludes to this ſtory of the lady of the lake, and to this marvellous cave.

Arioſto,

Alas! what praiſe has my unworthy name,
That prophets my arrival ſhould proclaim?
Then rapt with joy at ſuch a bleſt event,
Silent ſhe follow'd where the matron went,
Slow leading to the tomb, in which detain'd
The ghoſt of Merlin with his bones remain'd.
Hard was the poliſh'd marble, ſmooth and bright,
And like a ruddy flame diſpell'd the night,
Though here the ſun refus'd his cheering light.
Whether ſome marble, by its nature, ſhows
A beam, that like a torch in darkneſs glows:
Or elſe by verſe, and fumigating powers,
Or ſigns impreſt in planetary hours,
(As beſt may ſeem) this wonder was compos'd;
The luſtre many a pleaſing ſight diſclos'd;
Pictures and ſtatues, that with various grace,
In order rang'd, adorn'd the ſacred place.

Arioſto, with the liberty of a romance-writer, places Merlin's grot in France, and removes the ſcene of ſeveral of his actions to that place."

See UPTON and WARTON's Obſervations on Spenſer.

Not far from Caermarthen, is a hill called Merlin's hill, near the brow of which, is a rock, known by the name of Merlin's chair, in which it is ſaid, that famous prophet uſed to ſit, when he uttered his propheſies.

Scarce o'er the threſhold paſs'd the warrior-dame,
And to the cavern's deep receſſes came,
When from the breathleſs clay with pleaſing ſtrain,
T' accoſt the fair the ſpirit thus began.
May fortune all thy juſt endeavours aid,
O ever chaſte, and ever honour'd maid!
From whoſe glad womb muſt ſpring the fruitful race
That Italy, and all the world ſhall grace!
That ancient blood, which once in Ilium ſhin'd,
By the two nobleſt ſtreams in thee conjoin'd,
The joy, the flower of every race ſhall yield,
Between the Danube and the Nile reveal'd,
The Tagus and the Ind, or all that lies
Between Caliſto and th' Antartic ſkies.
Hence chiefs ſhall riſe, and many a valiant knight,
Who with their counſel, and their arms in fight,

Ver. 116. *That ancient blood,* —] Rogero and Bradamant, both deſcended from Aſtyanax: Rogero, ſon to Rogero of Riſa, and Bradamant, niece to Charlemain. See note on B. ii. Ver. 216.

Ver. 119. — *the Danube and the Nile* —] The Danube, a river in Germany; the Nile, a river in Egypt; the Tagus, a river in Portugal; the Ind, or Indus, a river in India, whence the country receives its name: By the Antartic ſkies, is meant the ſouth pole; and by Caliſto, the north, being a conſtellation in that part of the heavens.

Shall

Shall on their Italy devolve their fame,
And ſpread in war the glory of her name.
Then righteous monarchs ſhall the ſceptre hold,
Who, as the ſage Auguſtus rul'd of old,
Or godlike Numa, with their gentle reign
Shall bring on earth the golden age again.
Hence to fulfil what Heaven has long decreed,
For which 'tis doom'd thou ſhalt Rogero wed,
Boldly purſue the ardor of thy ſoul,
Nor think that aught can thy deſires control;
For he who keeps thy knight in captive bands,
Shall ſink oppreſt beneath thy conquering hands.
Here ceas'd the voice; the matron now prepares
To ſhow to Bradamant her deſtin'd heirs.
A crew of ſpirits, ſummon'd by the dame,
Appear'd, (but well I know not whence they came)
Together now aſſembled in the place,
But differing each in habit, and in face.
Then, in the temple, by her ſide ſhe plac'd
The warlike fair, but firſt a circle trac'd;
And, to defend her from the ſpirits, ſpread
A magic covering o'er the virgin's head;
She bade her ſilent ſtand, then op'd a book
In which ſhe read, and with the demons ſpoke.

Lo!

Lo! from the outward cave they ruſh'd to view,
And, thickening, round the ſacred circle drew;
But all attempts to enter fruitleſs found,
As if a foſſe or rampart ſtretch'd around.
Then in the cavern, where the ſhining tomb
Contain'd the holy relicks in its womb,
The demons enter'd, when, in order due,
They thrice had paſt around in fair review.
Should I (th' enchantreſs thus beſpoke the dame)
Attempt to tell the deeds, and every name
Of theſe, who by their ſhadowy phantoms riſe
Before their birth, to paſs before your eyes,
The hours were ſhort the ſtory to repeat,
Nor could one night the mighty taſk compleat;
And hence, as time may ſerve, my lips ſhall tell
Thoſe chiefs alone whoſe virtues moſt excel.
Behold the firſt, thy likeneſs form'd to bear
In comely countenance and graceful air;
In Italy the leader of thy race,
Sprung from Rogero's, and from thy embrace.

Ver. 164. *Behold the firſt,* —] It is to be obſerved, that this account of the deſcent of Rogero is fictitious; ſince Rizieri of Riſa, (or as he is here called Rogero) left no ſon; and this Rizieri, the firſt Paladin, lived a conſiderable time before Charlemain. DOLCE.

I deem

I deem to ſee by his victorious hand
Maganza's treacherous blood diſtain the land;
To ſee his juſtice claim the vengeance due
From thoſe, whoſe guile his noble father ſlew.
By him ſhall Deſiderius be repell'd,
Who laſt in Lombardy the ſceptre held.
The emp'ror ſhall his valiant deeds repay
With Calaon and Eſte's lordly ſway.
Behold thy grandſon next, Uberto near,
The glory of Heſperia's land in war!

Ver. 168. — *by his victorious hand*] The father of this Rogero was ſaid to have been traiterouſly murdered by the tribe of Maganza, when this ſon, growing up, was made general in the ſervice of Charlemain, and revenged the death of his father. At this time Deſiderius XXII. and laſt king of Lombardy, rebelled againſt the church; when pope Adrian calling in the aſſiſtance of Charlemain, Deſiderius was conſtrained to ſhut himſelf up in Pavia, and was afterwards driven into Lyons in France. In this ſervice Rogero is ſaid to have diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and to have been rewarded by the emperor with the government of Eſtè and Calaon, two caſtles in the juriſdiction of Padua.

EUGENICO.

Ver. 176. — *Uberto near,*] Uberto was count of Eſtè and Comacchio: he is ſaid to have treated his ſubjects as his children, and to have preſerved their obedience, rather by the affection which his indulgence excited in them, than by any ſevere exertion of his authority.

He ſhall his arms againſt the Moors extend,
And from their rage the holy church defend.
Survey Alberto, fam'd for warlike toils,
Who decks the temples with unnumber'd ſpoils.
Hugo appears with him, his valiant ſon,
Who plants his conquering ſnakes in Milan's town.
The next is Azo, who, his brother dead,
Shall o'er th' Inſubrians his dominion ſpread.

Ver. 180. *Survey Alberto,* —] Berengarius I. having beſieged and taken Milan, Alberto headed an army and defeated him: Hugo, ſon of Alberto, afterwards acquired the dominion of Milan, and planted his ſtandard there, in which was painted a dragon or ſerpent. Otho, a valiant leader of that family, in the holy war of Jeruſalem, under Godfrey, ſlew Volucius, a Saracen captain, who wore on his creſt a ſerpent devouring a child; hence his deſcendants took a ſerpent for their arms. EUDENICO.

Taſſo, in his catalogue of warriors, mentions this Otho:

— Otho fierce, whoſe valour won the ſhield
That bears a child and ſerpent on its field.

B. i. ver. 417.

Ver. 184. *The next is Azo, who,* —] Azo I. who ſucceeded his brother Uberto in the government of Milan, till, to avoid the ſnares laid for him by Berengarius, he fled to Otho I. duke of Saxony, Anno 938, taking with him his wife big with child.

See I

See! Albertazo, who with counſel ſage
Shall Berengarius and his ſon engage;
Well worthy to receive from Otho's hands
His daughter Alda, pledg'd in nuptial bands.
Another Hugo ſee! O virtue known,
When the ſire's courage dies not with the ſon!

'Tis

Ver. 186. *See! Albertazo, who —*] Of three Berengarius's, who deriving their origin from the kings of Lombardy, had the title of emperor, this, who was the third, coming into Italy with his ſon, at the head of a great army, ſeized the government, after the death of Lotharius, and reigned eleven years, ſtiling himſelf emperor, and his ſon king of Italy. He made war againſt Atone, lord of Cannoſſa, and beſieged him three ſucceſſive years, till the latter being ready to ſurrender himſelf, was, through the advice of Albertazo, ſuccoured by Otho, king of the Germans; when Berengarius and his ſon were vanquiſhed and confined, one in Auſtria, and the other in Conſtantinople, where they died miſerably. Albertazo, for his virtue and good counſel, eſpouſed Alda, Otho's daughter: others ſay, that he obtained her for his gallant behaviour at a tournament, which the emperor gave in Tranſilvania.

Ver. 190. *Another Hugo ſee! —*] Gregory V. who had been made pope through the interpoſition of Otho III. being inſulted by the Romans at the inſtigation of Creſcentius, fled to the emperor; whereupon Creſcentius elected another pope, who hearing that Otho had made Hugo general of his army, retired with Creſcentius into the caſtle of St. Angelo: they were both taken and put to death by Hugo, who having

'Tis he, who ſhall with juſtice on his ſide
Abate the rancour of the Roman pride:
To Otho and the Pope aſſiſtance give,
(Otho the third) and from their foes relieve.
See Fulco, who forſakes th' Italian fields
And to his brother each poſſeſſion yields;
While thence he goes, with better fate to gain
A mighty dukedom on the German plain.
He props the honours of the Saxon race
Which ſhall at length himſelf and offspring grace.
Azo the ſecond is the next in ſight,
More fam'd for gentle peace than rugged fight.

On

ing replaced Gregory in the papal chair, that pontiff made a decree, that the emperor ſhould in future be elected from the barons of Germany. Hugo, having lived with great honour, died at Piſtoia: to him Otho, as a reward of his merit, gave the government of all Tuſcany; though ſome authors affirm to the contrary.

Ver. 196. *See Fulco, who forſakes* —] Of Albertazo and Alda were born Hugo and Fulco: after the death of the emperor Otho, who, before he came to the empire, was duke of Saxony, his daughter Alda ſucceeded to that dutchy: whereupon Fulco reſigned to his brother all his patrimony in Italy, and went into Saxony to ſucceed to his mother's inheritance, where he made himſelf duke of Saxony.

Ver. 202. *Azo the ſecond* —] Bertoldo and Albertazo, ſons of Azo II. oppoſed the emperor Henry II. who being a

cruel

On either hand ſee where his ſons appear;
There Albertazo, and Bertoldo here.
By this ſhall ſecond Henry be ſubdu'd,
And Parma's meadows ſtream with Belgian blood:
By that the glorious counteſs ſhall be led,
(The chaſte Matilda) to his bridal bed;
From mighty Henry ſprung, who brings in dower
With her one half Italia to his power.
Behold Bertoldo's deareſt pledge in view,
Thy own Rinaldo next; to whom is due
The fame of having freed the pontiff's lands
From impious Frederic Barbaroſſa's hands.

Behold

cruel enemy to the church, compelled pope Gregory VII. to ſell the benefices: at that time the counteſs Matilda, widow of Godfrey, a powerful lord, and grand-daughter of Henry I. and governeſs of many places, took the part of the church. Rodolpho, duke of Saxony, was made emperor in oppoſition to Henry, and a battle fought near Parma with great ſlaughter of the Belgians, when Henry was driven out of Italy. Rodolpho fell in the battle; with him was Bertoldo of Eſte, a very valiant captain: Matilda married Albertazo; but a few years after, diſcovering that he was related to her firſt huſband, the marriage was annulled, by the conſent of the pope, and ſhe led a holy life, leaving, at her death, her poſſeſſions to the church.

Ver. 213. *Thy own Rinaldo*—] Rinaldo, ſon of the fourth marquis of Eſte, Anno 1102, with many other Italian potentates,

Behold another Azo, doom'd to reign
O'er fair Verona and its wide domain;
Who marquis of Ancona ſhall be known,
When Otho and Honorius fill the throne.
'Twere long to tell the names of all thy race
That in the conclave ſhall obtain a place:
To tell each enterprize their arms ſhall gain,
What conqueſts for the Roman church obtain.
Lo! other Azos other Hugos near:
See Fulco, and Obizo next appear.
Behold two Henrys, both the ſire and ſon:
Two Guelphos: this has conquer'd Umbria's town;

tentates, fought againſt the emperor Frederic Barbaroſſa, and Octavian the anti-pope, in defence of pope Alexander III. This Alexander is he, who, being cloſely preſſed by Frederic, fled to Venice, where he reſided for ſome time in the convent of Carita, in the habit of a cook, till he was diſcovered to the ſuperior, and at laſt reſtored to the popedom. Rinaldo, in this enterprize, bore for his ſtandard a white eagle in an azure field, which was afterwards worn for the arms of the houſe of Eſte.

Ver. 227. *Two Guelphos:* —] In the faction of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, ariſing from the diſputes between the emperor Frederic II. and the pope; the lords of Eſtè ſided with the Guelphs againſt the emperor, for which cauſe the church beſtowed on them the dutchy of Spoleti. This faction took its name from Guelpho and Ghibello, the heads of each party.

See

See now Spoleti's ducal gown he wears:
And lo! who turns to ſmiles Italia's tears:
Of him I ſpeak (Azo the fifth ſurvey)
To whom ſhall tyrant Ezellino pay
His forfeit life; a wretch abhorr'd on earth,
And to the demon ſaid to owe his birth.

Ver. 230. *Azo the fifth* —] Ezellino de Romano, for his unexampled cruelty called, the ſon of the devil, by the favour of the emperor Frederic II. entering Lombardy with a vaſt army, made himſelf maſter of many cities, among which was Padua; when deſiring to uſurp the dominion of Milan, he left it to go to the ſiege of Mantua. Azo V. having retaken Padua, ſet at liberty above two thouſand priſoners, beſides many women of quality. In the dungeons, above four hundred and ſixty perſons were found ſo worn with hunger, and covered with filth, as not to be known, though moſt of them afterwards appeared to be Paduans *. His priſon was a labyrinth, in which he cauſed the perſon who made him the model, to be firſt ſhut up; at his return from the ſiege of Mantua, he commanded all the Paduans in Verona to be maſſacred; of eleven thouſand, only twenty-eight remained alive. He then marched to Padua, but finding it not to be retaken, returned to Verona, and ordered the twenty-eight he had before ſpared, to be hanged in the market-place: at laſt being taken by Azo, who gave him three wounds, he was ſent to Sonzino, where refuſing nouriſhment, and, as ſome ſay, tearing open his wounds, he ended his deteſtable life.

* The cruelties of Ezellino are teſtified by Pietro Gerardo, of Padua, who was his contemporary.

He ſhall with cruelty his kingdom fill,
And fair Auſonia ravage at his will;
That Marius', Nero's, and Antonius' deeds,
Caius' and Sylla's crimes his guilt exceeds.
Behold the ſecond Frederic's forces yield,
By ſecond Azo conquer'd in the field,
While he ſhall o'er the happy land preſide,
Where Phœbus, on the fatal river's ſide,

Ver. 235. — *fair Auſonia* —] The ancient name for Italy.

Ver. 236. — *Marius, Nero,* —] Caius, Caligula, and Nero, emperors of Rome, whoſe reigns were one continued ſcene of cruelty: Marius and Sylla, the firſt conſul, and the laſt dictator, in the time of the republic, maſſacred many Romans in the civil conteſt between them: by Antonius, he means Marc Antony, who, after the death of Julius Cæſar, in concert with Auguſtus, was author of the bloody proſcription, which cut off ſo many of the commonwealth party, among whom fell that celebrated orator, Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Ver. 240. — *the happy land preſide,*] Ferrara, ſituated on the banks of the Po. Frederic, perſecuting the church, was excommunicated by Honorius III. and many cities were taken from him, among which was Ferrara, which was given to Azo of Eſte, for his gallant behaviour againſt Frederic.

Invok'd

Invok'd his breathleſs ſon with tuneful lyre,
His ſon, who ſought to guide his father's fire:
Where the ſad ſiſters tears of amber ſhed,
And Cygnus, chang'd, his ſnowy plumage ſpread.
This land he from the holy ſee obtains,
A recompenſe for all his glorious pains!
But where's his brother Aldobrandin loſt,
Who frees the popedom from a mighty hoſt;
When the fierce Ghibellines, by Otho led,
Shall round the capitol their numbers ſpread;

Ver. 242. —*his breathleſs ſon* —] Phaeton, who, undertaking to guide the chariot of the ſun, ſet the world on fire: he was thunder-ſtruck by Jupiter, and fell into the Po; his ſiſters, lamenting his death, were changed into trees dropping amber, and his grandfather Cygnus into a ſwan. See OVID MET. B. ii.

Ver. 248. — *his brother Aldobrandin* —] Otho IV. making war againſt the church, aſſiſted by the Ghibelline faction, obliged pope Innocent IV. to retire into the capitol. Aldobrandin of Eſte, the firſt marquis of Ferrara, with other powers, obliged Otho to return to Germany. The marquis, being in want of money to carry on the war, borrowed large ſums of the Florentines, leaving his brother Azo with them in pledge; and having defeated the emperor, and killed the earl of Celano, who eſpouſed the cauſe of Otho, he died in the flower of his age, not without ſuſpicion of poiſon, leaving his brother Azo his heir.

Whoſe

Whoſe fury has the neighbouring lands o'er-run,
Whoſe force has Umbria and Piceno won?
He, wanting treaſure to purſue the war,
Shall go ſupplies in Florence to prepare;
And there, no other pledge he has to leave,
His brother as his ſurety they receive.
Then ſhall he ſpread his conquering ſigns again,
And rout the German army on the plain;
Replace the church upon her ancient ſeat,
And fam'd Celano's earls with vengeance meet:
Till, while he fights the ſacred paſtor's cauſe,
He ends his youthful bloom with juſt applauſe!
He leaves his brother Azo to command
O'er fair Piſauro and Ancona's land;
Each town, from Trent to where Iſaurus glides,
Between the Apennines and briny tides;
But (more than gold or gems) he leaves behind
With him his virtues and heroic mind.
Fortune all other gifts again may take,
But never can the power of virtue ſhake.
Rinaldo next, whoſe deeds his ſoul proclaim
Worthy the glorious race from which he came.

But

Ver. 272. *Rinaldo next*, —] Rinaldo, ſon of Azo, and defender of the church, was confined in Naples by Frederic

But cruel fortune views with envious eyes;
At Naples, by conſpiracy, he dies!
Then young Obizo takes his grandſire's reign,
And Modena and Rheggio adds to his domain.
Such is his courage, that the people's choice
Shall make him lord with one united voice.
His offspring Azo ſee, the ſixth that wears
The name, whoſe hand the Chriſtian ſtandard bears.
Adria is his; in nuptial union ty'd,
Sicilia's daughter ſhines his blooming bride.
Lo! in yon amiable and friendly band,
The moſt illuſtrious princes of the land,
Obizo, Aldobrand, for virtue nam'd:
For love and clemency, Alberto fam'd;

With

deric II. where being taken off by poiſon, his natural ſon Obizo, was by pope Innocent III. with the conſent of the emperor, legitimated, and ſucceeded to the lordſhip of Ferrara: he afterwards, by force of arms, reduced Modena and Rheggio.

Ver. 280. — *Azo ſee, the ſixth* —] Many Chriſtians being beſieged in the city of Ptolemais in Syria, in the time of Charles II. king of Sicily and Naples, a cruſade was proclaimed for their deliverance: in this enterprize Azo was made ſtandard-bearer, and for his merits obtained to wife Beatrice, the daughter of king Charles.

Ver. 287. —— *Alberto fam'd*; —— *With Nicholas:* —] Nicholas of Eſte, and Alberto his brother, purchaſed, for

twenty

With Nicholas: but time denies t' explain
How with Faënza they enlarg'd their reign;
And Adria more ſecurely made their own,
By whoſe proud name the briny ſeas are known;
With that fair town, which from the bluſhing roſe,
To Grecian bards its pleaſing title owes.
And, near the Po, a place whoſe walls contain
A crew that wiſh for tempeſts on the main.
I leave Argento, Lugo, many a town,
And many a caſtle of deſerv'd renown.

twenty thouſand ducats, the city of Faenza, of John Awcutt, an Engliſh captain of the pope's: they afterwards obtained many victories againſt Bernabo Viſconti and other potentates. Nicholas is ſaid, never to have been too much elated with proſperity, or depreſſed by adverſity.

Ver. 290. — *Adria* —] A city, not far from Ferrara, which gives name to the Adriatic gulph.

Ver. 293. — *its pleaſing title owes.*] He means Rovigo, called in Latin Rhodigium, from Rhodos, which in Greek ſignifies a roſe.

Ver. 294. — *a place whoſe walls contain* —— *A crew* —] Comacchio, a town in the Ferrareſe, ſituated between Primaio and Volano, two branches of the Po, which often overflows and does great damage to the country: theſe people, who were moſt of them fiſhermen, are ſaid to be deſirous of ſtorms, becauſe at that time great quantities of fiſh are thrown up in the fens.

See

See Nicholas! whom, yet in early years,
To honours of command the land prefers.
He ſhall the vain deſigns of Tydeus quell,
Who raſhly dares againſt his power rebel.
In riſing dawn of youth, his ſole delight
In rugged arms, and labours of the fight;
By which he ſoon obtains a mighty name,
Amid the greateſt chiefs the firſt in fame.
He makes his foes their vain endeavours mourn,
And on themſelves their cruel arts ſhall turn.
Otho the third in vain his power withſtands,
(Tyrant of Rheggio and of Parma's lands)
At once reſigning, in the fatal ſtrife,
To him his kingdom and his wicked life.
He ſhall the limits of his ſway extend,
But ne'er, unjuſt, another's rights offend.
For this th' Eternal Ruler of the heaven
No ſtated bound has to his empire given:

Ver. 298. *See Nicholas! whom, yet* —] Azo of Eſte, who had been driven from his country, ſeeing Alberto dead, who left only an infant ſon, named Nicholas, thought of returning, with the aſſiſtance of Tydeus, count of Conio; but the child's guardians oppoſed him, and made Nicholas lord of Ferrara, who, being grown to man's eſtate, ſlew Otho III. who had uſurped Rheggio and Parma, and obtained the government of theſe cities by the voluntary conſent of their inhabitants.

All

All his deſigns ſhall ever proſperous prove,
'Till ſnatch'd from earth to grace the ſkies above.
See Lionel; and next (a mighty name!)
Borſo behold, his happy age's fame!
He ſhall in calm repoſe preſerve with care
Thoſe realms his anceſtors had gain'd in war.
He cruel Mars in gloomy caves reſtrains,
And binds the hands of Rage in iron chains.
The great deſigns, that fill his generous breaſt,
Shall all be turn'd to make his people bleſt.
Lo! Hercules! of whom 'twere hard to tell
If he in arts of peace or war excel.

He,

Ver. 318. *See Lionel*; —— *Borſo behold*, —] Lionel and Borſo were natural ſons of Nicholas; Hercules and Sigiſmund, legitimate: Nicholas, dying, left his legitimate children his heirs, and recommended them to the protection of Lionel, who, ſeizing the government, confined the two brothers in Naples, and reigned nine years. At his death, he left behind him a young ſon, named Nicholas, to the care of his brother Borſo, who generouſly recalled the two brothers, and educated them as his own children. This prince was univerſally beloved for his many virtues; and having magnificently entertained the emperor Frederic, was by him honoured with the title of duke of Ferrara, which title was confirmed by pope Paul II. ſince which time his ſucceſſors retained the name of dukes of Ferrara.

Ver. 326. *Lo! Hercules!*—] Hercules I. the ſecond duke of Ferrara, after the death of Borſo, ſucceeded to the duke-

dom.

He, by his virtues, ſhall at length obtain
The lordſhip, thirty years his right in vain!
Pulians, Calabrians, and Lucanians find
His glorious deeds, and bear them ſtill in mind:
Conqueſt for him her brighteſt wreath prepares,
When, for the king of Catalan he dares
Th' embattled field; nor ſhall one deed alone
Exalt him midſt the princes of renown:
For ne'er before ſhall ruler of the land
Deſerve ſuch honour at his country's hand:
Not that their city (with induſtrious toil)
He moves from fens, and builds in fertile ſoil;
And for his citizens extends the bound,
And ſinks a foſſe, and raiſes walls around;
Adorns with porticos the ſpacious ſtreets,
With temples, theatres, and princely ſeats.

dom which had been his right for thirty years, and beheaded Nicholas, the ſon of Lionel, who came with the aid of the marquis of Mantua, to get poſſeſſion of the government. Being afterwards embroiled with the Venetians, he was deſpoiled of many lands, and beſieged in Ferrara. A peace being made, Hercules fought in the ſervice of Alphonſo, king of the Catalans, and gained many victories for him: by his prudence and good conduct, he eſcaped the oppreſſion of Charles VIII. king of France, who had ſubdued great part of Italy, and driven the before-mentioned Alphonſo from his kingdom.

Not that, unweary'd in his country's cauſe,
He frees her from the winged lion's paws:
Or when proud Gallia rouſes all to arms,
And Italy is kindled with alarms,
His ſtate alone enjoys a peace ſincere,
From abject tribute free and ſervile fear:
Not even for theſe, and many bleſſings more,
His native ſoil ſhall Hercules adore,
So much, as that he leaves, to bleſs mankind,
Alphonſo and Hippolito behind:
Whoſe friendſhip may be match'd with that of old
By ſtory'd page of Leda's offspring told;
Who each, by turns, could ſeek the nether reign
To give his brother to the world again.

Ver. 345. — *the winged lion's paws:*] The arms of the country put, by a figure, for the country itſelf.

Ver. 353. *Alphonſo and Hippolito* —] Alphonſo I. the third duke of Ferrara, and cardinal Hippolito, his brother, both patrons of Arioſto.

Ver. 355. — *of Leda's offspring told;*] Caſtor and Pollux: Caſtor was the ſon of Tyndarus and Leda, and Pollux the ſon of Jupiter, begot by him, under the form of a ſwan, of Leda: theſe brothers were celebrated for their friendſhip; and Pollux, who inherited immortality from Jupiter, deſired that he might ſhare it with his brother, which being granted, they are feigned to live and die by turns.

So

So ſhall theſe two for ever ſtand prepar'd,
Each with his own the other's life to guard;
And more defend their land in raging war,
Than ſteely bulwarks rais'd by Vulcan's care.
Alphonſo ſee! the prince, whoſe ſoul ſhall ſhine
With wiſdom and with piety divine;
That men ſhall deem Aſtrea left the earth
To viſit after ages at his birth!
Nor ſhall he leſs in adverſe times require
The prudence and the valour of his ſire;
For with a ſcanty force, he ſees at hand
On one ſide Venice with a numerous band;

Ver. 362. *Alphonſo ſee! the prince,* —] Alphonſo being at variance with the pope and the Venetians, the former made a league with Ferrando, king of Naples, who ſent him Fabritius Colonna, with four hundred men at arms, and Pietro Navarro, with two legions of old Spaniſh ſoldiers: he likewiſe took the Switzers into his pay, and equipped a fleet in the Tyrrhene ſeas: Navarro entering, by Romania, into the Ferrareſe, took Baſtia by ſtorm, a fortreſs belonging to the duke, cutting all to pieces. Alphonſo, taking the field, routed the enemy, and recovered Baſtia: being wounded with a ſtone in the head, his men, who believed him ſlain, to revenge his death, put all the pope's people to the ſword. He afterwards ſignalized himſelf at Ravenna, in defence of the king of France, where he gained that memorable victory over the forces of Spain and pope Julius II.

She, on the other, who may better claim
A fury's title, than a mother's name;
Againſt her offspring cruel wars to wage
With more than Progne's or Medea's rage!
Oft as he iſſues forth by day or night,
He puts his foes by land and ſea to flight.
His forces ſhall Romania's power o'erthrow,
And ſtain with bluſhing ſtreams the banks of Po.
The hireling Spaniard ſhall his anger feel,
Who for the pontiff draws th' avenging ſteel.
The foe at firſt ſhall Baſtia's caſtle gain,
The captain, in the ſudden onſet, ſlain.
But ſoon the victor muſt his conqueſt mourn:
See! great Alphonſo ſwift to vengeance turn;
When not a wretch eſcapes the general doom
To bear the fatal tidings back to Rome.
His counſel, with his lance united, gains
The laurell'd glories of Romania's plains,
Againſt ſtern Julius, and the Spaniſh bands;
He gives the conqueſt into Gallia's hands.
The country round ſhall pour a crimſon flood,
Where floundering ſteeds ſhall ſwim in ſeas of blood;

Ver. 371. — *than a mother's name*;] The poet here ſeems to mean the pope, or mother church, that, till then, had always cheriſhed the race of Eſte as her ſons.

The

The dead unbury'd lie: ſuch heaps ſhall fall;
The Spaniard, Greek, Italian, Dutch, and Gaul!
He, whom his veſt pontifical reveals,
Whoſe honour'd brows the ſacred hat conceals,
Is he — the cardinal in future time,
The church's great ſupport! in proſe and rhime,
The theme of every tongue; whoſe boundleſs praiſe
Like Cæſar's, ſhall demand a Virgil's lays.
'Tis his with nobleſt deeds t' adorn his race:
So Phœbus' beams the frame of nature grace,
Put Luna, and the fainting ſtars to flight,
And ſhining conquer every other light.
Methinks I ſee him with a ſcanty train,
Departing ſad, return with joy again;
While fifteen gallies captive to the ſhore
He brings, beſides a thouſand veſſels more.
Behold two Sigiſmundos next appear;
See the five ſons of great Alphonſo near;

Ver. 396. — *the cardinal*, —] Hippolito.

Ver. 406. — *fifteen gallies* —] The Venetians going up the Po with a fleet againſt Alphonſo, cardinal Hippolito went out of the city with ſome horſe and foot, and coming to Volona, a caſtle near the Po, planted the artillery there to ſuch advantage, that finding the enemy's gallies unprovided, moſt of the crews being on ſhore, he ſunk four of them and took fifteen; but Angelo Triviſano, the admiral, eſcaped with one.

Who ſhall their glories through the world diſplay,
To fill the diſtant lands and ſpacious ſea.
View Hercules the ſecond, firſt advance,
Who weds the daughter of the king of France.
See next Hippolito, whoſe acts ſhall ſhine,
And like his anceſtors adorn his line:
The third Franciſco call'd: one common name,
The latter couple from Alphonſo claim.
But ſhould I vainly thus attempt to tell
The names of all that in thy race excel,
Before my tale were done, the riſing light
Muſt often chace the fleeting ſhades of night.
And now (if ſo you deem) 'tis time to ceaſe,
And give the ſprites diſmiſſion hence in peace.

Here, when ſhe found the damſel thus diſpos'd,
Her magic book the learn'd enchantreſs clos'd.
At once the phantoms vaniſh'd from the view,
And, where the prophet's corſe was laid, withdrew.
When Bradamant at length the ſilence broke,
And thus the ſage prophetic dame beſpoke:
What mournful pair was that, who plac'd between
Alphonſo and Hippolito were ſeen?

Sighing

Ver. 412. *View Hercules the ſecond,* —] Hercules II. the fourth duke of Ferrara.

Ver. 430. *What mournful pair* —] Ferrante of Eſte, natural brother to Alphonſo and Hippolito, either through views

Sighing they came, their eyes to earth declin'd,
And gloomy ſadneſs ſeem'd to fill their mind;
Far from their brethren's way their ſteps they preſs'd,
As if they ſhun'd to mingle with the reſt.
At this demand, the propheteſs appears
With viſage chang'd, her eyes are fill'd with tears.
Unhappy youths! what miſery (ſhe cry'd)
For you the wiles of treacherous men provide.
O race renown'd! O great Herculean ſeed!
Ah! let your goodneſs for their errors plead:
From you their veins the richeſt currents prove;
Let juſtice here give way to brother's love!
She then proceeded in a ſofter tone:
Seek not to aſk, what muſt not now be ſhown:
Ah!

views of ambition, or becauſe Alphonſo refuſed to procure him ſatisfaction for an injury which he had received from Hippolito, had conſpired with Julio, his natural brother, to aſſaſſinate the duke; but the plot being diſcovered, they were condemned to perpetual impriſonment. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 439. — *the wiles of treacherous men*—] The poet, by this equivocal expreſſion, ſeems deſirous to caſt a veil over the guilt of theſe brothers.

Ver. 445. *Seek not to aſk*, —] This paſſage is a cloſe copy of Virgil, where Æneas, ſeeing in viſion his ſucceſſors paſs

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Ah! gentle maid! ſuffice the good you know;
Nor wiſh for that, which found, may cauſe your woe.
Soon as to-morrow's dawning light we view;
The readieſt path together we'll purſue,
To where Rogero is in durance laid:
Myſelf will guide you through the foreſt-ſhade;
And, when we reach the margin of the flood,
Will teach you every winding of the road.
All night the virgin in the cave remain'd,
With ſage diſcourſe by Merlin entertain'd,

before him, in the ſame manner as is here related of Bradamant, aſks the ſame queſtion, and receives for anſwer,

—— Luctus ne quere tuorum. ÆN. vi.
Seek not the ſorrows of thy race to know.

Concerning the misfortunes of the youths here alluded to, Sir John Harrington tells the following ſtory:

"It happened that Hippolito and one of theſe brothers fell in love with a courteſan, who ſhewing leſs affection to Hippolito, was one day very earneſtly importuned by him to know what moved her to prefer his brother before him; ſhe anſwered, it was his beautiful eyes; upon which, Hippolito ordered them to be thruſt out; but the youth found means to preſerve his ſight, and meeting no redreſs, by making his complaint to the duke, he, and the other brother here mentioned, conſpired to kill him; but at the time of the execution, their hearts failed them, and the plot being diſcovered, they were kept in perpetual impriſonment." Notes to Sir JOHN HARRINGTON's Tranſlation, B. iii.

Who often warn'd th' attentive maid to prove
Propitious to her dear Rogero's love.
Soon as the ſkies began to glow with light,
She left the ſubterranean caves of night;
But firſt, with ſage Meliſſa, took her way
Through gloomy paths impervious to the day;
At length, aſcending, reach'd a deſert place
With ſavage hills, untrod by human race.
The live-long day, unreſting, they purſu'd
Their courſe, and many a rock and torrent view'd,
Still, as they went, endeavouring to allay
With ſweet diſcourſe the labours of the way.
But chief the propheteſs inſtructs the maid
How ſhe may beſt th' impriſon'd champion aid.
Though you were Mars, or Pallas' ſelf (ſhe cry'd)
And drew as many warriors on your ſide,
As Afric's prince or mighty Charlemain,
You would oppoſe th' enchanter's power in vain.
Not only does he rear (amazing ſight!)
His tower of ſteel on ſuch a ſteepy height:
Not only does he rule a winged horſe,
That ſtrangely through the air directs his courſe;
But on his arm he bears a blazing ſhield,
That caſts the gazer ſenſeleſs on the field;

And ſhould you keep your eye-lids clos'd, to ſhun
The hidden force of this terreſtrial ſun,
How then the battle's progreſs could you know,
When your foe flies, or when he aims a blow?
But to withſtand his arts on me rely,
Nor can the world an aid like this ſupply.
King Agramant a ring of great import,
Has given to one Brunello of his court,
Who now before us on the way is ſeen:
This ring (late taken from an Indian queen)
Is ſuch, that he who wears it on his hand,
May every fraud of magic power withſtand.
No leſs Brunello knows of ſervile guiles,
Than he, who keeps your knight, of magic wiles.
This man, ſo ſkill'd and crafty in deceit,
His monarch ſends to work a hardy feat,
That, by his cunning and enchanted ring,
He from the caſtle may Rogero bring,
Whom much the king eſteems: but ſhall he owe
His freedom to a Pagan, and our foe?

Ver. 486. *King Agramant a ring* —] This ſeems to be a new attempt of Brunello to free Rogero a ſecond time from the hands of Atlantes. It has been before related, from Boyardo, how he was taken from the enchanted garden on Mount Carena in Africa. See Note on B. ii. Ver. 395.

Ver. 489. — *an Indian queen*] Angelica, daughter of Galaphron.

Three

Three days your courſe along the ſhore purſue;
(The ſhore will ſoon appear before our view)
The third your ſteps will to the dwelling bring,
Where you ſhall meet the man that wears the ring.
His ſtature (keep the picture in your mind)
Is not ſix ſpans, his head to earth declin'd,
Dark is his tawny ſkin, and black his hairs;
On his pale face a buſhy beard he wears:
His eyes are ſwoln; his ſquinting looks aſide;
His eye-brows ſtaring, and his noſtrils wide:
His dreſs, which gives you all the man complete,
Is ſhort and ſtrait, and for a courier meet.
With him you doubtleſs muſt awhile diſcourſe
On the ſtrange caſtle, and th' enchanter's force.
Then ſpeak your wiſh to dare th' adventurous deed,
And make in fight the necromancer bleed;
But let him no ſuſpicion entertain:
You know the ring that makes enchantments vain.
Soon will he proffer on your way to ride,
And to the rocky mountain be your guide.
Then follow him, and mark my words aright,
Soon as the rock appears before your ſight,
Your fix'd reſolves let no compaſſion ſhake,
But ſeize the wretch, his forfeit life to take:

For

For ſhould his lips receive the ring, he flies
Involv'd in miſt from your aſtoniſh'd eyes.
Thus ſpeaking; to the ſhore at length they drew,
Where Bourdeaux and Garonna roſe to view;
And here, but firſt ſome tender tears they ſhed,
They parted as their different purpoſe led.
Duke Amon's daughter, whoſe impatient breaſt
Rogero fill'd, her eager journey preſs'd,
Till at an inn at length ſhe ceas'd her way,
And ſaw Brunello there at cloſe of day.
Full well ſhe knew the man ſhe ſought to find,
So well his form was treaſur'd in her mind:
She queſtions where he goes, and whence he came,
While lies to all he frames; nor leſs the dame,
Warn'd of his arts, for falſehood, falſehood deals,
Her country feigns; her name, and race conceals;
While watchful on his hands her eye ſhe bends,
And every look, his treachery known, attends.
As thus diſtruſt on either ſide prevails,
A dreadful noiſe each ſtartled ear aſſails.

But ceaſe we here, my lord! to tell the cauſe;
And here awhile permit the tale to pauſe.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

BRADAMANT, following the advice of Meliſſa, takes the ring from Brunello, defeats Atlantes, the magician, and ſets his priſoners at liberty; but ſoon after loſes her lover, Rogero, who is carried from her, in a wonderful manner, by the contrivance of Atlantes. Rinaldo, who was ſent on an embaſſy to England, being caſt by a tempeſt on the coaſt of Scotland, is entertained at an abbey, where he is acquainted with the misfortune of Geneura, daughter to the king of Scotland, and undertakes to fight in her behalf.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THOUGH we too oft diſſimulation find
Th' attendant vice of a degenerate mind;
Yet, ſince in this bad world we muſt oppoſe
A thouſand perils and a thouſand foes,
A blameleſs art, in time of need purſu'd,
Has oft been found the means of future good;
A ſure defence from threatening danger prov'd;
Impending ſhame, and death itſelf remov'd.
If after proofs long-try'd, and try'd in vain,
You ſcarce at laſt a faithful friend attain;
A friend to whom you truly can impart,
Each little care that fills the ſecret heart:
How with Brunello ſhall the maid proceed,
Brunello, ſtrange to every virtuous deed;

But

But as Meliſſa had diſplay'd before;
Of treaſon fram'd, and vers'd in guileful lore?
She to deceive, no leſs her mind applies,
As beſt beſeems with him, the ſire of lies!
While thus their mutual converſe they purſue,
Still on his hands ſhe bends her heedful view;
When ſudden cries their ſtartled ears invade,
O! glorious mother! (cry'd th' aſtoniſh'd maid)
O! king of heav'n! from what dread wonder grows
This ſtrange alarm? but ſoon the cauſe ſhe knows;
She ſees the hoſt, and all the houſhold near;
Who in the windows or the ſtreets appear
Gazing aloft, as when the vulgar ſpy
A dark eclipſe, or comet in the ſky.
And now a wondrous ſight the virgin ſaw,
(A wondrous ſight, ſurpaſſing nature's law)
A courſer through the air direct his flight,
Who bore upon his back an armed knight.
Large were his wings, with different colours grac'd,
And in the midſt the magic knight was plac'd:
His ſhining arms of poliſh'd ſteel appear'd,
And tow'rds the weſtern ſkies his courſe he ſteer'd;
Till ſinking, he behind the mountains flew.
Then ſaid the hoſt (and well the truth he knew)

Ver. 22. *O! glorious mother!*] The virgin Mary.

Behold

Behold a ſtrange magician fam'd afar,
Oft' ſeen to journey through the fields of air.
Sometimes he ſeems amid the ſtars to riſe;
And now, more lowly, near the earth he flies;
While every beauteous damſel in his way,
The necromancer ſeizes as his prey.
Thus all whoſe features charms tranſcendent ſhare,
Or thoſe, who give themſelves the name of fair,
With terror ſtruck, avoid his hated ſight,
And ſhun the face of day with pale affright.
On a high rock (the hoſt purſuing ſaid)
He holds a caſtle, by enchantment made;
A fortreſs built of ſtone, whoſe frame excels
Whate'er of wondrous, old tradition tells.
Full many knights have ſought the place in vain,
For none could boaſt they e'er return'd again;
That much I dread, ſo dear th' adventure coſt,
His life, or liberty, each warrior loſt!
This tale with joy th' attentive virgin heard,
In hopes (nor after, vain her hopes appear'd)
Soon by the magic ring's aſſiſting power,
To quell th' enchanter and deſtroy his tower.
Then to the hoſt ſhe ſaid: let one be found,
Whoſe ſteps may guide me to this fatal ground:

For know I burn with rage to prove my might
On this magician in immediate fight.
Thou ſhalt not want an aid (Brunello cry'd)
Behold, myſelf I proffer for your guide.
The windings of the road I can diſplay,
With many ſecrets to beguile the way.
With grateful thanks I take you for my guide,
(In hopes to gain the ring, the maid reply'd)
The hoſt a courſer brought the virgin-knight,
Apt for the road, and ſtrongly limb'd for fight;
On this ſhe mounted, and her way purſu'd,
Soon as the riſing morn the day renew'd.
From ſteep to ſteep, from wood to wood they paſs'd,
Till fam'd Pyrene's hills they reach'd at laſt.
There may the ſight, in ſkies ſerene, explore
Gallia and Spain, with either diſtant ſhore:
Thence from the ſummit ſhew'd a rough deſcent,
That winding to the lower valley went;

Ver. 76. — *Pyrene's hills* —] Boyardo's enchanted garden was on Mount Carena in Africa; Arioſto's caſtle, on the hills that divide Spain from the furtheſt part of France, formerly called Acquitania. The plain at the foot of theſe hills, was called Ronſcevaux, (Ronſcevalles) where romances tell us, the Chriſtians met with that memorable defeat from the Saracens, in which fell almoſt all the principal knights and paladins of France.

Where,

Where, in the midſt, a rocky mountain ſtood
On which aloft the fort of ſteel they view'd;
That rear'd to heaven, with ſuch ſtupendous height,
Made all beneath ſeem little in its ſight.
Behold th' enchanter's tower (Brunello ſaid),
In which the knights and dames are priſoners made.
Hewn in four equal ſides, the mountain roſe
Above the plain; nor path nor ſtep it ſhows
T' aſſiſt the feet; but ſeem'd a place deſign'd
For ſome ſtrange animal of winged kind.
The virgin now perceiv'd the hour was come
To ſeize the ring, and ſeal Brunello's doom:
But her great ſoul th' inglorious thought diſdain'd,
To ſee, with blood like his, her weapon ſtain'd;
Since ſhe might ſafely of his ring deprive,
And yet preſerve the helpleſs wretch alive.
Then, while Brunello unſuſpecting paſs'd,
She ſeiz'd him unawares, and bound him faſt
To a ſtrong trunk beneath the beech's ſhade;
But from his finger firſt the ring convey'd.
In vain his every art Brunello tries,
And begs his freedom with unmanly cries:
She leaves him; and, with ſteps ſecure and ſlow,
Forſakes the hill, and ſeeks the plain below:

Then winds her horn, that echoes to the ſkies,
And having breath'd a blaſt, with ſhouting cries
She boldly to the field her foe defies.

Nor long ſhe ſtays, the fierce enchanter hears,
And, iſſuing from the caſtle-gate, appears:
But Bradamant beheld with ſecret joy,
Her foe no weapons in the field employ.
Nor lance, nor heavy mace, nor ſword he wore,
To bruiſe the armour, and the corſlet bore.
On his left arm was brac'd a myſtic ſhield,
Whoſe wondrous orb a crimſon veil conceal'd.
His right hand held a book, and while he read,
Illuſive phantoms round his foes he ſpread.
With ſpear or ſword he ſeem'd to urge the fight;
And oft had dazzled many a warrior's ſight.

Ver. 111. — *no weapons in the field* —] Pinabello, in the ſecond book, had deſcribed the magician as making uſe of weapons in the battle with Gradaſſo and Rogero; but it muſt be remembered, that his ſight was deluded by magic, as Arioſto in this paſſage, ſays:

His right hand held a book, and while he read,
Illuſive phantoms round his foes he ſpread.
With ſpear, or ſword, he ſeem'd to urge the fight, &c.

Ver. 117.

But the poet now, ſpeaking in his own perſon, repreſents the matter as it really appeared to Bradamant.

But

But no illuſion was his flying ſteed;
A griffin and a mare the mingled breed
Compos'd; and like his ſire his feet before,
His head, his feathers, and his wings he wore;
(In all the reſt his mother-mare was ſhown)
And by the name of griffin-horſe was known.
Such, though but rarely, in thoſe hills appear,
Beyond where ocean feels the freezing year.
Thence had the enchanter drawn him by his ſkill,
And made him ſoon obedient to his will;
Taught him the ſaddle and the reins to wear,
And o'er the earth and ſeas his maſter bear.
But all the reſt that in the fight he ſhow'd,
From airy viſions of enchantment flow'd:
Yet nought againſt the maid avail'd his art,
Such wiſdom could the ſacred ring impart.
And now ſhe ſeems enrag'd to ſtrike the wind;
Now darts before; then ſwiftly turns behind.
At laſt (for ſo Meliſſa had requir'd,
To win the palm which moſt the maid deſir'd)
In fury from her ſteed ſhe ſeems to light,
And eager on her feet purſue the fight.
This ſeen, the necromancer bends his care,
With one enchantment to conclude the war;

And, thinking now the damſel to confound,
Removes the covering from his buckler's round.
Such was his wont—awhile the ſhining ray
He kept conceal'd to hold the knights in play:
For, with a ſportive mind, he took delight
To ſee them wield the ſword and ſpear in fight.
So when the wily cat a priſoner draws
Some hapleſs mouſe within her cruel claws;
Wanton awhile ſhe joys his fears to ſee,
Nor yet will kill, nor ſet the captive free.
To that we might, in every former war,
The foul magician and the knights compare:
But not in this, the ring with powerful aid
Here gave th' advantage to the warrior-maid,
Who watchful as ſhe fought t' eſcape ſurprize,
Attentive on the ſorc'rer fix'd her eyes:

Ver. 150. — *the wily cat* —] Many paſſages in Arioſto are of the ludicrous kind, of which this ſimile is an example, which is taken from the moſt common and familiar image in life: there is an inſtance of this kind ſtill more ludicrous, where he deſcribes the univerſal terror ſpread by Aſtolpho's horn in the enchanted palace of Atlantes. B. xxii. ver. 161.

In caſa non reſta gatta ne topo.
Nor cat nor mouſe within the dwelling ſtay'd.

Such paſſages, blended with others truly epic, prove Arioſto's ſtile and imagery to be of the mixed kind.

Soon as ſhe ſaw the buckler's blaze reveal'd,
She clos'd her eyes, and tumbled on the field:
Nor think the ſplendor of the beaming light,
As with the reſt, had power to hurt her ſight;
But the wiſe virgin took this artful courſe,
To lure the vain enchanter from his horſe.
Her wile ſucceeding, ſwiftly wheeling round,
The flying horſeman lighted on the ground:
On foot he leapt, and left behind his ſhield,
Ty'd to his ſaddle, in the veil conceal'd,
Then haſten'd where th' expecting damſel lay;
So waits a wolf to make the kid his prey;
While, on the ground neglected, he forſook
(With which he wag'd the war) his magic book.
Now with a chain to bind his foe he thought,
A chain prepar'd, for ſuch a purpoſe brought;
But here an unexpected difference found;
The noble damſel hurl'd him to the ground;
He far unfit a ſtrife like this to wage;
She ſtrong in youth, and he depreſt with age.
Now Bradamant her conquering weapon ſpread,
And from his ſhoulders thought to part his head;
But, marking well his face, her hand reſtrain'd,
As if ſuch mean revenge her ſoul diſdain'd.

She view'd the viſage of her proſtrate foe,
With wrinkles furrow'd o'er, and worn with woe;
Who, by his ſilver locks and reverend mien,
At leaſt the courſe of ſeventy years had ſeen.
For Heaven's ſake, youth! conclude the fatal ſtrife,
(The loſt magician ſaid) and take my life.
But ſhe no leſs to ſave his life conſpir'd,
Than he to leave the hated light deſir'd.
Meantime a new deſire poſſeſs'd the dame,
To learn th' enchanter's country, and his name;
And what he by that rocky tower deſign'd,
Built in a wild, to ravage all mankind.
Alas! for no ill purpoſe (thus replies
The old enchanter, mingling tears and ſighs)
On yon ſteep rock I built my ſettled home,
Nor avarice makes me round the country roam;
But fond affection would my ſoul incite,
To ſave from peril great a gentle knight,
Long threaten'd by his ſtars, in Gallia's land
To die a Chriſtian by a treacherous hand.
A youth like this, for looks and courage bold,
Ne'er did the ſun 'twixt either pole behold;
Rogero call'd: his infancy with care
I nurs'd: Atlantes is the name I bear.

Deſir

Deſire of fame, but more his cruel chance,
With Agramant allur'd his ſtep to France:
While I, who love him with a parent's love,
Seek him from France and danger to remove;
For this alone I rais'd the ſtately tower,
To keep Rogero's life from fortune's power;
Where late I kept him priſoner ſafe, and where
I vainly hop'd, alas! yourſelf to bear!
With gallant dames and knights I fill'd the place,
With many others of the nobleſt race;
That, though deny'd to leave this ſafe retreat,
Society might make his bondage ſweet.
Except their freedom, I with care provide
For every want, for every wiſh beſide.
Whate'er the world affords each various coaſt
To give delight, theſe caſtle walls can boaſt:
The ſong, the dance, the coſtly garb, the feaſt;
Whate'er the heart can think, or tongue requeſt!
Well had I ſown, and well the fruits enjoy'd;
But thou art come, and all my works deſtroy'd.
Alas! if like your gentle looks, you bear
A gentle heart, in pity hear my prayer,
That buckler take, which I with joy reſign,
And take that flying ſteed which once was mine.

Or, haſt thou friends in yonder tower confin'd?
Free one, or two; remain the reſt behind.
Nay, all my priſoners, if thou ſeek'ſt, receive,
So thou alone wilt my Rogero leave.
But if, alas! ev'n him thou would'ſt remove;
Before thou lead'ſt to France the youth I love,
Ah! let me by thy pitying ſword be ſlain,
And free this ſpirit from her houſe of pain.
To this the maid—Thy fruitleſs plaints give o'er,
For know I will the captive knight reſtore;
Nor offer ſhield, nor courſer to reſign,
No longer yours, by right of conqueſt mine:
Or were they yours to give, could gifts like theſe
For ſuch a warrior's loſs my mind appeaſe?
For this Rogero is confin'd with care,
T' avoid the threatening influence of his ſtar!
O blind to fate! or, grant you can foreſee,
What human power ſhall alter Heaven's decree?
But if your own near fate you never knew,
Far leſs another's fate your art can view.
Requeſt not death from me; ſuch prayers are vain:
Or if ſincere you ſeek to end your pain;
Though all the world denies, the noble mind
Can from itſelf its own diſmiſſion find.

But firſt ſet wide the caſtle gate with ſpeed,
And let your priſoners all from bonds be freed.
So ſpoke the virgin; and, without delay,
With old Atlantes took her eager way.
Chains of his own the necromancer bind;
The cautious damſel follows cloſe behind;
For, ſtill in doubt, ſome ſecret guile ſhe fear'd,
Though deep ſubmiſſion in his face appear'd.
Now near they came, where on the rocky ſide
Scarce to be ſeen, a narrow cleft ſhe ſpy'd,
By which the ſteps, in windings from the mead,
To the high ſummit of the mountain lead.
Atlantes from the threſhold mov'd a ſtone,
Where myſtic ſigns and characters were ſhown:
Beneath were veſſels, whence was ſeen expire
Sulphureous ſmoke that came from hidden fire.
All theſe the ſorc'rer broke; and ſudden grew
The country deſart, comfortleſs to view!
As oft from nets the thruſhes take their flight,
So ſwift the necromancer flew from ſight:
At once with him, diſſolv'd to empty air,
The vaniſh'd caſtle left the mountain bare.
Surpris'd, themſelves the knights and ladies found
From ſtately rooms remov'd to open ground:

While

While many view'd their preſent ſtate with pain,
And wiſh'd for pleaſing ſlavery again,
Gradaſſo, Sacripant were there to ſee:
The knight Praſildo too, from priſon free,
Who with Rinaldo came from eaſtern lands;
Iroldo, join'd with him in friendly bands.
Here noble Bradamant with joy perceiv'd
Her lov'd Rogero, him for whom ſhe griev'd;
Who, when he ſaw the beauteous maid, expreſs'd
The grateful tranſports of an amorous breaſt;
As one he valu'd, to his ſoul more dear
Than golden beams of light, or vital air,
Ere ſince the day, the fair her helm unbound,
And in her lovely head receiv'd a wound.
Each other night and day they ſought in vain,
Nor till this bliſsful hour could meet again.
Now when with longing eyes Rogero view'd
Where ſhe, his lov'd, his fair deliverer ſtood,

Ver. 283. —*Praſildo*——285. *Iroldo*,—] Chriſtian knights in Boyardo's poem, who had been impriſoned with Rinaldo, Dudon, and others, in a caſtle in the eaſt, and being afterwards delivered, ſet out with Rinaldo for France, to the aſſiſtance of Charlemain, and are here ſuppoſed to have been taken priſoners by Atlantes.

Ver. 292. *Ere ſince the day*.—] See General View of BOYARDO's Story.

So

So vaſt a pleaſure fill'd his raviſh'd mind,
He deem'd himſelf the happieſt of mankind.
From ſhameful bondage freed, the warriors came,
Where in the valley ſtood the conquering dame:
And where the wondrous courſer they beheld,
Who bore the buckler in the veil conceal'd.
The damſel now to ſeize his reins eſſay'd,
And, till ſhe nearer drew, the courſer ſtay'd;
But ſoon he ſpreads his wings, and ſpurns the plain;
Then, at a little diſtance, lights again.
Eager ſhe follows, where ſhe ſees the ſteed
Now here, now there deſcending on the mead.
Thus, on the ſandy ſhore, in mazy rounds,
The wily crow the ſpaniel's ſearch confounds.
Gradaſſo, Sacripant, Rogero try'd;
Alike each knight his ſeveral art apply'd;
Some on the hills, ſome planted on the plain,
As beſt they thought the winged ſteed to gain;
But he (when firſt he had the warriors led
Up the rough paths to every mountain head,
And in the marſhy vales beneath convey'd)
At length beſide Rogero gently ſtay'd.
This was Atlantes' work, whoſe aged breaſt
A thouſand anxious boding fears oppreſs'd,

Whe

Who oft had rack'd his thoughts with pious care
To ſave Rogero from his fatal ſtar.
For this he bids the griffin-horſe alight,
To bear from Europe's climes the youthful knight.
Rogero thought to lead him on the way,
But the ſteed, ſtopping ſhort, refus'd t' obey.
From good Frontino then he leaps with ſpeed,
(Frontino was the champion's generous ſteed)
He dares the ſtrong-plum'd courſer to beſtride,
And claps his goring rowels in his ſide;
Who runs awhile, till riſing from the plain,
He ſpurns the ground beneath and ſoars amain.
So when the maſter lets the falcon fly,
At once he ſees his prey, and ſhoots along the ſky.
The maid, alarm'd, beheld with ſhuddering ſight,
Her dear Rogero in this dangerous plight:
Such various paſſions in her boſom wrought,
She ſeem'd awhile depriv'd of ſenſe and thought.
What ſhe of youthful Ganymede had heard,
To heaven, by Jove's almighty will preferr'd,

Ver. 328. — *Frontino* —] The horſe which Brunello ſtole from Sacripant, and gave to Rogero.

See General View of BOYARDO's Story.

She doubts may prove of her Rogero true,
Whoſe equal graces charm'd the gazer's view.
His courſe ſhe follows through the diſtant ſkies,
While yet his courſe ſhe reaches with her eyes;
Even when the diſtance leaves her ſight behind,
She follows ſtill, and views him in her mind.
Her tender boſom heaves with labouring ſighs,
While ceaſeleſs ſorrows trickle from her eyes.
But when her lover long in vain ſhe mourn'd,
Her looks upon his gallant ſteed ſhe turn'd,
Then, parting, took Frontino by the rein,
In hopes to give him to his lord again.
Meantime the monſter flew, nor knew the knight
To rule the reins, or ſtop his rapid flight.
He ſees the face of earth decreas'd in ſhow,
And every lofty ſummit left below;
So far remov'd, no more his eye deſcries
Where the vales ſink, or where the mountains riſe.
But when the ſteed had gain'd ſo vaſt a height,
He ſeem'd a little ſpot to mortal ſight,
He ſteer'd his courſe, to where in weſtern ſtreams
The ſun deſcends, when Cancer feels his beams.
He cuts his airy way; as veſſels ſail
On proſperous ſeas before the driving gale.

But let him go, and well his voyage ſpeed,
While to Rinaldo muſt the tale proceed.

Rinaldo that, and all th' enſuing day,
Was driven by tempeſts o'er the watery way:
From morn till eve the wind unceaſing blew:
Now to the weſt, and now the north they drew;
At laſt upon the ſhore of Scotland light,
Where Caledonia's foreſt roſe to ſight,

That

Ver. 366. *But let him go,*—] He returns to Rogero, B. vi. ver. 111. and to Bradamant, B. vii. ver. 212.

Ver. 373. — *Caledonia's foreſt* —] The foreſt of Caledonia, famous for its dreary ſolitudes, was the ſcene of the exploits of many of the knights errant, of which ſuch fabulous accounts are given in the books of chivalry of thoſe times: of theſe knights, the principal were the five following mentioned by our author.

Triſtram, ſon of Meliadis, king of Leonis, and one of the firſt of the errant knights ſworn at the round table. Marco, king of Cornwall, having engaged to marry Iſotta, daughter of king Languines, ſent his nephew Triſtram to Ireland, to fetch over the bride. Iſotta's mother, having prepared an enchanted potion to make her daughter beloved by her huſband, had entruſted it to a confidente, when it happened, that Triſtram and Iſotta, in the voyage, taſted of the potion, and became violently enamoured of each other. King Marco, having ſome time afterwards ſurpriſed the lovers together, ſnatched up Triſtram's lance,

which

That midſt its ancient oaks was wont to hear
The riven target, and the ſhiver'd ſpear:
Here once were ſeen, beneath theſe ſhades rever'd,
Each errant-knight in Britain's combats fear'd:

From

which ſtood without the chamber, and ſlew him therewith: upon which Iſotta fell on the body, and expired. Triſtram's companion was,

Launcelot, a knight alſo ſworn of the round table, and ſon of Bando, king of Benoich: he was deeply in love with queen Guenever, wife to king Arthur, and no leſs beloved by her: after her death, he became a hermit. Launcelot was deceived by a daughter of king Piſcatore, who, ſeeing his paſſion for the queen, by a crafty wile lay with him in her ſtead, and had by him a ſon called,

Galaſſo, who being created a knight by his father, was the firſt that ſate in the chair of Merlin: he is ſaid to have obtained the holy veſſel, in which our Saviour eat with his diſciples; and was reputed a ſaint.

Arthur, was the ſon of Uther Pendragon, king of England: Jeffery of Monmouth informs us, that Uther Pendragon fell in love with Igerne (or Jogerne) the wife of Gorlois, prince of Cornwall. In the abſence of Gorlois, Merlin, by his magic, transformed Uther into the likeneſs of Jordan, a familiar friend of Gorlois, himſelf aſſuming the figure of one Bricel; by means of which artifice Uther enjoyed Igerne, and begot king Arthur, who is ſaid to have been the greateſt king that ever lived: he was ſo renowned a warrior, that he ſlew with his own hand four hundred and ſixty men in battle, and added other kingdoms to his own: he wore a golden helmet, with a dragon for his creſt; thus Spenſer in his Fairy Queen:

His

From regions far and near, well known to fame,
From Norway, Germany, and Gallia came
Each gallant chief, who nobly ſcorn'd his life,
Where death or conqueſt crown'd the glorious ſtrife!

Here

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightneſs and great terror bred,
For all the creſt a dragon did enfold
With greedy paws. —— B. i. C. vii.

On his ſhield was engraved the effigies of the virgin Mary: he bore a lance of uncommon ſize and weight, with which he ſlew his ſon Mordites, who had rebelled againſt him, and lay in ambuſh to aſſaſſinate him; hence Dante ſays:

Con eſs' un colpo per le man d'Artù.
With this a blow from Arthur's hand——

This prince was the firſt that eſtabliſhed the order of the round table, with ſo many famous knights: his end is uncertain; ſome ſay, that he received his mortal wound in fighting againſt his traiterous nephew Mordred; but the old Welch bards had a ſtrange tradition, that he was not dead, but would return after a time, and reign in as great authority as ever.

Galvano, (or Gawaine) there were two of this name, one the nephew of Arthur, a man of great valour, and one of the round table: the other was under Amadis de Gaule: they were both great knights, and atchieved many adventures. On the beach of the ſea, near Milford-haven, is a natural rock ſhaped into a chapel, which tradition reports to have been

Here Triſtram mighty deeds perform'd of old,
Galaſſo, Launcelot, and Arthur bold,
Galvano brave; with more that titles drew
Both from the ancient table, and the new;
Knights, who have left to ſpeak their valiant mind,
More than one trophy of their worth behind.
Rinaldo arms, his ſteed Bayardo takes,
And landing on the ſhore, the ſea forſakes:
He bids the pilot Berwick ſpeed to gain,
And there till his arrival to remain.
Without a ſquire the fearleſs knight pervades
The gloomy horror of thoſe dreary ſhades;

been the burying-place of Sir Gawaine, the nephew of Arthur." See PORCACCHI, WARTON's, and UPTON's notes on Spenſer, &c.

Ver. 385. — *the ancient table, and the new*;] "The round table was not peculiar to the reign of king Arthur, but was common in all the ages of chivalry. Any king was ſaid to "hold a round table," when he proclaimed a tournament attended with ſome peculiar ſolemnities." See Reliques of Ancient Poetry, Vol. i. p. 35.

Ver. 392. — *the knight pervades*] This paſſage has more the air of the old romances than moſt parts of the poem: A prince, ſent from his ſovereign on an embaſſy to a foreign power, being landed near a foreſt, inſtead of taking the neareſt way to execute his commiſſion, wanders up and down in ſearch of adventures: however, the reader may perhaps be tempted to overlook this inconſiſtency for the ſake of the epiſode thereby introduced.

Now here, now there, as moſt he hop'd to find
Adventures of a new and dreadful kind.
The firſt day brought him to an abbey fair,
Whoſe wealth was ſpent with hoſpitable care,
Beneath its roof reception to provide
For knights and dames that through the foreſt ride.
The monks and abbot with a friendly grace,
Welcom'd the brave Rinaldo to the place;
Who now enquir'd (but not till grateful food
Had cheer'd his ſpirits and his ſtrength renew'd)
How in the compaſs of that ſavage ground,
Adventures ſtrange by wandering knights were found.

He might (they anſwer'd) 'midſt the woods eſſay
A thouſand perils in the lonely way;
But, as the place, ſo were the deeds conceal'd,
And ſeldom to the wondering world reveal'd.
Far rather go (they cry'd) where done in ſight,
Your actions may be view'd in open light:
Where after toil and danger follows fame,
With ready trump your praiſes to proclaim.
But if indeed your honour you regard,
Then hear the nobleſt enterprize prepar'd,
That ever yet, in ancient times or new,
A courteous warrior could in arms purſue.

Our monarch's daughter needs a gallant knight,
In her defence to wage a ſingle fight
Againſt a lord (Lurcanio is his name)
Who ſeeks to ſpoil her of her life and fame.
He to her father has accus'd the maid,
(Perhaps by hatred more than reaſon ſway'd)
That ſhe receiv'd, confeſt before his ſight,
A lover at her window in the night.
Her crime in flames ſhe expiates by the laws,
Unleſs a champion riſes in her cauſe
Within a month, (now haſtening to an end)
Her life againſt th' accuſer to defend.
The cruel laws of Scotland's realm decree
That every maid, of high or low degree,
Accus'd of yielding to th' alluring fire
Of lawleſs love, in torment ſhall expire:
Nor ought can ſave the wretched damſel's life,
Unleſs ſome warrior dare the generous ſtrife.
The king, who for Geneuras' ſafety fears,
(Such is the name his hapleſs daughter bears)
Proclaims through every city, far and near,
That he who dares in her defence appear,
Whoſe arm ſhall lay her proud accuſer low,
(If he his birth to noble parents owe)

Shall for his bride the royal maid receive,
With ſuch a dower as fits a prince to give.
A deed like this ſhould more your ſword demand,
Than wandering thus amid the foreſt land.
You will the flower of beauteous dames obtain,
'Twixt diſtant India and th' Atlantic main;
With power and wealth, and knighthood's envy'd praiſe,
To crown with bleſſings all your future days.
Our king ſhall fix on you his ſovereign grace,
Whoſe arm preſerv'd the honour of his race.
Yet more, the law of chivalry demands,
To ſave from infamous and treacherous hands
A maid, who, by the world's conſent, may claim
Among the chaſteſt minds the foremoſt name.
Rinaldo mus'd awhile, then made reply:
And muſt a damſel be condemn'd to die
Becauſe ſhe circled in her yielding arms,
And kindly bleſs'd her lover with her charms?
Accurſt be thoſe that could ſuch laws procure!
Accurſt be thoſe that ſtill ſuch laws endure!
Let cruel virgins rather ceaſe to live,
Not thoſe who life to faithful lovers give:
Nor aſk I now if with conſenting ear,
Geneura deign'd her ſuitor's vows to hear;

In

In her defence ſhall all my force be try'd:
Procure me ſpeedily a ſkilful guide;
And give me but th' accuſer's face to ſee,
I truſt, in heaven, to ſet Geneura free.
I mean not now (what truth perchance denies)
T' affirm that guiltleſs of the deed ſhe dies;
But mean to ſhow what madneſs fill'd his mind,
Who firſt devis'd this law for woman-kind,
When man to multitudes his love diſplays,
Nor meets alone impunity, but praiſe.
And ſoon I hope, in heaven, to prove the wrong,
To ſuffer tamely ſuch an act ſo long.
The reſt with good Rinaldo deem'd the ſame,
While all agreed their anceſtors to blame:
Nor could the king eſcape from cenſure free,
Whoſe juſtice ne'er revers'd the harſh decree.
Soon as the roſy morn, with ſplendor bright,
Reveal'd the hemiſphere of riſing light,
Rinaldo arm'd, and mounted on his ſteed,
He took a truſty ſquire the way to lead;
Then left the abbey, and his courſe purſu'd,
For many miles along the gloomy wood,
To ſeek the city deſtin'd for the ſtrife,
On which depended fair Geneura's life.

To make the ſhorter way, they chanc'd to take
A path more lonely, and the road forſake.
When near at hand they hear a ſcreaming ſound,
The foreſt echoes to the noiſe around,
One ſpurs Bayardo, t' other ſpurs his ſteed,
To reach the valley whence the cries proceed.
Betwixt two men a damſel there was ſeen,
Who diſtant ſeem'd of fair and comely mien;
But ne'er before did dame or damſel ſhow
Looks more depreſt with anguiſh or with woe.
On either ſide the ruffians ready ſtood
With naked ſwords to dye the ground with blood;
While ſhe with prayers and many a flowing tear,
Did for awhile the dreadful ſtroke defer.
Rinaldo comes, and when the fair he ſpies,
He haſtens to her aid with threatening cries.
Soon as the murderers ſaw th' approaching knight,
At once they turn'd their backs in ſudden flight;
Through the dark vale precipitate they flew;
Nor would the Paladin their ſteps purſue,
But, drawing nigh the damſel, ſought to hear
Her deep diſtreſs, and whence her death ſo near;
Then, for diſpatch, commands the ſquire to bear
Behind him, on their way, the weeping fair;

While,

While, as they rode, he better mark'd her face,
Her beauteous features, and her pleaſing grace
That ſavour'd of a court; though ſtill appear
Upon her troubled looks the marks of fear.
Again Rinaldo aſk'd, what cruel fate
Had ſo depreſt her to this wretched ſtate?

She then, with lowly voice, began to tell
What in th' enſuing book we ſhall reveal.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO hears, from Dalinda, the tale of the loves of Ariodantes and Geneura, with the treachery of Polineſſo, who had contrived to blacken the reputation of Geneura, and cauſed her to be openly accuſed of incontinence; in conſequence of which, by the laws of Scotland, ſhe was condemned to death. Rinaldo takes up her cauſe before the king, and enters the liſt with her enemy.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE beaſts, that haunt the wood or graze the plain,
Or tame or ſavage, mutual peace maintain;
But if ſometimes they chance to mix in war,
The generous males with females never jar:
The ſhe-bear from the other never flies,
The lioneſs beſide the lion lies:
The ſhe-wolf with her mate ſecurely lives,
Nor the bull terror to the heifer gives.
What ſtrife, or what Megæra has poſſeſt
The deep receſſes of the human breaſt,
That oft the huſband and the wife engage
In wordy conflict; oft with impious rage,

Againſt

Againſt each other aim the vengeful blow,
While guſhing tears the genial bed o'erflow;
Nor tears alone, but ſome, by fury led,
In crimſon ſtreams the vital current ſhed?

Accurſt is he, and born in evil hour,
Who dares rebel againſt the ſovereign power
Of nature's laws, to ſtrike the weeping fair,
Or from her treſſes rend a ſingle hair:
But he, whoſe breaſt ſuch ſmall remorſe can feel,
T' attempt her life with poiſon, or with ſteel,
I ne'er can deem a man; but, 'ſcap'd from woe,
Some fiend infernal from the realms below.

The two aſſaſſins ſuch we juſtly name,
Driv'n by the brave Rinaldo from the dame;
Whom to that lonely vale their guile betray'd,
To hide their dreadful crime in dreary ſhade:
I left the dame preparing to relate,
The ſecret cauſe of her unhappy ſtate,
To good Rinaldo, her preſerver-knight;
And thus, purſuing, I the tale recite.

The damſel now began: Prepare to hear
Such deeds as never yet have reach'd the ear,

Ver. 33. *The damſel now began:*] There is ſcarcely any part of the poem more ſimple and unadorned than this tale, and which admits of ſo little elevation in an Engliſh verſion.

As

As never ſtain'd the moſt inhuman crew:
Not ſuch Mycenæ, Thebes, or Argos knew!
If yonder ſun that darts his beams around,
Shines more remotely on our native ground,
'Tis doubtleſs that he ſhuns this hated place,
With horror viewing ſuch an impious race.
That men on foes exert their dreadful rage,
Examples have been ſeen in every age;
But that dire mind what ſavage fury ſways,
Who friendſhip's warmth with fiend-like ill repays!
That, undiſguis'd you all the truth may know,
I will from firſt the cauſe impartial ſhow,
Why theſe aſſaſſins did with barbarous ire
Againſt my blooming tender youth conſpire.
Know then, my lord, I yet a girl, was ſent
To court, and to Geneura's ſervice went;
By her receiv'd, I flouriſh'd in her grace,
And in the palace held an honour'd place.
But cruel love my ſtate with envy ſaw,
And ſoon, alas! ſubdu'd me to his law:
He made, of every youth and comely knight,
The duke of Albany my ſole delight.
We hear the ſpeech, we ſee the looks expreſt,
But who can view the ſecrets of the breaſt?

His

His love, avow'd, my boſom firſt inſpir'd
With tender thoughts, with gentle wiſhes fir'd:
So far at length my fond belief was led,
That I receiv'd him to my virgin bed.
Nor that alone; but that receſs I choſe
In which ſometimes the princeſs would repoſe;
In which conceal'd her choiceſt treaſure lies,
A cloſe retreat, remote from vulgar eyes!
There by a gall'ry to the window join'd,
A favour'd friend might eaſy entrance find.
By this I often introduc'd my love,
A ſilken ladder throwing from above.
'Twas thus I did th' enamoured duke receive,
Whene'er Geneura's abſence gave me leave;
Who us'd to change her bed, ſometimes to fly
The burning heat, ſometimes the freezing ſky.
Securely oft we met, and void of fear
Indulg'd our flame, for 'gainſt the palace here
Some lonely ruins ſtood, where night or day
None ever paſs'd his viſits to ſurvey.
For many a month to all the court unknown,
In frequent joys our ſecret hours had flown:
So blind was I, I ne'er diſcover'd yet
That little truth was his, but much deceit;

Though

Though the baſe treaſons of his faithleſs breaſt
Were plainly by a thouſand ſigns expreſt.
At length, without diſguiſe, he durſt confeſs
His cloſe deſign Geneura to poſſeſs:
Nor know I, if his love was then begun,
Or ere he yet my giddy thoughts had won.
Judge, in my boſom if he bore a part,
Or rather, if he rul'd not all my heart;
He own'd his purpos'd ſuit, nor bluſh'd with ſhame
To aſk my friendly aid to win the dame;
But vow'd his ardor feign'd, in hopes alone
To form a near alliance to the throne;
As none, among the nobles of the blood,
Except the king, in rank before him ſtood.
And promis'd, ſhould my counſel e'er enſure
His ſovereign's favour, and the bride ſecure;
The ſervice, ever preſent to his mind,
In ties of gratitude his ſoul ſhould bind:
That I alone, his wife, his friends above,
Should reign th' unrivall'd partner of his love.
I (that his happineſs endeavour'd ſtill,
Nor e'er in thought or deed control'd his will)
Took all occaſions that I ſaw to raiſe
In fair Geneura's ear my lover's praiſe.

Heaven

Heaven knows how truly I employ'd my art
To ſerve him with a juſt and faithful heart!
But vain th' attempt my much-lov'd duke to place
With many a trial in the fair-one's grace.
Another love was kindled in her breaſt,
Another lover all her ſoul poſſeſs'd:
A comely courteous knight had rais'd a flame,
A knight, who from a foreign region came:
He, with his youthful brother, left the port
Of diſtant Italy, for Scotland's court;
Where ſoon in arms ſuch vaſt renown he gain'd,
No ſon of Britain greater praiſe obtain'd:
The king eſteem'd him, and his favour ſhow'd,
By gifts of honour, and of wealth beſtow'd:
Caſtles and towns he gave to his command,
And rank'd him midſt the barons of the land.
This knight the name of Ariodantes bore,
The monarch lov'd him much, his daughter more:
The warrior's valiant deeds with warmth inſpir'd
Her gentle ſoul, but more the lover fir'd:
Since well ſhe knew, for her what flame poſſeſs'd
The gentle Ariodantes' conſtant breaſt.
Her growing paſſion made the virgin hear
My lover's praiſes with averted ear:

The more, to gain his ſuit, with prayers I ſtrove,
The more her hatred roſe and ſpurn'd his love.
I ſooth'd his grief, and oft eſſay'd to make
Th' ambitious duke his vain deſign forſake.
I ſhow'd him how the damſel's ſoul poſſeſt
With Ariodant, for him alone confeſs'd
The darts of love: when Polineſſo heard
(Such was his name) what little hopes appear'd
T' obtain his wiſh, each thought of tender kind
Driv'n from his ſoul, his fierce revengeful mind,
Enrag'd to ſee another favour'd more,
To hate converted what was love before;
Between Geneura, and her favourite knight,
Reſolv'd to kindle rage and jealous ſpite,
And ſo the fire of enmity increaſe,
As ne'er again might be compos'd to peace:
Nor would he truſt with me his treacherous thought,
But counſel only from himſelf he ſought.
At laſt, he thus his ſpeech began to frame:
My dear Dalinda, (thus I'm known by name)
Thou ſee'ſt the tree, though often hewn, will ſhoot
Freſh branches from the new-divided root;
Thus nought can wholly my deſires ſuppreſs,
Though lopt ſo often by their ill ſucceſs;

Yet think not that I prize the haughty dame,
But baffled!—ſcorn'd—my ſoul rejects the ſhame!
This is my will: whene'er by love inſpir'd
We meet, the princeſs to her bed retir'd,
Take every garment that aſide ſhe throws,
And on yourſelf her ornaments diſpoſe:
Like her attempt to dreſs your flowing hair,
Let every geſture feign Geneura's air.
Before the window take your ſilent ſtand,
And let the ladder down with ready hand.
Then will I come, in fancy prepoſſeſt
That you are her you ſeem by mien and veſt:
For well I truſt, while thus myſelf I cheat,
To cure my fond deſire with this deceit.
He ſaid; and I unconſcious ne'er perceiv'd
(So far had love my thoughts of ſenſe bereav'd)
That what he aſk'd, my treacherous lover meant,
With ſecret guile t' effect ſome baſe intent;
But like Geneura cloth'd in veſtment white,
Receiv'd his viſits many a ſecret night;
Nor ſaw the reaſon working in his mind,
Till all had follow'd, which his guile deſign'd.
His purpoſe thus ſecur'd, the wily duke
Aſide th' unwary Ariodantes took;

For

For once they liv'd in friendſhip's ſocial band
Ere fatal rivals for Geneura's hand.
With deep regret I find (he thus addreſs'd
The gentle knight) when ſingled from the reſt,
Amidſt my peers I ſhow'd you moſt regard,
You ſhould ſo ill my partial choice reward.
Full well you know what love (long time declar'd)
With mine Geneura's gentle heart has ſhar'd;
And ſee me now preparing to demand
The maid in marriage from my ſovereign's hand.
Why will you then diſturb my rightful claim?
Why thus indulge a raſh and hopeleſs flame?
I ſwear, had Heaven revers'd our fates, to thee
My juſter choice had left the fair-one free.
It moves me more to view your fruitleſs pain,
(Thus Ariodantes anſwer'd him again)
Since, ere your thoughts aſpir'd to win the dame,
My ſoul had nouriſh'd long the growing flame;
And ne'er could ſympathy more powerful prove,
To join two amorous minds in mutual love.
Why then reſpect not you our friendly band,
Or pay my vows the deference you demand?
Were you beheld with more propitious eyes,
Long ſince had I reſign'd the beauteous prize:

But well I hope the princely maid to wed,
Though your poſſeſſions may be wider ſpread:
Not leſs my deeds by Scotland's king approv'd,
And by his daughter am I more belov'd.
O'erweening confidence (the duke rejoin'd)
Has but deceiv'd thy fond diſtemper'd mind!
Sincere the progreſs of thy love impart,
And, in return, will I diſcloſe my heart.
So he, who in ſucceſs appears to yield,
Shall to his happier rival quit the field.
Whate'er thee ſpeakſt, yon' Heaven I here atteſt,
The tale ſhall ſafe within this boſom reſt;
So ſhalt thou vow, thou never wilt diſcloſe
Whate'er my friendſhip may in thee repoſe.
This ſaid; each other's ſecrets to conceal
They ſwore; then Ariodant began to tell
His love's purſuit, and undiſguis'd diſplay'd
His tender contract with the royal maid;
Who, if the king her ſire her ſuit deny'd,
Vow'd, for his ſake, to ſhun the name of bride.
He urg'd his hopes, by many battles won
In former fields, by trophies yet unknown,
Which ſtill he hop'd in future fields to gain,
For the king's fame and welfare of his reign,

To

To riſe ſo high in rank, the monarch's voice
Should yield his daughter, and confirm her choice.
Behold (he cry'd) the point my love has gain'd,
And none, I deem, has equal grace obtain'd.
I ſeek no other at Geneura's hand,
'Till ſanctify'd by Hymen's holy band:
'Twere vain to aſk her more, whoſe virtuous mind
Leaves every maid in chaſtity behind.
When Ariodantes thus with truth declar'd
How far he deem'd his love might find reward,
Duke Polineſſo, who with guile devis'd
To make Geneura by her knight deſpis'd,
Thus fraudulent purſu'd—Now hear me tell,
How far my happier chance can thine excel.
With thee ſhe feigns, ſhe ſcorns thy hated name,
While with vain hopes ſhe feeds thy boaſted flame;
But better proofs of love to me affords,
Than airy promiſes, and empty words;
Which, under ſecrecy, I ſhall reveal;
Though lady's favours we ſhould ſtill conceal.
No conſcious month revolves, but ſees me led
Full many a night to fair Geneura's bed;
Beholds me claſp her yielding in my arms,
And riot, unconfin'd, in all her charms.

Judge, if thy favours can with mine compare:
Then yield to me, and ſeek ſome kinder fair,
Since love has crown'd my happier fortune there.
'Tis falſe! (thus Ariodant incens'd replies)
Thou haſt defam'd the fair with odious lyes;
And haſt devis'd what thou haſt ſaid, to prove
If ſhallow tales can fright me from my love.
But ſince too much Geneura's fame they ſtain,
It fits, what thou haſt ſpoken, to maintain.
This inſtant will I brand thee, ere we part,
A liar and a traitor in thy heart.
'Twere weak indeed (the duke again reply'd)
A ſtrife like this by combat to decide;
When here I offer, what theſe lips have told,
Thoſe eyes ſhall witneſs, and the truth behold.
At this to ſtagger Ariodant began,
While through his bones a chilling tremor ran;
And but ſome glimmering yet of hope remain'd,
His heart had ſcarce its vital heat retain'd.
His boſom throbb'd, his ſhifting colour fled,
As thus at length with falt'ring words he ſaid:
When you diſcloſe this deed before my ſight,
(Attend me here my ſacred promiſe plight)
Thenceforth I vow to leave Geneura free,
So liberal found to you, ſo harſh to me!

In vain your words my conſtant mind would move,
Unleſs theſe eyes her fatal falſehood prove.
This ſaid, they parted: ſoon was fix'd again
The night my treacherous duke to entertain:
When to complete the ſnare his craft had wrought,
My guileful lover Ariodantes ſought;
And bade him take his ſtand th' enſuing night
Amidſt thoſe ruin'd piles, conceal'd from ſight.
But Ariodantes now in thought began
To doubt that this conceal'd ſome murderous train;
That the falſe duke, by rival hatred ſway'd,
A ſecret ambuſh for his life had laid,
Pretending there a cruel proof to give
Of what his thoughts till then could ne'er conceive.
Yet was he firm to go, but on his guard,
Reſolv'd for all aſſaults to be prepar'd;
That, if the chance requir'd, he bravely might
Withſtand his ambuſh'd enemy in fight.
His brother was a knight of prudence ſound,
Of all the court in arms the moſt renown'd,
Lurcanio call'd, and leſs, with him, he fear'd,
Than if ten others on his ſide appear'd.
This gallant youth he bade his arms prepare,
And led th' adventure of the night to ſhare.

Not that he told the ſecrets of his heart,
For theſe to him, nor none, would he impart.
And now approach'd ſo near the deſtin'd place,
As from the hand a ſtone might fly the ſpace,
He plac'd Lurcanio there, and thus he ſaid:
When need demands, then haſten to my aid;
But till my voice you hear, forbear to move;
Be ſilent, as you prize your brother's love.
Go, fear me not, — (his brother thus reply'd)
Then Ariodantes, parting from his ſide,
Went to th' appointed place, his ſtation took,
And on my window fix'd his anxious look.
Now, from a different part the traitor came,
So ready to pollute Geneura's fame;
Without delay the wonted ſignal made
To me, who little knew what ſnare was laid.
Then in a dreſs Geneura us'd to wear,
Soon as I found my Polineſſo there,
I from th' apartment to the gallery drew,
And ſtood, on ev'ry ſide expos'd to view.
My veſt was white, and richly to behold,
Deck'd all around with coſtly fringe of gold;
A golden net deſcending from my head
With crimſon flowers, was o'er my habit ſpread.

Lurcanio

Lurcanio now, who deem'd with anxious mind
Some ill for Ariodantes' life deſign'd,
And partly by a natural paſſion led,
Deſire of knowing how his fortune ſped,
With wary tread his brother's ſteps purſu'd,
And ſilent near him undiſcover'd ſtood.
Meanwhile I thoughtleſs came: the ſilver moon
Reſplendent on my glittering garments ſhone:
Nor ſeem'd I much unlike the royal fair,
In outward perſon, or in borrow'd air;
And both the brethren, by the duke deceiv'd,
The well-concerted fraud for truth believ'd.
Judge at that time what cruel pangs poſſeſs'd
The wretched Ariodantes' tortur'd breaſt.
Now Polineſſo comes, and full in ſight
Receives the ladder, and aſcends the height.
Then, thinking none beheld what fondly paſs'd,
Around his neck my eager arms I caſt,
And, as I ever had my duke careſs'd,
With many a tender kiſs his lips I preſs'd,
Which he with warmth return'd: th' unhappy knight,
Who ſtood ſpectator of this hated ſight,
So deeply ſunk beneath the load of grief,
His ſoul reſolv'd from death to ſeek relief;

Then

Then drew the ſword, deſpairing, from his ſide,
And to his breaſt the fatal point apply'd.
Lurcanio (who ſurpris'd my lover view'd
Aſcend the gallery where diſguis'd I ſtood,
But knew not for the duke) advanc'd with ſpeed,
Soon as he ſaw his brother's frantic deed,
And ſeizing haſtily his furious hand,
From his raſh act the hapleſs knight reſtrain'd:
Had he been more remote, or longer ſtay'd,
In vain, alas! had prov'd his pious aid.
Ah wretched, ſenſeleſs brother! (thus he cry'd)
What rage has turn'd your better thoughts aſide?
Thus for a woman is your death deſign'd?
All falſe, as clouds that flit before the wind!
Far rather let her die, her ſex's ſtain!
But for a nobler end your life retain.
Before this crime ſhe juſtly claim'd your love;
But now ſhe ſhould alone your hatred move;
Since your own eyes have witneſs'd to her ſhame,
And ſeen how low ſhe proſtitutes her fame.
Then let thoſe arms, againſt yourſelf employ'd,
Before the king her ſire her fate decide.
When Ariodantes ſees his brother nigh,
He ſeeks no longer on his ſword to die;

With

With ſeeming calm he veils his ſecret pains,
But ſtill his former purpoſe fix'd remains.
Departing thence, he with him bears the ſmart
That gives no eaſe to his diſtracted heart.
Next morning early he the court forſook,
(Nor leave of brother, or of friends he took)
None but Lurcanio and the duke could know
The cauſe that made him thus his home forego;
While of his abſence, in the royal court,
And o'er the land, was various the report.
Eight days elaps'd, at length a pilgrim came
With mournful tidings to the princely * dame,
That Ariodantes in the ſea was loſt:
Not by the Eaſtern wind, or Boreas toſt,
But that himſelf his own deſtruction found,
And leaping headlong in the waves, was drown'd.
Ere this laſt fatal act (the ſtranger ſaid)
He thus beſpoke me, there by fortune led:
" Draw near, my friend, and be Geneura told
" The hidden cauſe of what you now behold:
" Tell her 'tis this, theſe eyes too much have ſeen,
" Ah! happy, if theſe eyes had never been!"
By chance we then upon a mountain ſtood
That tow'rds Hibernia bellies o'er the flood.

* GENEURA.

Soon

Soon as he ceas'd to ſpeak, I ſaw him leap
From the high rock, and plunge into the deep.
Him in the ſea I left; and now I come
To bring the tidings of his hapleſs doom.
Half dead with grief the news Geneura heard;
A ſudden paleneſs on her face appear'd.
O Heaven! what did ſhe, and what words ſhe ſaid,
When laid in private on her faithful bed!
She ſtrikes her boſom, and her garment tears,
She rends with cruel hands her golden hairs;
Repeating oft what, with his lateſt breath,
Sad Ariodantes nam'd his cauſe of death;
That the ſtrange iſſue of his fate was ſuch,
His eyes in hapleſs hour had ſeen too much!
Soon was the fame o'er all the kingdom ſpread,
Of Ariodantes thus untimely dead.
Not with dry eyes the king his loſs ſurvey'd;
While pious tears each knight and lady paid.
At theſe unhappy tidings, o'er the reſt
Heart-piercing anguiſh fill'd his brother's breaſt;
By ſuch example oft his ſoul inclin'd
To die, and be at leaſt in death conjoin'd;
This many a time returning to his thought,
That falſe Geneura ſuch deſtruction wrought.

At

At length revenge ſo far poſſeſs'd his mind,
So far did rage and grief his reaſon blind,
That he the royal grace no longer priz'd,
But the king's hatred, and the land's deſpis'd.
The peers aſſembled now, the time he took
T' addreſs the throne, and thus indignant ſpoke.
  Attend, my lord! while I the cauſe relate
That urg'd my brother to his hapleſs fate.
Your daughter's was the crime: 'twas ſhe diſtreſs'd
With deep affliction Ariodantes' breaſt.
He lov'd the princeſs; (why ſhould I conceal,
Or bluſh ſo pure a paſſion to reveal?)
And hop'd at length t' obtain her for his bride,
By numerous virtues, and by ſervice try'd.
But while the baſhful lover thus receives
The modeſt odor of the diſtant leaves,
He ſees another to the tree aſcend,
And from the boughs the blooming fruitage rend.
  He ſaid, and inſtant to the king diſplay'd
The ſeeming crime, ſo late to ſight betray'd,
Atteſting that himſelf beheld the dame
Receive the ſecret partner of her ſhame;
A wretch unknown, that veil'd in dark diſguiſe
Conceal'd his perſon from obſerving eyes:

Concluding,

Concluding, that he ſtood in fight prepar'd
To prove the truth of all his tongue declar'd.
Judge if the father ſtruck with grief appear'd,
When he this fatal accuſation heard;
Both with the tale ſurpriz'd, and that he knew
Unleſs to her defence ſome warrior drew
To give Lurcanio in the field the lye,
He muſt his deareſt child condemn to die.
Our laws, my lord! have doubtleſs reach'd your ear,
Where every damſel is by doom ſevere
Condemn'd to certain death, who yields her charms
To any other but a huſband's arms:
Unleſs ſome knight th' accuſer dares to brave,
And from her threaten'd fate the damſel ſave.
The king has caus'd his heralds to proclaim,
(As deeming falſehood wrongs Geneura's fame)
That he who clears her honour from the ſtain,
The royal maid, with princely gifts, ſhall gain.
As yet no champions in her cauſe appear,
Each views his fellow's face with marks of fear;
In arms ſo dreadful is Lurcanio's might,
That all, with terror, ſeem to ſhun the fight.
Her cruel fortune adds this ſorrow more,
Her abſent brother treads a foreign ſhore,

The

The brave Zerbino, who in field diſplays
Such deeds as merit ever-during praiſe:
But could he hear in time her dangerous ſtate,
How would he fly t' avert his ſiſter's fate!

The monarch, who would all his thoughts employ
By other means, than arms, the truth to try,
Secur'd ſome damſels of Geneura's train
In hopes the fatal ſecret to explain;
And hence I dreaded, if myſelf were caught,
The duke and I in danger might be brought.
That night, in fear, the palace I forſook,
And, privately withdrawing, ſought the duke:
Declar'd how much to both it might import
That I without delay ſhould quit the court.
He prais'd my prudence; promis'd to provide
A ſafe aſylum where I might reſide;
Appointing two, to guide me through the wood,
Where near, he ſaid, his lonely fortreſs ſtood.

Reflect, ſir knight, if acts like mine ſhould prove
To Polineſſo marks of faithful love;
Then ſay, that maids muſt ever hope in vain
For tender love to be belov'd again.

This cruel, perjur'd, and ungrateful man,
At length to doubt my conſtant faith began;

And

And fearing leſt I ſhould at length reveal
The treacherous act he labour'd to conceal;
He feign'd I ſhould awhile from court retire,
Apart to ſhun the king's impending ire;
And ſent me thence to this remote retreat,
Here, not my ſafety, but my death to meet.
For ſecretly he gave my guides command,
Soon as their ſteps had reach'd this foreſt-land,
To take my life — lo! how my faith was paid!
Too well his dire command had been obey'd,
Had not my cries ſo timely reach'd your ears:
Behold how Love his votaries prefers!

Thus to the Paladin Dalinda told
Her mournful tale, while ſtill their way they hold;
And if before he meant t' aſſiſt the dame,
When juſt ſuſpicion ſeem'd to tax her fame;

Ver. 504. *Thus to the Paladin* —] See Shakeſpear's Much Ado About Nothing, where the circumſtances of the plot, ſo far as relate to Claudio and Hero, are very ſimilar to this ſtory of Ariodantes and Geneura: but one of our laſt new tragedies, called The Law of Lombardy, is more immediately built on the incidents of Arioſto's fable. This ſtory of Geneura was imitated by Melain de Gelais, a French poet, about 1572. Another tale was written on the ſame ſubject, entitled, Conte de l'Infante Geneure fille du roy d'Ecoſſe, 1556.

More

More earneſt now his boſom's zeal appear'd,
When thus the cruel calumny he heard.
Then tow'rds St. Andrew's town with eager haſte
Rinaldo with the ſquire and damſel paſs'd;
The king and court were there; and there the ſtrife
Muſt ſoon decide his daughter's death or life.

As nearer to the neighbouring town they drew,
They found a ſquire who gave them tidings new;
That a ſtrange champion there in armour came,
Who undertook to clear Geneura's fame;
Unknown his cuiraſs, and unknown his ſhield,
His name and lineage from his ſquire conceal'd;
For ſince he firſt appear'd, he ne'er expos'd
His face to view, but wore his beaver clos'd.
This heard, Rinaldo ſwift his way purſu'd,
And ſoon the city and the gates he view'd.
There ſeem'd Dalinda ſore oppreſs'd with fear,
Till brave Rinaldo's words her ſpirits cheer:
Obſerving how the gates were cloſely barr'd,
He aſk'd the cauſe, and thus reply'd the guard:
That thence the crowds were fled to view the fight
Between Lurcanio and a ſtranger-knight,
Which, diſtant, on a ſpacious plain they wag'd,
And that the combatants were then engag'd.

None here Rinaldo's eager courſe oppos'd;
The porter open'd, and the gate re-clos'd:
Through the void city paſs'd the gallant knight;
But, by the way, he made the dame alight;
And bade her wait the iſſue of the fight.

Impatient thence he haſtens to the field,
Where the two knights their wrathful weapons wield;
Who many blows had giv'n on either part:
There fought Lurcanio with revengeful heart
Againſt Geneura; while on t'other hand
The ſtranger's courage well her cauſe maintain'd.
With theſe, ſix warriors in the liſts appear
On foot; the cuiraſs on their breaſt they wear.
The duke of Albany there takes his place,
Upon a gallant ſteed of generous race:
To him, as to high conſtable, they yield
To keep the order of the liſted field.
Fierce were his looks, exulting in his thought,
To ſee Geneura in ſuch danger brought.

Through the thick preſs Rinaldo forc'd his way;
No multitudes Bayardo's courſe could ſtay:
Thoſe, who the tempeſt of his coming found,
Appear'd not ſlow to give the courſer ground.
Rinaldo, eminent above the reſt,
Appear'd the flower of chivalry confeſt:

Till,

Till, near the king arriv'd, his courſe he ſtay'd;
All liſtening round to hear the words he ſaid.
My noble lord, (the champion thus began)
The hands of yonder combatants reſtrain.
Whoe'er ſhall periſh in the doubtful ſtrife,
Muſt undeſerv'd reſign a noble life.
One thinks himſelf by juſtice only led,
But treaſon o'er his ſenſe a miſt has ſpread:
That fatal error which his brother ſlew,
Himſelf to brave the dangerous combat drew:
The other knows not yet if wrong or right
Attend his cauſe, but iſſues to the fight,
The courteous proweſs of his arms to try,
Rather than let ſuch matchleſs beauty die.
Lo! here I come to give the guiltleſs aid,
Avenging on the traitor, the betray'd:
But firſt, bid each awhile his rage forbear,
Then audience give to what I ſhall declare.
The king was mov'd with what Rinaldo ſaid,
Both by his words and noble preſence ſway'd;
Then, ſtretching out his hand, commands the peace,
And bids awhile the combatants to ceaſe.
When to the king, and barons of the land,
The knights, and populace on either hand,

Rinaldo all the ſubtle ſnare diſplay'd
By Polineſſo for Geneura laid.
The tale explain'd, he offer'd with his ſword
Ev'n there to prove the truth of every word.
Now Polineſſo, ſummon'd to the place,
Appear'd with deep confuſion in his face;
But yet with boldneſs he the fact deny'd:
Soon ſhall we (ſaid Rinaldo) this decide.
Thus, ready arm'd, the liſt prepar'd in view,
They both, without delay, to combat drew.
What tranſport to the king, and all the land,
To hear Geneura's innocence maintain'd!
Each hop'd, that God would openly proclaim
How falſehood had defac'd her ſpotleſs name.
The duke was known for every treacherous art,
Unjuſt, and cruel, fraudulent of heart,
That none could wonder ſuch a villain's mind,
A ſnare ſo horrid and ſo black deſign'd!
Now Polineſſo ſtands with fear confeſt,
With bloodleſs viſage, and with panting breaſt.
Thrice ſounds the trump, and at the warning blaſt,
His lance in reſt the trembling traitor plac'd.
On t'other hand Rinaldo came, and try'd
At one fierce courſe the conflict to decide.

Nor

Nor err'd the weapon from the knight's intent,
But through the traitor's panting boſom went:
Pierc'd through and through, he, by the dreadful force,
Was borne to earth ſix feet beyond his horſe.
Rinaldo now diſmounts; and, as he lies,
Swift from the helpleſs wretch his helm unties.
But he, unable more to wage the war,
For mercy then prefers his humble prayer;
And to the king, and court on every ſide,
Confeſs'd the fraud for which he juſtly dy'd.
While yet with weak and faltering words he ſpoke,
His utterance fail'd, and life his limbs forſook.
The king rejoic'd his much-lov'd child to ſee
From threaten'd death, and ignominy free.
Not with ſuch tranſport (had ſome hoſtile power
Driv'n him an exile from his native ſhore)
Had he his crown regain'd; and hence he gave
Diſtinguiſh'd honours to Rinaldo brave.
But when, his helmet rais'd, he knew the knight,
(A face before no ſtranger to his ſight)
With lifted hands his thanks to Heaven he paid,
That ſent ſo fam'd a champion to his aid.
The knight, who firſt t' aſſiſt Geneura came,
(Unknown to all his country and his name)

Who, arm'd in her defence, had ſought the field,
Remain'd apart; and all that paſs'd, beheld.
But now the king deſir'd his name to know,
And begg'd him from his caſque his face to ſhow;
That as his generous purpoſe claim'd regard,
He might with royal gifts ſuch worth reward.
At length, with much entreaty, from his head
He rais'd his helmet, and to ſight diſplay'd
What in th' enſuing book we ſhall reveal,
If grateful to your ear appears my tale.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

The concluſion of the ſtory of Geneura. Rogero is carried by the flying-horſe to Alcina's iſland, where he finds a knight turned into a myrtle, who gives him an account of his transformation, and warns him to ſhun the wiles of the ſorcereſs. Rogero engages in combat with a troop of monſters, who oppoſe his paſſage from the city of Alcina; and is afterwards accoſted by two ladies belonging to her palace.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

MOST wretched man, who hopes in long diſguiſe
To veil his evil deeds from mortal eyes!
Though all were ſilent elſe, the ſounding air,
The conſcious earth his treſpaſs ſhall declare:
Th' Almighty oft in wiſdom ſo provides,
The ſin to puniſhment the ſinner guides,
Who, whilſt he ſtrives t' elude each watchful ſight,
Unheeding brings his lurking guilt to light.
Falſe Polineſſo deem'd his ſtate ſecure,
And all his treaſon from diſcovery ſure;
Dalinda thus remov'd, from whom alone
He deem'd th' important ſecret could be known:

With

With crimes increaſing, to the future blind,
He haſten'd on that fate he ſhunn'd to find;
At once reſigning wealth, the valu'd claim
Of friends, of life, and honour's nobler name!

Now each, impatient, urg'd the ſtranger-knight
To ſhow his face ſo long conceal'd from ſight;
At length he lifted up the helm he wore,
Diſcloſing features oft diſclos'd before:
Then Ariodantes all with joy perceiv'd
Him, for whoſe loſs the realm of Scotland griev'd;
That Ariodantes, whom, by fame miſled,
Geneura and his brother wept for dead;
For whom the king, the court, the people mourn'd;
So brave a knight, with every grace adorn'd!
In this the peaſant's truth appear'd to fail,
Whoſe lips had told the fair that fatal tale:
Yet had his eyes beheld the deſperate knight
Leap headlong from the rocky mountain's height.
But, as it oft befalls the wretch, whoſe grief
Calls death, when diſtant, to his wiſh'd relief;
To quit his purpoſe, when he ſees him near,
So dark and comfortleſs his paths appear:
Thus Ariodantes, plunging in the wave,
With late repentance ſought his life to ſave;

And

And ſtrong of limbs, above the waters bore
His head, and ply'd his arms and ſwam to ſhore.
Now every former thought of death he blam'd,
And ſenſeleſs and unjuſt his fancy nam'd,
Then journey'd on with garments briny wet,
Till in a hermit's cave he ſhelter met;
Reſolv'd awhile in ſecret there to ſtay,
Till time ſhould to his ears the truth convey,
If for his loſs ſuppos'd, Geneura griev'd,
Or if with joy the tidings ſhe receiv'd.
And ſoon he heard ſo far her ſorrows wrought,
As near to death th' unhappy virgin brought;
That ſtern Lurcanio, by reſentment ſway'd,
Had to the king accus'd the guiltleſs maid.
Now fierce his wrath againſt his brother turn'd,
Fierce as before for love his boſom burn'd.
With grief he learnt, that yet no gallant knight
Had ventur'd in Geneura's cauſe to fight:
Lurcanio's wiſdom and his valour known,
All ſeem'd with care the doubtful ſtrife to ſhun;
And thought the youth in ſuch a dangerous ſtrife,
T' aſſert a falſehood ne'er would riſk his life.
But Ariodantes, by deſpair impell'd,
Reſolv'd to meet his brother in the field.

Can I behold (the faithful lover ſaid)
To cruel death my fair Geneura led?
Whom ſtill I muſt my queen and goddeſs prize,
Dear as the light that ſhines before my eyes!
Juſt or unjuſt the cauſe, ſtill let me fly
For her lov'd ſake to conquer or to die.
Yet, ah! too ſure I ſhall the wrong defend;
But be it wrong; my blood the ſtrife ſhall end!
One thought alone in death will give me pain,
That, if I fall, Geneura muſt be ſlain!
This comfort yet remains — 'twill then be prov'd
How well by Polineſſo was ſhe lov'd:
Then may ſhe view her lover's faith diſplay'd,
Who ne'er appear'd to combat in her aid;
While me, whoſe truth ſhe could ſo ill requite,
She ſees, for her defence, thus ſlain in fight.
Lurcanio too his puniſhment ſhall feel,
For having kindled firſt this flame of ill.
Remorſe and grief ſhall rend his tortur'd breaſt,
When all the fatal conflict ſtands confeſt:
When, thinking to revenge his brother's death,
He finds him by his hand depriv'd of breath!
So mus'd the knight; and, having thus decreed,
Procur'd new armour, and a horſe with ſpeed;

His

His ſcarf was black; and round his ample ſhield,
With yellow-green was fring'd the ſable field.
He next receiv'd a ſquire from Fortune's hand
Unknown to all, a ſtranger in the land:
Thus well diſguis'd, with him the knight purſu'd
His way, and arm'd before his brother ſtood.
What follow'd then, my tale before has ſhown,
And how he was for Ariodantes known.

Not leſs the king rejoic'd his face to ſee,
Than his lov'd daughter from her danger free;
And juſtly deem'd he ne'er again could view
A youth in love ſo valiant and ſo true;
Who, when ſuch ſeeming wrongs inflam'd his thought,
With his own brother, in her cauſe, had fought.
Urg'd by his court, and at Rinaldo's prayer
He gave to Ariodant Geneura fair:
Albania's dukedom, which the king again
Receiv'd, the traitor Polineſſo ſlain,
Which could not chance in more propitious hour,
He gave his daughter for her marriage dower.

Ver. 86. *With yellow-green* —] The colour of fading leaves: In chivalry, this colour was worn as a mark of deſperation. So Bradamant wears a ſcarf of the ſame colour. Book xxxii. ver. 325.

Rinaldo

Rinaldo then Dalinda's cauſe embrac'd,
And pardon gain'd for all her errors paſt,
Who, weary'd with the world's unhappy ſtate,
Had vow'd to Heaven her mind to dedicate.
Forſaking Scotland, ſhe to Dacia went,
And there her days in hallow'd cloiſters ſpent.
But now 'tis time to view Rogero's courſe,
Who cuts the ſkies upon the winged horſe.

Though brave Rogero was to fear unbred,
Nor yet the colour from his cheeks had fled;
Full well I dare affirm, his heart muſt quake,
Like trembling leaves that to the breezes ſhake.
He now has left Europa's climes afar,
And paſt a mighty ſpace that region, where
Unconquer'd Hercules, in ages paſt,
His boundary to mariners had plac'd.

Ver. 111. *But now 'tis time* —] He returns again to Rinaldo, in the viiith book.

Ver. 120. *His boundary to mariners* —] The ſtraits of Gibraltar, where Hercules was ſaid to have planted his pillars, as the utmoſt bounds of navigation, the great ocean lying beyond: Thus Taſſo ——

Tempo verrà, che ſian d'Ercole i ſegni.
Favola vile ai naviganti induſtri.

The time will come, when ſailors yet unborn,
Shall name Alcides' narrow bounds in ſcorn.

Jer. Del. B. xv. ver. 220.

The

The Griffin-horſe, a beaſt moſt ſtrange to ſight,
With ſuch a ſtrength of pinion urg'd his flight;
No winged animal of ſwifteſt breed,
Could dare to mate with him in rapid ſpeed:
Nor can we, join'd with him, the bird compare
Whoſe mighty talons Jove's artillery bear.
Not ſwifter ſcarce the glancing lightning flies;
Or vengeful bolt that rends the ſullen ſkies.
At length he ſeems preparing, tir'd with flight,
In airy rings upon an iſle to light:
An iſle like that, where, from her lover fled,
Long time conceal'd within her ſecret bed,
The virgin Arethuſa runs in vain
By a ſtrange courſe beneath the roaring main.
Midſt all his way through ample fields of air,
Rogero had not ſeen a place ſo fair;
Nor had he ſearch'd the vary'd world around,
A more tranſporting clime could e'er have found.
To this the monſter with his rider bends,
And, after many a ſpacious wheel, deſcends.

There cultur'd plains, and graſſy hills appear,
Green meadows, ſhady banks, and waters clear;
Delightful groves where palms and laurels grew,
Cedars, and myrtles, pleaſing to the view:

With flowers and fruits the orange ſtands between;
All intermix'd, a various ſylvan ſcene!
Theſe, with their ſhade, afford a ſafe retreat
From all the burning of meridian heat.
Amid the boughs ſecure, with fluttering wing,
The nightingales with tuneful voices ſing;
While midſt the roſes red, and lilies fair,
For ever nurs'd by kindly Zephyr's care,
The nimble hares, in wanton mazes, play'd;
And ſtately ſtags with branching antlers ſtray'd:
Without the fear of hoſtile hands they ſtood
To crop, or ruminate their graſſy food.
The wild goats frolic; leap the nimble deer;
That in this rural place in troops appear.
Soon as the earth ſo nigh Rogero found,
To reach with ſafety, on th' enamell'd ground
With gladſome heart he leaps, but ſtill detains
His flying courſer by the ſtraiten'd reins;
Till, 'twixt a laurel and a pine-tree plac'd,
He to a verdant myrtle ties him faſt.
Near this a cool and cryſtal fountain flows,
Which fruitful palms and cedars round encloſe.
His helm and buckler here aſide he threw;
And from his hands his warlike gauntlets drew.

Now

Now to the hills he turn'd, and now the ſeas,
Receiving in his face the kindly breeze,
Which gently in the oaks and beeches play'd,
Whoſe waving tops a pleaſing murmur made.
Now in the limpid ſtream he bathes his lips;
And now his hands within the water dips,
To cool his throbbing pulſe, and veins that glow'd
Oppreſt beneath his maſſy armour's load.
Nor was it ſtrange he ſhould ſo fiercely burn,
Who had no little time his cuiraſs worn;
But, thus completely arm'd, had made his way
Three thouſand miles without a moment's ſtay.
Meantime his courſer, that beſide him ſtood
In the cloſe ſhadow of the tufted wood,
Drew ſudden back, impell'd with ſtarting fear,
As from ſome object in the covert near;
But while in vain to looſe his bands he try'd,
He ſhook the myrtle where his reins were ty'd;
Shook with ſuch force, as made the leaves around
Fall from the boughs, and ſtrow in heaps the ground.
As, when by chance a hollow cane is plac'd
Amid the flames by ſlow degrees to waſte,
Soon as the heat has rarify'd the wind
That in its narrow womb remains confin'd,

Hiſſing it raves to be ſo cloſely pent,
Till freed at length the fury finds a vent:
So writh'd with pain th' offended tree appear'd,
Till, groaning, from its bark theſe words were heard.
If pity in your breaſt can entrance find,
As ſure your looks proclaim a courteous mind;

Ver. 196. —*theſe words were heard.*] Spenſer has a ſtory of this kind, where Fadrubio is deſcribed as turned into a tree; on which paſſage Mr. Upton has the following remark.

" I believe that the reader need not be put in mind, that this wonderful tale (ſo well adapted to the genius of romance) is taken from Virgil, where Æneas plucking a bough of myrtle, ſees from the rifte drops of blood trickling down, from whence a piteous voice was heard:

Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood —
O! fly from this inhoſpitable ſhore,
Warn'd by my fate, for I am Polydore.
DRYDEN Æn. B. III. ver. 60.

" 'Tis no wonder, that Arioſto, (who is an allegorical and a moral writer, as well as a romance writer) ſhould copy this tale from Virgil. Rogero, having tied his winged horſe to a myrtle-tree, the ghoſt, which was therein lodged by enchantment, ſpeaks to him and tells him, he was formerly a knight; but by the witchcraft of Alcina, he was transformed into a tree; and that others were changed into various beaſts and other forms; the true image of the man being loſt through ſenſuality."

UPTON's Notes to FAIRY QUEEN, B. i. C. ii.

From

From my torn trunk unbind this monſter's rein:
Enough my own afflictions give me pain!
Nor need, alas! external rage be ſhown
T' increaſe the woes I have already known.
Rogero ſtarted at the vocal ſound,
But when his ears the wondrous ſpeaker found,
Amaz'd he haſten'd and his ſteed unty'd,
His glowing face with fluſhing colour dy'd.
Forgive my crime, whate'er thou art (he ſaid)
Or parted ghoſt, or goddeſs of the ſhade!
Unknowing, that beneath thy rugged rind
Conceal'd, an inmate ſpirit lay confin'd,
I ſuffer'd thus thy leaves to ſtrow the place,
And to thy greens permitted this diſgrace.
But, gracious ſtill, refuſe not to declare
Thy name that doſt ſo ſtrange a body wear,
In which enclos'd a human ſpirit lies;
So Heaven defend thee from inclement ſkies!
If all the power I from above receive
Can eaſe thy ſuffering, or thy woes relieve;
Behold, I promiſe by that virgin fair
Whoſe image in my better part I bear,
I will with word and deed thy cauſe maintain,
As may deſerve thy grateful thanks again.

Rogero ceas'd; and, as the warrior ſpoke,
From head to foot the trembling myrtle ſhook:
Then from the bark exhal'd a dewy ſweat;
Like green wood crackling in the fiery heat.
Thy courteſy (the myrtle thus began)
Perſuades me to reveal my ſecret pain;
Both who I was, and what enchanted power
Transform'd my ſhape upon this fatal ſhore.
A Paladin of France was I, by name
Aſtolpho call'd, and not unknown to fame.
Orlando and Rinaldo (who ſhall grace
With mighty deeds the earth) partake my race;
And, at my father Otho's death, the land
Of England would have fall'n to my command.

Ver. 232. *Aſtolpho call'd*, —] Aſtolpho makes a conſiderable figure in the ORLANDO INNAMORATO, where, in the courſe of his adventures, he is impriſoned by Monodant, a Pagan king, in the eaſt, together with Rinaldo, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Dudon: but theſe knights being afterwards delivered by Orlando, ſet out to go to the aſſiſtance of Charlemain. Aſtolpho, Rinaldo, and Dudon, travelling in company, arrive at the caſtle of Alcina, where Aſtolpho is decoyed from the reſt, in the manner here related by Arioſto.

Ver. 235. — *Otho* —] Arioſto has this tradition of a king of England by the name of Otho, from the romance writers. See the genealogy of the houſe of Clarmont, Book xxiii. ver. 156.

So

So fair was I, that many a damſel ſought
My love, till I my own deſtruction wrought.
Returning from thoſe iſles, around whoſe ſhores,
Remote from hence, the Indian ocean roars;
Where good Rinaldo and myſelf detain'd,
With others long in priſons dark remain'd,
Till we again review'd the joyful light,
Freed by the valiant arm of Brava's knight:
Againſt the weſt, along thoſe ſands we came
That feel the ſouthern heat of Phœbus' flame;
There, as our way and cruel fortune drew,
One morn we chanc'd a ſtately tower to view,
And iſſu'd thence Alcina we eſpy'd
Alone, and ſtanding by the ocean ſide;
Where without hook or net (moſt ſtrange to thought)
Whatever fiſh ſhe pleas'd, to land ſhe brought.

Ver. 244. —— *Brava's knight:*] Orlando, called the knight of Brava.

Ver. 251. — *without hook or net* —] This paſſage is entirely taken from Boyardo: Alcina fiſhing, her deceiving Aſtolpho with the whale which appeared an iſland, &c. may be ſeen in the ORLANDO INNAM. B. ii. C. xiii.

The various fiſhes taken by Alcina, are ſaid to denote the different ranks and conditions of men, that are captivated by vice, and the whale which carries away Aſtolpho, to ſhew that we often forſake ſolid happineſs for fallacious appearances.

At her command, the dolphins left the ſtream;
With open mouths the mighty tunnies came;
The ſea-calves, riſing troubled from their ſleep,
Forſook their beds, and haſten'd from the deep:
Of various forms and ſize, a thouſand more,
In numerous ſhoals came ſwimming to the ſhore.
The monſters of the ſeas, tremendous whales
Above the water ſhow'd their ample ſcales.
Among the reſt a mighty whale we view'd,
The greateſt ſure that ever ſwam the flood,
And, as he lay unmov'd, by looks deceiv'd,
We all the monſter for an iſle believ'd;
So huge he ſeem'd, ſo vaſt a diſtance ſpread
From his broad tail extending to his head!
Alcina drew the fiſhes to the ſhore,
With nought but ſimple words and magic power.
Her, with Morgana, both for ill deſign'd,
One womb produc'd to puniſh human kind.

Now

Ver. 269.—*Morgana,*—] Morgana, a fairy, is a conſiderable perſonage in Boyardo, though but lightly touched upon in Arioſto; the former Poet calls her the Fairy of Riches; ſhe impriſons many knights in her enchanted palace, and among the reſt Rinaldo, Dudon, Praſildo and Iroldo, who are releaſed by the valour of Orlando: ſhe tempts Orlando with the proſpect of riches, which he deſpiſes. Spenſer ſeems to have taken his idea of Mammon's tempting Guion, from

Now on my face ſhe caſt her eager ſight,
And ſeem'd to view my features with delight,
Then ſoon reſolv'd me from my friends to part;
And ah! too well ſhe prov'd her wily art!

For,

from this fiction of Boyardo. Orlando being urged to proſecute an adventure that was to procure him great treaſure, replies:

—— di pericol ſolo e di fatica,
Il cavalier ſi paſce e ſi nutrica:
Speranza d'acquiſtar oro ed argento,
La ſpada non m'aria fatto cavare.

The hardy knight to deeds of glory bred,
Is nurs'd by labour and with danger fed,
Then deem not that I draw the ſword in vain,
The ſilver bright, or gleaming gold to gain.
Berni, ORLANDO INNAM. B. i. C. xxv.

Guion, in Spenſer, makes much the ſame anſwer to Mammon:

Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend,
And low abaſe the high heroic ſpright,
That joys for crowns and kingdoms to contend:
Fair ſhields, gay ſteeds, bright arms be my delight,
Theſe be the riches fit for an adventurous knight.
B. ii. C. vii.

Thus Rogero, in Arioſto, in the preſent book:

—— la cagion ch'io veſto piaſtra e maglia,
Non è per guadagnar terra ne argento.

—— theſe ſhining arms my limbs enfold,
Not lands to conquer or to purchaſe gold.

For, near advancing, with a ſmiling look,
With courteous, ſoft deportment, thus ſhe ſpoke.
Sir knight! if you conſent awhile to ſtay,
And kindly here vouchſafe to paſs the day,
I'll ſhow you, in the progreſs of my ſport,
Of countleſs fiſhes every different ſort;
Some ſoft, ſome hairy, ſome with ſcales all bright,
In number more than are the ſtars of night.
Or if you would a Syren view, whoſe voice
With tuneful muſic makes the waves rejoice,
Hence let us paſs and reach yon neighbouring ſhore
To which ſhe comes at this accuſtom'd hour.
As thus ſhe ſaid, the monſtrous whale ſhe ſhow'd,
Which ſeem'd a little iſland in the flood.
While I, too raſhly (which I now lament)
Believ'd her words, and on the monſter went;
Rinaldo, Dudon, beckon'd, but in vain;
Not all their cares my raſh attempt reſtrain.
Alcina, with a ſmile, my ſteps purſu'd,
And left the two as on the ſtrand they ſtood.

Spenſer, in his deſcription of the riches of Mammon, viſited by Guion, had undoubtedly an eye upon a ſimilar paſſage in Boyardo, where that poet deſcribes at large the ſubterraneous palace of the witch Morgana.

See ORLANDO INNAM. B. ii. C. viii.
See likewiſe Note to Book xix. ver. 272.

The

The whale, inſtructed well in her deſign,
Began to move, and cleave the foamy brine:
Then all too late my folly I deplore,
Soon as I ſee retreat the leſſening ſhore.
Rinaldo leap'd, t' aſſiſt me, in the main,
But ſcarce eſcap'd with life to land again;
For then a furious wind was ſeen to riſe,
That ſwell'd the ſeas, and troubled all the ſkies;
His following fortune ne'er attain'd my ear:
Meantime to diſſipate my growing fear
Alcina gently ſtrove, as all the day,
And next enſuing night, we held our way
Amidſt the waves: at length this iſle we gain,
O'er moſt of which Alcina holds her reign;
Which from her ſiſter ſhe unjuſtly won,
Who claims it, by her father's will, her own;
For ſhe alone was born in marriage bed,
The others of inceſtuous mixture bred.

Ver. 303. *His following fortune* —] Here Boyardo entirely leaves Aſtolpho, and Arioſto takes up the ſtory.

Ver. 309. — *from her ſiſter* —] Logiſtilla: there were three ſiſters, Logiſtilla, Alcina, and Morgana. The allegory here is obvious. Alcina and Morgana repreſent luxury and laſciviouſneſs; Logiſtilla, reaſon or virtue; theſe are continually at war with each other.

As theſe are of a fraudful, impious mind,
And prone to every deed of evil kind;
So does the other chaſtly ſpend her days,
And all her ſoul incline to virtue's ways.
Her ſiſters both conſpire againſt her ſtate;
And many troops have rais'd, with deadly hate,
To drive the virgin wholly from the land,
And have, at times, a hundred caſtles gain'd.
Nor Logiſtilla (ſuch her name) had known
By this, the ſmalleſt portion here, her own;
But that a gulph her kingdom here defends,
And there a mountain's ridgy height aſcends.
Nor yet Alcina and Morgana ceaſe,
Nor let her ev'n poſſeſs this part in peace.
As vice and ſhameful pleaſures fill their breaſt,
The virgin for her virtues they deteſt.
But to return to what myſelf befel,
And how I firſt became a tree, to tell.
Alcina gave me nameleſs charms to taſte,
And all on me her ardent paſſion plac'd:
While in my arms ſuch matchleſs ſweets I preſs'd,
I ſeem'd at once of every joy poſſeſt;
Of every joy, which fortune's hands beſtow
So ſparingly on mortals here below.

France I forgot, each dearer care beſide,
And love alone my amorous thoughts employ'd.
My eyes were fix'd upon her face ſo fair,
While every wiſh began, and center'd there.
Her former lovers ſhe eſteem'd no more,
For many lovers ſhe poſſeſs'd before:
I was her joy, was with her night and day,
And all the reſt my high commands obey,
Mine was her love and mine the ſovereign ſway!
But wherefore do I thus inflame the wound
For which, I fear, no cure can e'er be found?
Why recollect my happy hours, and know
That all my former bliſs is turn'd to woe?
Too late, alas! I found her wavering mind
In love inconſtant as the changing wind!
For ſcarce two months I held the fairy's grace,
When a new youth was taken to my place.
Rejected then, I join'd the baniſh'd herd
That loſt her love, as others were preferr'd:
Leſt theſe o'er various lands and nations ſpread,
Should e'er divulge the ſhameful life ſhe led,
Some here, ſome there, her potent charms reſtrain
In various forms impriſon'd to remain;
In beeches, olives, palms, or cedars clos'd;
Or ſuch, as me you here behold expos'd:

In fountains ſome, and ſome in beaſts confin'd,
As ſuits the wayward fairy's cruel mind.
And you, ſir knight, that in ill hour have found,
By ways uncommon, this enchanted ground;
For whom ſome hapleſs lover muſt be ſpurn'd,
And to a ſenſeleſs ſtone or river turn'd;
You ſhall ſuch pleaſures with Alcina find,
To call yourſelf the happieſt of mankind;
But ſoon the common fate muſt be your own,
Chang'd to a beaſt, a fountain, tree, or ſtone.
Thus have I warn'd you of your dangerous ſtate;
Not that I think you can elude your fate;
But yet, it fits you well inform'd to go,
And part, at leaſt, of her deceits to know.
As different features in the face we find,
So differs too the genius of the mind;
And you, perhaps, ſome ſecret have in ſtore
T' eſcape, what numbers ne'er eſcap'd before.
Rogero, who Aſtolpho knew by fame
The valiant couſin to his beauteous dame,
Much for his ſtrange unheard of fortune mourn'd,
Whoſe form was to a ſenſeleſs myrtle turn'd;
And for her ſake whoſe love his boſom fir'd
T' aſſiſt th' unhappy warrior much deſir'd:

But

But here his power no further aid affords
Than kind conſoling tears, and friendly words;
Yet, all he can! and now he ſeeks to know
If he to Logiſtilla's lands might go,
By any windings over hill or plain,
To ſhun the ſnares of falſe Alcina's reign.
A different path there lay (the myrtle ſaid)
Which through rough crags and thorny thickets led,
If to the hill he kept the better hand,
But hard the paſs, for there a numerous band
Of armed men were plac'd to guard the land.
His thanks Rogero to the myrtle paid,
Then took his leave, and parted from the ſhade,
Inſtructed well: his courſer, by the rein,
He leads, but dares not preſs his back again;
While various ſchemes he faſhions in his mind,
How ſafely Logiſtilla's realms to find.
Firm was his purpoſe every means to try,
Rather than in Alcina's bondage lie.
And firſt, he thought again to mount his horſe,
And ſpur him through the air a diſtant courſe:
But fear ſoon made him lay that thought aſide,
Nor tempt the danger he ſo lately try'd.
Unleſs I err (thus to himſelf he ſaid)
By force a paſſage yonder ſhall be made.

Now,

Now, as he paſs'd along the ocean's ſide,
Alcina's ſtately city he deſcry'd.
An ample wall the whole encompaſs'd round,
Which wide enclos'd a mighty ſpace of ground.
The height appear'd to reach the diſtant ſkies,
And ſeem'd of ſolid gold to wondering eyes!
When now more nearly to the walls he drew,
(Such walls as ne'er before could mortals view)
He left the plain and beaten path, that ſtrait
Led o'er the meadow to the lofty gate;
And to the right, that tow'rds the mountain lay,
The warrior more ſecurely took his way.
But ſoon an hideous crew oppos'd his courſe
With ſavage fury, and with brutal force.

Ver. 423. — *an hideous crew* —] This paſſage is copied by Spenſer, in his Fairy Queen, where he deſcribes the troop of carnal luſts, beſieging the fort or dwelling of temperance. B. ii. C. xi.

Deformed creatures in ſtrange difference;
Some having heads like harts, ſome like to ſnakes,
Some like wild boars late rouz'd out of the brakes,
— — — — — — — — — — —
Some like to hounds, ſome like to apes diſmay'd,
Some like to puttocks all in plumes array'd.

Theſe monſters that attempt to ſtop Rogero, in his paſſage to Logiſtilla, or Virtue, ſignify the different ſpecies of vice in the moſt brutal and ſordid ſhapes. Their captain is Idleneſs, the promoter of every evil.

A crew

A crew ſo ſtrange was never ſeen before,
That ſuch deform'd and monſtrous figures wore.
Some, from the neck below appear'd like men,
While heads of apes and cats above were ſeen.
Some, running, ſtamp'd with goatiſh feet the road,
And ſome the ſhape of nimble centaurs ſhow'd.
Laſcivious youths were there, and old men mad;
Some naked, ſome in hairy veſtments clad.
One, without reins, a ſpeedy courſer rides;
This, a ſlow aſs; and that, an ox beſtrides:
Some on a centaur's back their ſeat maintain;
Some preſs the oſtrich, eagle, or the crane:
One held a bowl; a horn another blew:
Female and male; ſome, mixtures of the two.
A file, one bore, and one a ladder took;
A ſhovel, this; and that, an iron hook.
The captain of the band was there beheld,
His face was bloated, and his paunch was ſwell'd.
Upon a tortoiſe heavily he ſate,
And mov'd along the field in tardy ſtate;
His limbs ſupported as he paſs'd along;
Drowſy with wine his heavy eye-lids hung.
Some from his face and forehead wip'd the ſweat;
And others fann'd him to abate the heat.

One,

One, form'd with human feet, with hands and breaſt,
But like a dog his head and ears confeſt,
With barking ſought Rogero's courſe to ſtay,
And make him to the city bend his way.
You threat in vain, (reply'd th' undaunted knight)
While I have power to wield this ſword in fight.
As thus he ſpoke, his ſhining blade he drew,
And brandiſh'd it before the monſter's view:
The monſter thought to ſtrike him with his ſpear,
But this Rogero ſaw, and, drawing near,
Swift through his paunch the deadly weapon ſent,
That through his back, a foot behind, it went.
And now, his courage rouz'd, he brac'd his ſhield,
But ſtill his foes more numerous preſs'd the field,
On every hand at once attack'd the knight,
Who with unyielding force maintain'd the fight;
While, as amid the furious throng he preſs'd,
Some to the teeth he clove, and ſome the breaſt.
Shield, helm, and cuiraſs no defence afford
Againſt the edge of his deſcending ſword.
But now, thick ſwarming, round the youth they cloſe,
And ſo on every ſide his courſe oppoſe,
To force the throng a greater ſtrength demands
Than huge Briareus with his hundred hands.

Yet

Yet from the covering had the knight reveal'd
Before their eyes the necromancer's ſhield,
(That ſhield whoſe luſtre laid the gazers low,
Left by Atlantes at his ſaddle-bow)
At once their headlong fury had been quell'd,
And proſtrate all to preſs the earth compell'd:
But here his generous ſoul perchance diſdain'd
To gain a conqueſt, not by valour gain'd.
He fought determin'd rather on the field
To die, than to ſuch foes his freedom yield:
When ſudden from the gate appear'd in ſight
(Where ſhone the walls with golden ſplendor bright)
Two lovely dames, whoſe air and habit ſhow'd
That not to lineage mean their birth they ow'd;
Nor ſeem'd brought up in humble cottage ſtate,
But bred in rich apartments of the great;
Each on a beauteous unicorn was plac'd,
Whoſe ſnowy hue the ermin's white defac'd.

So

Ver. 485. —— *lovely dames,* —] By theſe two ladies, who eaſily perſuade Rogero to turn again and enter the city of Alcina, may be generally underſtood, that though a good diſpoſition will for a long time withſtand the aſſaults of vice, which comes undiſguiſed in its native deformity, it may notwithſtanding yield to that temptation, which appears dreſſed up in the garb of decency.

Ver. 489. —— *a beauteous unicorn* —] I ſee no particular allegorical alluſion in the unicorns, on which theſe ladies

So lovely both were form'd, ſo richly dreſt,
And every look ſuch dignity expreſs'd,
That each enraptur'd gazer ſeem'd to own
Their charms were worthy heavenly eyes alone.
Beauty and gallantry ſuch forms muſt wear
Would they embody'd to the ſight appear!
And now the damſels near the meadow drew,
Where brave Rogero cloſely preſt their view.
At once on every ſide diſperſe the bands:
The ladies to the knight preſent their hands,
Who, while his viſage flush'd with roſy-red,
Return'd them thanks for ſuch a courteous deed;
Then, at their ſuit, agreed to turn once more
And ſeek the golden gate he ſhun'd before.
The ornaments that o'er the portal riſe,
And jutting forward, ſeem to meet the eyes,

are ſeated; which ſeem merely inſerted for the ſake of poetical deſcription, and may be very allowable in this author, when Taſſo in the hiſtorical part of his poem, has employed the ſame fictitious animals to draw the chariot of Armida.

JERUSAL. DEL. B. xvii.

—— Freno il dotto auriga al giogo adorno,
Quattro unicorni, a coppia a coppia avvinti.

Beneath the golden yoke, in pairs conſtrain'd,
Four unicorns the ſkilful driver rein'd.

Ver. 244.

On

On every ſide are richly cover'd round,
With jewels that in eaſtern climes abound.
Huge ſtately columns, by a maſter-hand
Of di'mond fram'd, the ſolid weight ſuſtain'd.
So fair a ſtructure ne'er before was ſeen
To ſate the raviſh'd eyes of mortal men!
Before the threſhold wanton damſels wait,
Or ſport between the pillars of the gate:
But beauty more had brighten'd in their face,
Had modeſty attemper'd every grace.
In veſtures green each damſel ſwept the ground,
Their temples fair with leafy garlands crown'd.
Theſe, with a courteous welcome led the knight
To this ſweet paradiſe of ſoft delight.
And ſure we this a paradiſe may name,
Where gentle love firſt lights his lambent flame!
Where feſtive pleaſures every day employ,
Where every moment paſſes wing'd with joy!
No thoughts of hoary age depreſs the mind,
Nor care, nor want can here an entrance find;
While, with her horn, obſequious plenty ſtands
To pour her riches forth from willing hands;
And with a ſmiling front for ever clear,
Inviting April revels through the year.

Enamour'd youths, and tender damſels, ſeem
To chant their loves beſide a purling ſtream.
Some, by a branching tree, or mountain's ſhade,
In ſports and dances preſs the downy glade;
While one diſcloſes to his friend, apart,
The ſecret tranſports of his amorous heart.
High o'er the beech and oak with wing diſplay'd,
High o'er the lofty pine and laurel ſhade,
The little loves in ſportive circles fly,
And view their triumphs with exulting eye:
One at a lover's breaſt his weapon aims;
With fraudful art his nets another frames:
Here in the ſtream they temper ſhafts, and there
On circling ſtone their blunted points repair.
A ſtately courſer ſoon was given the knight,
Of colour bay, and gallant in the fight;
His coſtly trappings, glorious to behold,
Were all with jewels deck'd, and ſhone with gold!
The old magician's ſteed, of winged kind,
A youth receiv'd, and ſlowly led behind.
The damſels now, whoſe aid diſpers'd the band
That durſt Rogero's purpos'd courſe withſtand,
Thus, to the knight their gentle ſpeech addreſs'd:
My lord! your valiant deeds, this day confeſt,

Have

Have given us courage from your hand to claim
A taſk that well befits your matchleſs fame:
Soon ſhall we come, where in our way there glides
A flood, that in two parts the plain divides.
A cruel wretch, we Eriphila name,
Defends the bridge, and paſſage of the ſtream:
On all that tempt the paſs ſhe furious flies;
Dreadful ſhe ſeems, a gianteſs in ſize!
Poiſonous her bite, long tuſhes arm her jaws;
And like a bear's, her nails and ſhaggy paws:
Nor here alone her threatening rage ſhe bends,
And 'gainſt each paſſenger the bridge defends;
But oft has round the garden-ſhades defac'd
With giant ſtep, and laid their beauty waſte.
Know, that the monſtrous crew, whoſe fury late
Oppos'd your courſe without the golden gate,
Her offspring are; like her for prey they luſt,
And like their dam are cruel and unjuſt.

Rogero then: Not one alone demand,
But aſk a hundred battles at my hand.

Ver. 559. —*Eriphila*—] Eriphila is explained to mean avarice: ſhe is ſaid to guard the bridge that leads to Alcina, to paint the avarice of women that will not ſatisfy the amorous deſires of men, without liberal rewards.

Whate'er defence my proweſs can afford,
Is yours — command my perſon and my ſword:
'Tis hence, theſe ſhining arms my limbs enfold,
Not lands to conquer, or to purchaſe gold,
But to diſplay, to all, my guardian care,
Much more to dames ſo courteous, and ſo fair!
The dames return'd him thanks with grateful heart,
In words that equall'd well his great deſert.
In converſe thus they paſs'd, till near they drew,
Where both the bridge and ſtream appear'd in view.
There they the guardian of the paſs behold
With jewels blazing rich on arms of gold.
But, 'till another book, I ceaſe to tell,
What with the gianteſs the knight befel.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO encounters Eriphila, and, conducted by the two damſels, arrives at the palace of Alcina, who receives him with great joy: he is ſeduced by her allurements, and leads a life of luxury and effeminacy. Bradamant, hearing no tidings of him, ſince he was carried away by the griffin-horſe, is in great affliction for his abſence; ſhe is met by Meliſſa, who undertakes to deliver him. Meliſſa aſſumes the form of Atlantes, and accoſts the young warrior, reproaching him with his degeneracy.

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHO travels into foreign climes, ſhall find
What ne'er before was imag'd to his mind;
Which, when he tells, the hearers ſhall deſpiſe,
And deem his ſtrange adventures empty lies.
The herd unletter'd nothing will believe
But what their ſenſes plainly can perceive;

Hence

Ver. 5. *The herd unletter'd* —] The author here plainly declares, that the wonderful tales related by him have a concealed allegory: ſo Berni, ORLANDO INNAM. B. i. C. xxv.

Queſti draghi fatati, queſti incanti,
Queſti giardini, e libri, e corni, è cani,
Ed huomini ſelvatichi, e giganti,
E fiere, e moſtri, ch' hanno viſi umani,

Son

Hence I ſhall ne'er with common minds prevail,
But little credit will they yield my tale.
Yet what imports to me the vulgar ear,
When theſe my words, without conception, hear?
To you I write, whoſe judgment can deſcry
The ſecret truths that, veil'd in fable, lie.

Son fatti per dar paſto agli ignoranti,
Ma voi, ch' avete gl' intelletti ſani,
Mirate la dottrina, che s' aſconde
Sotte queſte coperte alte e profonde.

Theſe fated dragons, every magic change,
Theſe books, and horns, and dogs, and gardens ſtrange:
Theſe ſavage men, theſe ſhapes of giant race,
And beaſts and monſters with a human face,
Are feign'd to pleaſe the vulgar ear; but you,
Whom favouring pow'rs with better ſenſe indue,
Can ſee the doctrine ſage, that hidden lies
Beneath theſe myſtic fables' deep diſguiſe.

Thus Milton:

And if aught elſe great bards beſide
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

IL PENSEROSO.

Ver. 11. *To you I write,* —] Some ſuppoſe that Arioſto here particularly addreſſes himſelf to Hippolito and Alphonſo; but it rather ſeems a general apoſtrophe to every reader of taſte and diſcernment.

I left

I left you there, when to the bridge and ſtream
By Eriphila kept, the warrior came.
A coat of mail of fineſt ſteel ſhe wore,
With gems of various colours cover'd o'er;
The ruby red, the chryſolite was ſeen,
The yellow topaz, and the emerald green.
Her giant bulk no common ſteed beſtrode;
A mighty wolf ſuſtain'd her ponderous load:
A wolf ſhe rode; and o'er the river croſt,
With ſtately trappings of no vulgar coſt.
A beaſt ſo large Apulia never bred;
High as an ox he rear'd his towering head:
His frothy mouth no curbing bit reſtrain'd,
Nor know I how his foaming courſe ſhe rein'd;
Her ſcarf a ſandy hue diſplay'd to ſight,
And o'er her armour caſt a ſullen light:
Rais'd on her creſt, and in her targe ſhe held
A pictur'd toad with loathſome poiſon ſwell'd.
The damſels ſhow'd her to th' expecting knight,
Where, from the bridge, ſhe ſtood prepar'd for fight;
And, as her cuſtom was, his courſe to ſtay:
Soon as ſhe ſaw Rogero on the way,

Ver. 20. *A mighty wolf* —] By the wolf, which is repreſented without reins, may be ſignified the inſatiable nature of avarice, which is not to be reſtrained.

Fiercely

Fiercely ſhe bade him turn: he nought reply'd,
But graſp'd his ſpear, and her to fight defy'd.
Nor leſs the gianteſs, with active heat,
Spurr'd her huge wolf, and fix'd her in the ſeat;
And, as ſhe ran, her ſpear in reſt ſhe took,
While trembling earth beneath her fury ſhook:
But ſoon, o'erthrown, ſupine her limbs were ſpread:
So ſtrong Rogero ſtruck beneath her head,
That, forc'd before the dreadful lance to yield,
Six feet beyond ſhe tumbled on the field.
Then ſwift he drew his falchion from his ſide,
Her head from her huge body to divide;
As well he might, while in the flowery way,
Already ſenſeleſs Eriphila lay.
But here the ladies cry'd — Enough, ſir knight,
No further urge the vengeance of the fight:
Behold her quell'd—then ſheath your conquering ſword,
Let us our way reſume, and paſs the ford.
This ſaid: they for awhile their courſe purſu'd
Amidſt the covert of a mazy wood,

Ver. 48. — *already ſenſeleſs*—] Eriphila being overthrown, but not killed, is ſaid to denote that liberality uſed at the inſtigation of vice, is not perfect virtue, which entirely roots up avarice.

There

There through a narrow craggy path they went,
And reach'd at length the hill, with ſteep aſcent;
Where, on a ſpacious plain, the youth beheld
A ſumptuous pile that every pile excell'd.
Firſt of her court, the fair Alcina preſs'd,
Impatient to receive the ſtranger gueſt:
Before the portal, with a comely grace,
She gave him courteous welcome to the place;
While all ſuch honour paid the noble knight,
As if ſome God had left his realms of light.
The palace with reſplendent luſtre ſhin'd
Above the boaſted wealth of human kind:
Fair is the dome; but fairer are the train
Whoſe angel forms its ſtately walls contain!
Alcina yet excels the reſt by far,
As Phœbus' rays obſcure each feeble ſtar.
Her matchleſs perſon every charm combin'd
Form'd in th' idea of a painter's mind.
Bound in a knot behind, her ringlets roll'd
Down her ſoft neck, and ſeem'd like waving gold.

Ver. 71. *Her matchleſs perſon*—] This luxuriant deſcription of the beauty of Alcina, is quoted at large, as an idea of perfect beauty, by Dolce, in his dialogue on painting; of which the Engliſh reader has been favoured with an ingenious tranſlation.

Her

Her cheeks with lilies mix the bluſhing roſe:
Her forehead high, like poliſh'd iv'ry ſhows.
Beneath two arching brows with ſplendor ſhone
Her ſparkling eyes, each eye a radiant ſun!
Here artful glances, winning looks appear,
And wanton Cupid lies in ambuſh here:
'Tis hence he bends his bow, he points his dart,
'Tis hence he ſteals th' unwary gazer's heart.
Her noſe ſo truly ſhap'd, the faultleſs frame
Not envy can deface, nor art can blame.
Her lips beneath, with pure vermilion bright,
Preſent two rows of orient pearl to ſight:
Here thoſe ſoft words are form'd, whoſe power detains
Th' obdurate ſoul in love's alluring chains;
And here the ſmiles receive their infant birth,
Whoſe ſweets reveal a paradiſe on earth.
Her neck and breaſt were white as falling ſnows;
Round was her neck, and full her boſom roſe.
Firm as the budding fruit, with gentle ſwell,
Each lovely breaſt alternate roſe and fell.

Thus,

Ver. 93. *Firm as the budding fruit,* —] The expreſſion in the Italian is:

—— due pome acerbe:
—— two unripe apples:

Spenſer

Thus, on the margin of the peaceful ſeas,
The waters heave before the fanning breeze.
Her arms well turn'd, and of a dazzling hue,
With perfect beauty gratify'd the view.
Her taper fingers long and fair to ſee,
From every riſing vein and ſwelling free;
And from her veſt below, with new delight,
Her ſlender foot attracts the lover's ſight.
Not Argus' ſelf her other charms could ſpy,
So cloſely veil'd from every longing eye;
Yet may we judge the graces ſhe reveal'd
Surpaſs'd not thoſe her modeſt garb conceal'd,
Which ſtrove in vain from fancy's eye to hide,
Each angel charm that ſeem'd to heaven ally'd.
In all ſhe did her ready ſnares were hung,
Whether ſhe ſpoke, or mov'd, or laugh'd, or ſung.

Spenſer has much the ſame image in his deſcription of Belphœbe:

Her dainty paps, which like young fruit in May,
Now little 'gan to ſwell, and being ty'd
Through their thin veil their places only ſignify'd.
B. ii. C. iii.

Dryden, in his Cymon and Iphigenia, copies Spenſer:

Her boſom to the view was only bare,
Where two beginning paps were ſcarcely ſpy'd,
For yet their places were but ſignify'd.

No wonder then Rogero's heart was caught,
By her, whoſe ſhow of love enſlav'd his thought.
No more he can the myrtle's counſel truſt,
No more believe her cruel and unjuſt.
He thinks deceit can never find a place,
In the ſoft ſmiles of ſuch a lovely face;
But rather now believes Alcina's power
Had juſtly chang'd Aſtolpho on the ſhore;
That rage and envy made the knight defame
With lying tales the fair Alcina's name.
The damſel whom he once ſo dearly held,
Is, of a ſudden, from his heart expell'd.
The ſecret, by her art, the fairy found
To heal his breaſt of every former wound.
Then let Rogero ſome indulgence claim,
Since magic charms expung'd his virtuous flame.

Now, while they feaſt, the lute and tuneful lyre
Th' enraptur'd ſoul with harmony inſpire;
Through the wide dome the trembling muſic floats,
And undulating air conveys the notes.
One with ſoft lays would tender boſoms move,
And paints the paſſions, and the joys of love;
Or ſweetly bids inventive fancy riſe,
That brings poetic viſions to the eyes.

Not all the feſtivals, in ſtory told,
By Syrian luxury prepar'd of old;
Not that which Cleopatra's royal board
With pomp diſplay'd before her Latian lord,
Could with this ſumptuous banquet claim regard,
Which for the knight th' enamour'd damé prepar'd:
Not ſuch is ſeen, when Ganymede above
His ſervice miniſters to mighty Jove!

The tables now and viands thence convey'd,
The joyous train a pleaſing circle made;
While each ſoft whiſper'd in the other's ear,
Some ſecret, ſweet to tell, or ſweet to hear!
A grateful ſport! by which, from all conceal'd,
The lovers well their amorous thoughts reveal'd;
Till both, at length, impell'd by ſoft deſire,
That night agreed t' indulge their mutual fire.

Ver. 136. *By Syrian luxury*—] The ſucceſſors of Ninus, firſt king of the Aſſyrians, to Sardanapalus, were famous for their luxury and effeminacy, and delighted in coſtly banquets.

Ver. 138. —— *her Latian lord*,] The poet is ſaid here to mean Julius Cæſar, who, after the defeat of Pompey, was entertained by Cleopatra with a moſt magnificent banquet: or, perhaps, by this may be underſtood Marc Anthony, with whom ſhe was known to have lived in the moſt amazing prodigality.

This gentle paſtime done, the pages came
Before their uſual hour, with torches' flame
To chace the night: a rich retinue led
The brave Rogero to a ſtately bed.
There they partook a ſlight repaſt anew
Of wine and fruits, and then the train withdrew;
And, due obedience paid their gallant gueſt,
All to their ſeveral rooms retir'd to reſt.

Now lay the knight in ſheets that breath'd perfume
And ſeem'd the labour of Arachne's loom;
Impatient liſtening with attentive ear;
At every ſound he deems Alcina near;
Each fancy'd tread alarms his beating breaſt;
Now rais'd by wiſhes, now by doubts depreſt!
Th' alluring fair, bedew'd with odours ſweet,
Prepar'd at length the longing knight to meet;
And, when each eye was clos'd, with glowing charms
She ſtole in ſecret to Rogero's arms.

When the fond youth, that held Aſtolpho's place,
Survey'd the beauties of that heavenly face;
And drank the poiſon from her ſparkling eyes;
Through every vein a ſudden lightening flies!
Then leaping from the couch, with eager haſte,
His claſping arms enfold her lovely waſte:

He

He gluts his raviſh'd ſight! the nymph undreſt
Was cover'd only with a ſarc'net veſt,
Which o'er a thin and ſpotleſs lawn ſhe threw,
Of fineſt texture and of ſnowy hue.
The mantle falls before the furious knight,
And leaves alone the ſlender lawn in ſight,
Whoſe thin tranſparent folds her charms diſcloſe,
As a clear glaſs the lily or the roſe.
Not half ſo cloſe the ivy leaves are ſeen
Around a plant to wreathe their curling green,
As twin'd in wanton folds the lovers lay,
And in ſoft murmurs breath'd their ſouls away,
While from their lips ſuch balmy ſweets they drew
As Ind, with all her ſpices, never knew.
Thus liv'd in wanton bliſs the lawleſs pair;
While, through the palace, with officious care,
All, at Rogero's nod, obſequious ſtand,
For ſo th' enamour'd fairy gives command.
Whate'er can charm the heart, or lure the ſenſe
To full delight, theſe happy ſeats diſpenſe.
The feaſt, the game, the race their joys enhance,
The ſcene, the bath, the tilting and the dance.
Now, by clear ſtreams, with grateful ſhade o'ercaſt,
They read the amorous lays of ages paſt:

Now midſt deep vales, or ſmiling hills prepare
To hunt the mazes of the fearful hare:
Now with ſagacious dogs the buſh they beat
To rouze the whirring pheaſants from their ſeat:
Now for the thruſh fallacious ſpringes ſet;
Now the ſweet juniper with birdlime wet:
Now with barb'd hook, or meſhy net they try
From quiet floods to drag the ſcaly fry.

While thus Rogero lives a joyous gueſt,
King Agramant and Charles are hardly preſt;
Whoſe ſtory ſhall not yet eſcape my mind,
Nor muſt I leave fair Bradamant behind;
Who long, ah! long, bewail'd her deareſt knight,
By ſtrange adventure raviſh'd from her ſight.
To her, before the reſt, I turn my ſtrain,
And tell, how far ſhe ſought with fruitleſs pain
Through cities, towns and camps; how far ſhe paſs'd
O'er mountains, plains, and many a dreary waſte;
In vain each day of all ſhe met, enquir'd;
She heard no news of what her ſoul deſir'd.
Oft to the hoſt of Saracens ſhe went,
And ſought her lover there from tent to tent:
Between her lips the wondrous ring ſhe held,
Which kept her ſafe from every eye conceal'd:

She cannot, dares not yet believe him dead,
For ſuch a warrior's death had doubtleſs ſpread
From where the tide of fam'd Hydaſpes flows,
To where the ſun deſcends to his repoſe;
Uncertain of his fate; ſhe hopes, ſhe fears;
Her ſad companions are her ſighs and tears.
At length ſhe fix'd once more the cave to ſeek,
Where Merlin, from his tomb, was wont to ſpeak,
And round the ſhrine ſuch deep affliction ſhow,
The marble cold ſhould ſoften at her woe,
There might ſhe learn if yet her knight ſurviv'd,
Or lay, by doom ſevere, of life depriv'd;
And thence, inform'd, her future courſe purſue,
As from the ſage her counſel beſt ſhe drew.
With this intent ſhe took her lonely way
Tow'rds the thick foreſt that by Poictiers lay;
Where deep the vocal tomb of Merlin ſtood,
Hid in drear caves, ſurrounded by a wood.
But that enchantreſs, whoſe benignant mind
Reveal'd to Bradamant her race deſign'd,
Each day deſir'd to learn the virgin's ſtate,
And often try'd her art t' explore her fate.
Rogero freed and loſt again ſhe knew,
And how to India's diſtant climes he flew

She ſaw him living in luxurious peace,
In wanton feaſting and inglorious eaſe;
Unmindful of himſelf, his promis'd fame,
His ſovereign's welfare, and his beauteous dame;
And thus ſhe fear'd the flower of youthful bloom
A knight ſo gentle might in ſloth conſume,
While that pure portion of th' ethereal ray
Which ſtill ſurvives, when all is breathleſs clay,
Th' immortal part, in ſenſual pleaſure toſt
Would ſoon be ſhipwreck'd, and for ever loſt!
But that ſage matron, whoſe attentive mind
Watch'd o'er the good himſelf had caſt behind,
Reſolv'd through irkſome ways of toil and pain,
To bring him back to virtue's path again.
His med'cines thus the wiſe phyſician deals,
And oft by fire, and ſteel, and poiſon heals:
Repining firſt, the patient feels the ſmart,
Then owns the ſaving aid with grateful heart.
Yet arduous was the taſk her thoughts deſign'd;
For old Atlantes, with affection blind,
Who ſought but to preſerve from dangerous ſtrife
In eaſe inglorious his Rogero's life;
Who rather wiſh'd him thus to lead his days,
Than change a year of ſhame for endleſs praiſe,

Had

Had ſent him to Alcina's iſle afar,
There to forget the ſound of arms and war;
And as a ſage well vers'd in magic art,
He bound in chains ſo firm the fairy's heart,
She ne'er again her love ſhould diſengage,
Though good Rogero liv'd to Neſtor's age.
Now to the virgin let us bend our view,
Whoſe propheſying ſkill the future knew;
Who, while from realm to realm ſhe thoughtful paſt,
The wandering Amon's daughter met at laſt.
When Bradamant beheld Meliſſa near,
A ſudden hope diſpell'd her former fear;
Till, ſtruck with grief, th' unhappy virgin heard
Her lover priſoner, and his mind enſnar'd
With pleaſure's poiſon'd bait; but ſoon to calm
Her dread, th' enchantreſs pours the healing balm;
And plights her faith, ere many days are o'er,
Rogero to her preſence to reſtore.
Give me (ſhe cry'd) the ring, whoſe powerful charm
The wearer ſhields from every magic harm:
Soon will I put Alcina's arts to flight,
Who now detains your lover from your ſight.
When evening riſes will I take my way,
And reach the Indian climes by dawn of day.

Meliſſa ſpoke; and to the liſtening dame
Her purpoſe told, to draw the youth from ſhame,
And ſend him back once more to France and fame.
Then from her hand the noble damſel gave
The wondrous ring; nor this alone to ſave
The knight had given, but with an equal mind
Had ſent her heart, and life itſelf reſign'd.
She gives the ring; and to her care commends
Herſelf, her lover more; to him ſhe ſends
A thouſand greetings that her truth diſplay;
And, parting, to Provence directs her way.
A different path the ſage Meliſſa paſs'd,
But ſoon as evening-ſhade the ſkies o'ercaſt
She raiſed a palfrey by her magic art,
With one foot red, but black each other part.
Some fiend infernal, ſeeming thus in ſhow,
Whom by her ſpells ſhe drew from realms below:
On this ſhe mounted; both her feet were bare,
Ungirt her gown, and looſe her flowing hair.
Then with ſuch ſpeed through yielding clouds ſhe flew,
Next morn Alcina's iſle appear'd in view.
Arriv'd, a ſtrange illuſion to the ſight,
She adds a foot of ſtature to her height;
While every limb enlarg'd, like his appears
Who nurs'd Rogero in his infant years:

A hoary

A hoary beard she fixes on her chin,
And fills with wrinkles all her wither'd skin:
So well she feigns his speech, his voice, his air,
It seems as if Atlantes' self was there.
This done; awhile she undiscover'd stood,
Till, as it chanc'd, one day the youth she view'd
Apart in solitude; unusual sight!
Far scarce Alcina ever left the knight.
Now, to her wish, she found the youth retir'd
To taste the freshness which the morn inspir'd,
Beside a stream that from the hill's descent
To a clear lake with gentle murmur went.
His garments with effeminacy made,
Luxurious sloth and indolence display'd;
Wrought by Alcina's hands of silk and gold
Mingled with art, and costly to behold.
A string of jewels from his neck he wore,
That, to his breast descending, hung before;
And either warlike arm, that once could wield
The heaviest weapons in the listed field,

Ver. 332. *His garments with effeminacy made,*] This whole passage is a copy of Virgil, Æneid IV. where Mercury is sent by Jupiter to warn Æneas to leave Carthage. Tasso has closely followed both these poets, in his Jerusalem Delivered, B. xvi. but particularly Ariosto. Æneas, Rogero, and Rinaldo, make pretty near the same figure.

A bracelet

A bracelet bound: in either ear he hung
A ring of golden wire, to which was ſtrung
A coſtly pearl, whoſe price by far excell'd
What India or Arabia e'er beheld.
His curling locks, in niceſt order ſet,
Wav'd round his head with liquid odours wet.
His geſtures and his looks a mind declare
Bred to the wanton pleaſures of the fair.
Rogero now his name can only boaſt,
The reſt is all in foul corruption loſt:
So far eſtrang'd from what he was before
By fatal ſorcery and beauty's power!
Now in Atlantes' form th' enchantreſs ſtood
Before the youth, that form he oft had view'd
With that ſtern eye, and countenance ſevere,
Which, when a child, he us'd ſo much to fear.
Then thus — Are theſe the glorious fruits at laſt
Of all my cares, of all my labours paſt?
Was it for this thy infancy I bred,
With marrow of the bears and lions fed?
Taught thee in gloomy caves or foreſt-lands,
To ſtrangle ſerpents with thy tender hands?
Panthers and tigers of their claws deprive,
And tear their tuſhes from the boars alive?

That,

That, after all, thou ſhouldſt at length appear
Alcina's Atys or Adonis here?
Is this the fate which in the ſtars I read?
Is this what dreams and auguries have ſaid?
'Twas promis'd, from thy birth, when thou hadſt gain'd
The ripening years which now thou haſt attain'd,
That not a chief ſhould match thy boundleſs praiſe:
And wouldſt thou thus thy boaſted trophies raiſe!
Thus wouldſt thou rival Alexander's name,
Thus gain a Cæſar's, or a Scipio's fame?
Who could have thought (O ſcandal to the brave!)
To ſee thee here Alcina's wanton ſlave!
And that thy thraldom may to all be known,
Thy neck and arms her ſhameful ſhackles own.
If for thyſelf, fame cannot move thy mind,
Nor the great deeds that Heaven for thee deſign'd,
Yet wherefore from thy godlike race withhold
The future good, my lips have oft foretold?
A race (ſo fate decrees) to mortal eyes
More dear than Phœbus' light that gilds the ſkies!
Forbid not ſouls t' exiſt, which Heaven ſhall frame
With pureſt portions of ethereal flame:

Ver. 365. — *Atys* —] A beautiful youth beloved of Cybele, the mother of the gods.

Nor blaſt the promis'd palms, which virtue yields
In peaceful councils or triumphant fields,
By which thy ſons, and each ſucceeding name,
Shall give to Italy her former fame.
But, o'er the reſt, let two thy thoughts engage,
Two brethren, glories of their favour'd age,
Alphonſo and Hippolito, whoſe praiſe,
O'er all thy line, ſhall bleſs their happy days.
On theſe I dwell, and joy to find thee hear
Their virtuous honours with a willing ear,
As if exulting in thy mind to trace
Such worthies ſpringing from thy godlike race.
How has this queen thy fond affections won!
But thouſands, like herſelf, the ſame had done.
Of all the numbers that her arts believ'd,
Thou know'ſt what recompence their loves receiv'd.
But that you may Alcina's faith behold,
I will her frauds and each diſguiſe unfold.
This ring receive; and to the dame repair;
Then mark if ſhe deſerves the name of fair.
She ceas'd; nor aught abaſh'd Rogero ſaid,
But, ſilent, hung to earth his drooping head.
Meantime ſhe on his finger fix'd the ring,
That could once more his wandering ſenſes bring.

Soon

Soon as the knight returning truth confeſs'd,
Such deep remorſe his conſcious ſoul depreſs'd,
He wiſh'd that yawning earth would open wide,
His viſage, from the face of man, to hide.
Her taſk perform'd, aſide th' enchantreſs threw
Her borrow'd form, and ſtood diſcloſ'd to view;
Then to the wondering youth her name reveal'd,
Nor kept the cauſe, for which ſhe came, conceal'd;
Sent by the faireſt of her ſex, whoſe care
No longer could her lover's abſence bear
To free him thence, where magic bands control,
In ſhameful ſervitude, his manly ſoul:
That old Atlantes' borrow'd form ſhe choſe,
A deeper reverence on his ſenſe t' impoſe.
That gentle maid, whoſe fond affections burn
For thee, and merit well a kind return,
To whom, reflect what gratitude demands
For freedom late recover'd at her hands,
This ring, a ſafe defence from ſpelful art,
Here ſends by me, and would have ſent her heart,
If aught her heart avail'd to give thee aid;
The love of Bradamant ſhe then diſplay'd,
And, with her other noble virtues join'd,
Extoll'd the courage of her dauntleſs mind:

Till

Till clearly baniſh'd from Rogero's breaſt,
She made him ſoon Alcina's name deteſt,
So late ador'd!—the ring his foe diſarms,
Preſerves him ſafe from future magic harms,
And ſtrips Alcina of her borrow'd charms.
As when a child, who ripen'd fruit has ſtor'd,
In time forgetful of his former hoard,
By fortune to the place again convey'd,
Where many days before his truſt was laid,
Beholds th' unthought of change with vaſt ſurpriſe,
Obſcene and putrid, hateful to his eyes!
Rogero thus, by ſage Meliſſa ſent,
When to Alcina's ſight again he went,
For that fair dame, the faireſt of the fair,
Whom late he left, now, wondrous to declare,
A ſhape

Ver. 447. *For that fair dame,*] The allegory is here cloſely kept up; where the eyes of the underſtanding being cleared by the ring (reaſon), vice, which before appeared beautiful to the depraved imagination, then reſumes its natural deformity.

"Spenſer's Dueſſa, who had before appeared young and beautiful; diveſted of her rich apparel, is diſcovered to be a loathſome old woman. She is a copy of Arioſto's Alcina. The circumſtances of Dueſſa's diſcovery are literally tranſlated from the Italian poet: See FAIRY QUEEN.

A loathly

A ſhape ſo loathſome ſaw, that ſearch around,
One more deform'd and old could ne'er be found.
Her face was wrinkled, ſharp, and pale of hue,
Her hair was turn'd to grey, and thinly grew;
Six ſpans in ſtature could ſhe ſcarcely boaſt,
And every tooth her gums, diſarm'd, had loſt;
As if her life more length of years had ſeen,
Than Cuma's propheteſs, or Priam's queen.
Yet ſuch the force of ſpells, and magic power,
She ſeem'd in prime of age and beauty's flower:
But ſoon Rogero baniſh'd her his thought,
When all her uſeleſs wiles to light were brought.
Yet, by Meliſſa warn'd, he ſtill ſuppreſs'd
The ſecret purpoſe of his wary breaſt:
At length his arms he ſeiz'd, that long had laid
Neglected, and his manly limbs array'd:
But firſt, each light ſuſpicion to remove,
He told Alcina he deſir'd to prove
If, living thus a recreant from the field,
His hands could yet their wonted weapons wield.

"A loathly wrinkled hag, ill-favour'd, old
— — — — — — — — —
Her crafty head was altogether bald
And ———
Was overgrown with ſcurf and filthy ſcald,
Her teeth out of her rotten gums were fled."
WARTON's Obſ. on Spenſer.

Then

Then Baliſarda girding to his ſide,
So was his falchion nam'd, of temper try'd,
He took the buckler, whoſe enchanted blaze
Diſtracts the fainting eyes of all that gaze;
And with the ſilken covering o'er it hung,
The maſſy weight acroſs his ſhoulders flung.
Then to the ſtall he went, and bade with ſpeed
To fit the reins and ſaddle on a ſteed
Of coal-black hue: Meliſſa choſe the horſe;
For well ſhe knew his ſwiftneſs in the courſe.
Him, Rabicano nam'd, and once the right
Of fam'd Aſtolpho, with that hapleſs knight
Who late was fix'd a myrtle on the ſhore,
The watry monſter to this iſland bore.

Ver. 469. — *Baliſarda* —] The ſword ſtolen from Orlando by Bruncllo, and given to Rogero.

Ver. 479. — *Rabicano* —] Boyardo relates, that this horſe was produced by enchantment, and nouriſhed only with the air. He was at firſt the property of Argalia, but when Ferrau drove him looſe, (ſee General View of BOYARDO's Story) he returned to the cave where he was bred, and whence he was taken by Argalia. Rinaldo, having loſt his horſe Bayardo, arrives at this cave were Rabican was kept; he kills a giant and two griffins that guarded him, and gets poſſeſſion of the horſe: Rinaldo afterwards going to Albracca, recovers his own from Aſtolpho, and leaves Rabican with him in his ſtead. See ORLANDO INNAM.

Rogero

Rogero might the griffin-horſe unbind,
That next to Rabicano ſtood confin'd;
But here Meliſſa warn'd him to refrain,
As he but ill obey'd the curbing rein,
And promis'd ſoon t' inſtruct him to beſtride
The flying courſer, and his fury guide;
And leſs they would ſuſpect his flight deſign'd,
If, parting thence, he left his ſteed behind.
Rogero all the maid's advice purſu'd,
Who, ſtill inviſible, beſide him ſtood;
Then from the fatal palace ſwift he rode,
That ancient harlot's infamous abode;
And with impatience to the portal fled,
That tow'rds the realms of Logiſtilla led.
Here, on the guard at unawares he fell,
And forc'd his paſſage through with pointed ſteel:
While ſome he deeply wounded, ſome he ſlew,
Then o'er the bridge with ſpeed impetuous flew;
And ſoon was diſtant far, ere ſpreading fame
Could to Alcina's ear his flight proclaim.

Th' enſuing book ſhall tell what courſe he paſt,
Till he to Logiſtilla came at laſt.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE

EIGHTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO makes his eſcape from Alcina, and travels towards the country of Logiſtilla. Rinaldo leaves Scotland, and arrives in England, where he obtains ſuccours from the regent to be tranſported to the aſſiſtance of Charlemain. Angelica is carried by magic art to a deſolate iſland, where ſhe is caſt into a deep ſleep by a hermit: from this place ſhe is taken away by mariners to be devoured by a ſea-monſter. Orlando diſturbed with a dream, quits the city of Paris, then beſieged by Agramant, and goes out, diſguiſed, in ſearch of his miſtreſs.

THE

EIGHTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHAT ſtrange enchanters in our times abound!
What ſtrange enchantreſſes alike are found!
Who, changing features, with deceitful art
Of either ſex, entrap th' unwary heart:
Nor do they work theſe wonders on the mind
By influence of the ſtars, or ſprights confin'd;
But with diſſimulation, fraud, and lies,
They bind it with indiſſoluble ties!
He, who from fortune can ſuch grace obtain
The ring of fair Angelica to gain;
Or rather that of reaſon, ſhall diſplay
Their foul diſguiſes to the face of day.

Ver. 11. *Or rather that of reaſon,*] The allegory is here plainly opened by the poet.

How bleſt Rogero then! whoſe ring diſpell'd
Each error that his ſoul had priſoner held.

Rogero, as my tale before declar'd,
With Rabican came arm'd before the guard;
And when all unprovided theſe he ſpy'd,
Kept not his weapon idle by his ſide.
Ere far he rode the diſtant wood to gain,
He met a ſervant of Alcina's train.
With ready falcon on his fiſt he came,
As wont each day to ſcour the field for game:
Oft to a neighbouring lake he let him fly;
The country round could ſtore of prey ſupply.
He rode a palfrey, not with trappings gay;
His faithful dog companion of his way.
Soon as he ſaw Rogero's ſpeed, his mind
Alcina's fugitive in him divin'd:

Ver. 20. *He met a ſervant*] This paſſage conſidered literally has ſomething odd in it: neither is the allegory of the ſervant, horſe, dog, and falcon, very obvious. An Italian commentator thus explains it.

"The four animals that attack Rogero, are the four paſſions that govern the ſoul: the ſervant denotes fear; the bird, deſire; the dog, grief; and the palfrey, joy. The ſhield ſignifies that the paſſions are to be conquered by oppoſing to them their contraries."

Advancing near, he, with a haughty air,
Bade him th' occaſion of his flight declare:
The knight, diſdaining queſtion, nought replies;
To whom th' impatient ſwain indignant cries:
What ſhall you ſay, if ſpite of your intent,
I, with this falcon, ſhould your haſte prevent.
This ſaid, he let the falcon fly, whoſe ſpeed
Not Rabican could, in his courſe, exceed:
The rider next, alighting from his ſeat,
Releas'd his palfrey from the curbing bit;
Who, ſnorting, ſpurn'd the ground, and inſtant flew
Swift as an arrow from the ſounding yew:
No leſs the falc'ner follow'd cloſe behind;
As ſent by fire, or borne on wings of wind:
The dog with Rabican purſu'd the race,
As leopards hold the fearful hare in chace.
Now ſtop'd the generous youth, who bluſh'd to view
A man on foot ſo bold his flight purſue;
Who bore no weapon but a ſlender wand
With which he might his ſporting dog command.
But when no other arms Rogero ſaw,
He much diſdain'd on him his ſword to draw.
The falc'ner fiercely now attacks the knight;
The dog attempts his courſer's legs to bite.

Near Rabican th' unbridled palfrey wheels,
And oft aſſails him with his ſpurning heels:
With ſounding wing the falcon terrifies,
And ſtrikes him with her talons as ſhe flies.
The ſteed, whom ſuch a ſtrange aſſault diſmays,
But ill the bridle and the ſpur obeys.
At length, conſtrain'd, his ſword Rogero ſhows
Unſheath'd; now here, now there his irkſome foes
He threats with edge or point, but threats in vain;
For ſtill his irkſome foes th' attack maintain.
He fears, if he delays, he ſoon ſhall view
Alcina, with her train, his flight purſue:
He hears loud clamours fill the vales around,
He hears the bells, the drums, the trumpets ſound:
Now ill adviſ'd he ſeems, with ſword in hand,
Againſt a man unarm'd, and dog, to ſtand:
'Twere better to diſcloſe to view, he thought,
The ſhining buckler by Atlantes wrought;
Then from the ſhield the crimſon covering rais'd;
In every eye the flaſhing ſplendor blaz'd:
The falc'ner tumbles ſenſeleſs on the plain;
The dog and palfrey fall; the wings ſuſtain
The bird no longer in his airy way;
Rogero leaves them all to ſleep a prey.

The

The fatal tidings ſoon Alcina heard,
Rogero had eſcap'd and forc'd the guard;
At this ſuch grief was o'er her ſenſes ſpread,
That, for a time, her very ſoul was dead:
She tore her garments, and her face ſhe bruis'd,
And oft of mad neglect herſelf accus'd.
Then ſwift to arms ſhe ſummon'd all her crew,
When ſoon around her gather'd forces drew:
Of theſe two bands ſhe fram'd, while one ſhe ſent
T' explore the path her lov'd Rogero went;
The other to the harbour took their way,
And there, with ſpeed embarking, put to ſea:
Their ſails, unnumber'd, all the ſtream o'ercaſt:
With theſe the deſolate Alcina paſs'd;
And, ſo Rogero had poſſeſs'd her mind,
Her palace left without a guard behind.
This gave Meliſſa, plac'd in ſecret there,
An ample time her miſchiefs to repair;
To free the wretches, who had long remain'd
In hapleſs ſtate, in cruel thraldom chain'd.
Around the palace, ſearching every part,
She ſaw the ſpells of her malicious art;
The magic ſeals from many a place ſhe took;
A thouſand myſtic forms and figures broke.

Then

Then o'er each field ſhe paſs'd, each mead or grove,
Where the ſad victims of Alcina's love
That hid in fountains, trees, or beaſts, deplor'd
Their hopeleſs change, ſhe to their ſhapes reſtor'd:
Theſe, when they once their forms recover'd view'd,
The brave Rogero's ſteps in haſte purſu'd
To Logiſtilla, parting thence in peace
To Scythia, Perſia, India, and to Greece,
With grateful hearts: but foremoſt of the train
The Engliſh duke reſum'd his form again:
The duke, to beauteous Bradamant ally'd;
For him the good Rogero firſt empl[illegible]'d
His influence with the wiſe enchantreſs [illegible]
And gave his wondrous ring the knight to aid.
Aſtolpho thus each manly grace regain'd,
And, by Meliſſa's means, his arms obtain'd,
With that fam'd lance of gold, which forc'd to yield
The ſtrongeſt warrior in the liſted field.

Argalia

Ver. 117. — *lance of gold,*] This was the lance which Argalia brought with him into France, (ſee General View of BOYARDO's Story) which after his death came into the poſſeſſion of Aſtolpho, who at the tournament, made by Charlemain, overthrew with this all opponents. Boyardo, in Orlando Innam. calls it, *una lanza dorata.* So the unerring ſpear of Cephalus, *cujus fuit aurea cuſpis.* Ovid Met. B. vii.

Britomartis,

Argalia firſt, Aſtolpho next the lance
Poſſeſs'd; by this they both acquir'd in France
A mighty name: the lance Meliſſa found,
Kept in the palace of th' enchanted ground,
With all his other arms, which from the duke,
At his arrival there, Alcina took.
This done, ſhe mounts the horſe that cuts the wind,
Then ſeats Aſtolpho on the ſteed behind;
And thence to Logiſtilla they repair,
Arriv'd an hour before Rogero there.
Meanwhile through rugged ways, with ſteep aſcent,
Rogero to ſage Logiſtilla went;
Till numerous toils o'erpaſt, at noon of day
Beſide the ſeas he held his weary way;
Slow pacing o'er the dry and barren ſtrand,
The flood on one, the hills on t' other hand:
From the ſteep hills the beams reflected came;
The earth was parch'd, the air was all on flame!

Britomartis, in Spenſer, has a lance of the ſame kind:

——— a mighty ſpear,
Which Bladud made, by magic art of yore,
And us'd the ſame in battle ay to bear,
Sith which it had been here preſerv'd in ſtore,
For his great virtues proved long afore:
For never wight, ſo faſt in ſell could ſit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore.

The

The ſilent birds were hid in groves profound;
The graſs-hopper alone, with tedious ſound,
While in the leafy ſhades conceal'd he lies,
Deafens the hills, the vales, the ſeas and ſkies!

There

Ver. 140. *Deafens the hills, the vales,* —] In this hyperbole Arioſto ſeems to allude to the following line of Virgil:

Sole ſub ardenti reſonant arbuſta cicadis!

To this paſſage in the edition of Virgil by Dr. Warton, is ſubjoined the following note, which is well worth tranſcribing, as it may be thought in ſome ſort to apologize for the ſtrength of Arioſto's expreſſion.

"I don't know how every body almoſt in England came to imagine that the *cicada* in the Roman writers was the ſame with our graſs-hopper, for their characters are different enough to have prevented any ſuch miſtake. The *cicada* is what the Italians now call *cicala*, and the French *cigale*. They make one conſtant uniform noiſe all day long in ſummer-time, which is extremely diſagreeable and tireſome, particularly in the great heats. Their note is ſharp and ſhrill in the beginning of the ſummer, but hoarſe and harſh towards the latter part of it. They are ſuppoſed to feed on the morning dew, and then fix on ſome ſunny branch of a tree and ſing all day long. It is hence that this inſect is oppoſed to the ant in the old Æſopian fables, which is as induſtrious and inoffenſive as the other is idle and troubleſome. Virgil calls the cicada *querulæ* and *raucæ*. Martial *argutæ* and *inhumanæ*. Their note is the more troubleſome, becauſe

There heat, and thirſt, and toil (an irkſome crew!)
The warrior's ſteps along the ſand purſue.
But ſince my muſe muſt various tales rehearſe,
Nor one alone can claim my partial verſe,
I leave Rogero here, and haſten o'er
To ſeek Rinaldo on the Scottiſh ſhore.

The king, his daughter fair, and all the land,
With great regard Rinaldo entertain'd:
At length the knight his embaſſy diſplay'd
To beg from Scotland and from England aid;
He ſhew'd, beſide his monarch's earneſt prayer,
How glory call'd them to ſupport the war.
To this the king reply'd without delay,
That to the furtheſt limits of his ſway,
His ſoul was ever ready to maintain
The empire's rights, and weal of Charlemain;
With promiſe to prepare, ere many days,
Whatever force his utmoſt power could raiſe,

becauſe in the great heats they ſing alone. Any one who has paſſed a ſummer in Italy, or in the ſouth of France, will not think the epithet *inhumanæ* too ſevere for them. SPENCE."

See Dr. WARTON's Eclog. II. ver. 16.

Ver. 145. *I leave Rogero* —] He returns to Rogero, Book x. ver. 231. Rinaldo was laſt ſpoken of in the vith book.

And

And had not years depreſt his ſtrength (he ſaid)
Himſelf would combat at his army's head.
Yet ſhould not age ſo damp his martial flame,
To keep him from the dangerous field of fame,
But that his ſon, his abſence well ſupply'd,
With prudent counſel, and with courage try'd.
Though diſtant now from his paternal reign,
He hop'd to ſee him ſoon return again;
While he th' auxiliar troops aſſembled drew,
To paſs before his ſight in juſt review.

The monarch ſpoke; and inſtant gives command
To levy horſe and foot throughout the land
Equips a numerous fleet to ſtem the tides;
And various ſtores for every need provides.

Now brave Rinaldo, haſtening to depart
For England's realm, the king with grateful heart
To Berwick's town convey'd the valiant peer,
There, parting, ſhed for grief a tender tear.
Soon in the poop the proſperous breezes blew;
Rinaldo went on board, and bade adieu.

The buſy mariners their anchors ſhip,
And plough ſecurely through the foamy deep
With rapid courſe: the ſilver Thames they gain
Where firſt he mingles with the briny main:

Along

Along the ſtream with oars and ſails they fly,
Till London's ſtately towers ſalute their eye.
Rinaldo did from Charles and Otho bring
(Otho beſieg'd in Paris with the king)
Commiſſion to the prince, whoſe honour'd hand
By deputation rul'd the Engliſh land,
To raiſe ſupplies; and from fair Albion's coaſt
Embark for Calais' ſhore the friendly hoſt,
To Charlemain and France a welcome aid:
The prince, who then the regal ſceptre ſway'd
In Otho's ſtead, to brave Rinaldo's name
Such honours paid, as Otho's ſelf might claim;
Then, anſwering his demands, he ſummon'd all
The neighbouring forces that obey'd his call;
With thoſe that in the ſubject iſlands lay,
To meet together on a certain day.

But here, my lord, with various themes my muſe
Th' example of the lyriſt's art purſues,
Who, ſhifting oft the ſtrings, with ſkilful hands,
Now high, now low, the changing note commands.

Ver. 199. *But here, my lord,* —] A freſh addreſs to his patron: this frequently occurs in the courſe of the work. Rinaldo is mentioned again at the review of the forces, Book x, ver. 507.

While

While to Rinaldo was my verſe confin'd,
Angelica again employ'd my mind,
Whom late we left, where, flying from his ſight,
She on an aged hermit chanc'd to light.
Then to purſue her tale — ſhe aſk'd the way
That led to where ſome ready veſſel lay:
Such anxious fears poſſeſs'd the tender maid,
She deem'd all Europe could not yield her aid.
Pleas'd with her wondrous charms the hoary ſire
Through his cold veins confeſs'd a ſudden fire;
Then ſtrove with heavenly converſe to detain
The parting fair-one, but he ſtrove in vain.
A hundred times he ſtruck his aſs, but ſtill
The ſtubborn beaſt was reſtive to his will:
His walk was heavy, and his trot was worſe;
Nor could he make him mend his tardy courſe.
The virgin gone; when ſcarce his ſight ſurvey'd
The late-worn track her palfrey's feet had made,
A cave he ſought, remote from human eyes,
There caus'd from earth unhallow'd fiends to riſe:
From this infernal band a ſpright he choſe,
On whom he beſt might his commands impoſe;
And bade him on the palfrey act his part,
That with the damſel bore away his heart.

As

As the ſtaunch hound that through the mountain dews,
With open mouth the hare or fox purſues,
When wheeling round he ſees the flying prey,
Oft ſeems to bend his ſpeed a different way,
Till, unawares, upon the wretch he flies,
And gripes with cruel jaws the bleeding prize.
The hermit thus, by hidden craft, deſign'd
Where'er ſhe fled, Angelica to find.
His ſecret purpoſe well methinks I trace,
And ſhall diſcover in ſome future place.
The ſubtle demon, with his charge poſſeſt,
Now ſteers within th' unwary damſel's beaſt.
So lurking ſparks at firſt in ſecret lie,
'Till burſting ſheets of flame involve the ſky.
Near the ſalt flood her lonely path ſhe held,
Where on the Gaſcon ſhore the billows ſwell'd:
But ſoon the fiend, that in her palfrey lay,
To the deep ſeas impell'd his headlong way.
With terror ſtruck, ſhe ſtrives to turn the rein;
But further ſtill he plunges in the main.

Ver. 244. *To the deep ſeas* —] This whole paſſage copied from Ovid, in the fable of Jupiter and Europa.

What ſhould ſhe do, but firmly fix her ſeat?
Her robe ſhe gathers round; her timorous feet
She draws aloft; while o'er her ſhoulders flow
Her locks, and in her face the zephyrs blow!
The rougher winds are huſh'd; the ſurges ceaſe
Their fury, by her charms compos'd to peace.
While flowing tears her cheeks and breaſt bedew,
Back to the ſhore ſhe caſts a mournful view;
She ſees it now, alas! no longer near;
Still leſs and leſs the flying hills appear:
Till, wheeling to the right, a diſtant ſtrand,
The courſer reach'd, and bore her ſafe to land,
Midſt rocks and caves; what time the ſinking light
Of Phœbus' beams reſign'd the world to night.
Soon as the damſel found herſelf convey'd
To theſe drear wilds, whoſe ſight alone diſmay'd
The gazer's heart, immoveable ſhe ſtood;
So fix'd, had any eye her figure view'd,
She ſeem'd a ſtatue on the lonely ſands:
Her hair was hanging looſe; her claſping hands
Together join'd; in ſilent grief ſhe mourn'd
With lips unmov'd: her eyes were upward turn'd,
As if t' accuſe the high decrees of Heaven,
That all her days to miſery had given!

At

At length ſhe gave a vent to mighty woe,
Words found their way, and tears began to flow!
Relentleſs fate! what would'ſt thou more ſhe cries
Since life itſelf will not thy rage ſuffice?
Why haſt thou ſav'd me from the gaping wave,
Where now my griefs had found a peaceful grave,
But that my life preſerv'd might means ſupply
To perſecute me more before I die!
By thee I'm baniſh'd from my regal ſeat,
Nor e'er muſt hope my native land to greet:
And O! far worſe! have loſt my ſpotleſs name,
For though my conſcious thoughts are void of blame,
Yet, wandering thus, I give too juſt pretence,
For ſlander to defame my innocence!
What has that wretched damſel left to boaſt,
What good on earth, whoſe virtuous praiſe is loſt!
Alas! that fame which ſpeaks me young and fair,
(Or true or falſe) but adds to my deſpair!
Nor can I thanks to Heaven for charms beſtow,
For luckleſs charms, whence all my ſorrows flow.
Through theſe, my brother, poor Argalia, dy'd;
No ſuccour his enchanted arms ſupply'd.
For theſe did Agrican, the Tartar king,
My father Galaphron to ruin bring,

Once monarch of Cathay: 'tis hence I range
Forlorn, and every day my dwelling change.
My wealth, my friends, my honour, all is flown!
Yet am I ſtill preſerv'd for woes unknown.
Glut then thy utmoſt rage! O! fortune! ſend
Some ſavage beaſt theſe wretched limbs to rend.
From loathſome light my weary ſoul relieve,
And for my death my grateful thanks receive.
Thus in deep ſorrow mourn'd the hapleſs dame,
Till in her ſight the wily father came:
Her, from the ſummit of a rock, he view'd,
As on the plain below ſhe weeping ſtood.
Six days before, arriv'd the hermit there,
Borne by a demon ſtrangely through the air;
And now ſuch looks of deep devotion wore,
Not holy Paul, or bleſt Hilario more!

When

Ver. 295. — *my father Galaphron — monarch of Cathay:*—] Albracca having been long beſieged, was at laſt taken by ſtorm, though not by Agrican, who was ſlain by Orlando, but by the enemies of Angelica, who took advantage of the abſence of Orlando, Sacripant, and the other brave defenders of that princeſs. See ORLANDO INNAM.

Ver. 310.—*holy Paul, or bleſt Hilario*—] "Paul, the firſt hermit, retired into the deſert, in the time of the emperor Valerian, where he lived holily for one hundred and two years,

When nearer fair Angelica he drew,
Nor ſhe the features of the hermit knew,
The welcome ſight her drooping ſpirits cheer'd,
Though ſtill deep anguiſh on her face appear'd.
O! holy father! with thy pitying aid
Relieve, ſhe cry'd, a helpleſs, lonely maid;
Then, with a broken voice, began to tell
That mournful ſtory, which he knew ſo well.
In pious ſtrains, with hypocritic air,
He now began to ſooth the weeping fair;
While, as he ſpoke, his roving fingers preſs'd
Her alabaſter neck and heaving breaſt;
Till, bolder grown, he claſp'd her in his arms:
But here, reſentment kindling all her charms,
Back with her hand the feeble wretch ſhe threw,
While every feature glow'd with roſy hue.
Then from his ſcrip he takes, of ſovereign uſe,
A little vial fill'd with magic juice;

In

years, in company with the bleſſed abbot Antonio. Hilario, biſhop of Gallia, was ſent into exile with Euſebius, by the emperor, who was an enemy to the Chriſtians: he led an exemplary life, and wrought many miracles." PORCACCHI.

Ver. 327. *Then from his ſcrip* —] Boyardo has a ſtory ſomething ſimilar to this of Arioſto, where Flordelis, wife to Brandimart, meets with ſuch another hermit, who caſts

In thoſe bright eyes, where love was wont to frame
His ſharpeſt darts, and raiſe his pureſt flame,
A drop he ſprinkles that had power to ſteep
Her heavy eye-lids in the dew of ſleep.
Now prone on earth ſhe ſinks, a lovely prize,
Defenceleſs at his lawleſs will ſhe lies;
While, at his pleaſure, he can wander o'er
Each nameleſs beauty, every grace explore.
Oft to her mouth his trembling lips are preſt;
And oft his kiſſes print her ivory breaſt.
None view his actions, on that deſert coaſt:
But the ſoft hour of love with him is loſt.
The hoary dotard, whoſe impure deſire
Forgets what ſage and reverend years require,
Shame of his kind! with drowſy age oppreſt,
By ſlow degrees reſigns his limbs to reſt,
And every ſenſe in dull oblivion laid,
Soon lies in ſlumber by the ſlumbering maid.
But now a freſh diſaſter fortune ſent,
Who ſeldom leaves till all her darts are ſpent:

her in a deep ſleep, and carries her away from her huſband, when ſhe is afterwards delivered by a lion, who terrifies the hermit that had conveyed her to a cave. See likewiſe the old Fiſherman and Florimel in Spenſer, FAIRY QUEEN, B. iii. C. viii.

And

And here I muſt th' occaſion firſt diſplay
That draws me ſomething from the path away:
In ſeas remote, beneath the weſtern ſkies,
Beyond the Iriſh coaſt an iſland lies,
Ebuda call'd, on whoſe ill-fated ground
Th' inhabitants are now but thinly found.
A dreadful orc, and numerous monſters more,
By Proteus ſent, have ravag'd all the ſhore.

Ver. 355. *A dreadful orc,* —] The word *orca* in the Italian has no particular ſignification, but is applied to any monſter or creature of the imagination: in the xviith book, *orco* is uſed for a deformed and dreadful giant: the word orc occurs in Milton:

The haunts of ſeals and orcs and ſew-mew's clang!
PAR. LOST, B. xi. ver. 835.

Ver. 356. *By Proteus ſent,* —] Arioſto makes a ſtrange mixture of the Chriſtian and Pagan theology: Neptune, Proteus, and the other marine gods, are here introduced without ſcruple. Spenſer in like manner employs the fables and ſymbols of the ancients, and makes the heathen deities agents in his poem; and, like Arioſto, brings Proteus into the above-mentioned tale of Florimel and the Fiſherman:

Proteus is ſhepherd of the ſeas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty herd;
An aged ſire with head all frory hore,
And ſprinkled froſt upon his dewy beard; &c.

The ancient ſtories (ſtrange to hear!) relate,
A powerful monarch govern'd once the ſtate:
This prince a daughter fair and young poſſeſs'd,
With every grace and every virtue bleſt;
Whoſe heavenly charms, as on the ſtrand ſhe ſtood,
Enflam'd the heart of Proteus midſt the flood:
The bloomy virgin by his love compell'd,
Her pregnant womb a growing burthen ſwell'd.
Moſt hateful to her ſire was this to hear,
Above all others impious and ſevere!
Nor would he by remorſe, or love, be led
To ſave his hapleſs child's devoted head.
His grandſon (harmleſs object of his ſpite)
Was murder'd ere he yet had ſeen the light!
Proteus, to whom 'tis given in charge to keep
The herds of Neptune, ruler of the deep,
For his lov'd conſort's death indignant burn'd,
And to revenge her all his fury turn'd.
With ſpeed he ſent aſhore his ſavage train,
The phocœ, orcs, and monſters of the main;
That not alone their rage on herds employ'd,
But villages and huſbandmen deſtroy'd.
The ſoldiers arm'd, by night and day prepar'd,
High on the city's walls maintain'd the guard,
While from the fields the trembling people flew:
At length to learn what courſe they muſt purſue

To

To end their plague, the oracle they ſought;
And thence the deputies this anſwer brought.
" That Heaven requir'd them with unweary'd care
" To ſeek a damſel, like the former, fair;
" A victim doom'd beſide the roaring tide,
" T' appeaſe the God for her that guiltleſs dy'd.
" So might th' offended power the maid receive,
" And from their woes th' afflicted land relieve.
" But if the ſcourge remain'd, they muſt preſent
" Another dame, 'till Proteus' wrath was ſpent."
I dare nor true, nor falſe, this ſtory hold,
Which former annals have of Proteus told:
Thus far 'tis known — in this unhappy place,
A law prevails againſt the female race,
To nouriſh daily with their guiltleſs blood
An hideous monſter, riſing from the flood,
A dreadful orc, that near the iſle remain'd,
When every other had the ſeas regain'd.
Hard is the lot of woman ever found,
But harder ſtill on this unpitying ground.
O wretched virgins! in a luckleſs hour
By fortune caſt on this ill-omen'd ſhore,
Where, by the waves, in cruel watch they ſtand
To ſeize on ſtrangers with an impious hand;

Thoſe

Whoſe lives may for the nation's guilt atone,
And thus preſerve the numbers of their own.
From port to port their veſſels ſcour the main,
New victims for the ſacrifice to gain.
Some maids by force they win, and ſome by ſtealth,
By flattery theſe, and thoſe by hopes of wealth;
And thus they drew ſuch numbers in their power,
As every priſon fill'd, and every tower.

A pinnace, that had ſail'd from land to land,
Paſſing before the ſolitary ſtrand,
Where on the graſſy turf the lovely maid,
Unbleſt Angelica, aſleep was laid,
Their anchor caſt, the ſeamen ſtopp'd, to bring
Wood from the grove, and water from the ſpring,
And there beheld the flower of beauty's charms,
Claſp'd in the holy father's reverend arms!

O! precious prize! adorn'd with every grace!
Too precious far for ſuch a barbarous race!
O! cruel fortune! canſt thou then maintain
Thy ſway on earth with ſuch relentleſs reign,
To yield an offering to a monſter's rage,
Thoſe graces that could Agrican engage
From Caucaſus Albracca's force to brave,
With all of Scythia there to find a grave!

That

That beauty priz'd by Sacripant before
His martial glory and his regal power!
That beauty, which the mighty fame defac'd
Of Anglant's knight, and laid his ſenſes waſte!
That beauty, which had rouz'd ſuch chiefs to arms,
And fill'd the eaſtern empire with alarms!
Now lies forlorn, to woe and death betray'd,
Without a friend to hear, a friend to aid!
The damſel, ſleeping, ſenſeleſs on the ground,
Before ſhe wak'd, with ready chains they bound;
They ſeiz'd the hermit too; and with their prey
Back to the ſtrand again reſum'd their way.
To the high maſt the bellying canvas ſtrain'd,
The veſſel ſoon the mournful iſland gain'd.
Yet pity wrought ſo far her charms to ſpare,
For many days they kept the virgin-fair;
'Till now, exhauſted all their hapleſs ſtore,
Weeping they led her to the deſtin'd ſhore.
What tongue can tell the ſorrows, tears, and ſighs,
The lamentations loud that pierc'd the ſkies!
'Twas ſtrange the pitying rocks did not divide,
When to the ſtone her lovely limbs were ty'd.
I can no more—ſuch pangs my breaſt aſſail,
The muſe muſt leave untold the piteous tale;

And

And to a theme leſs gloomy turn the ſtrain,
'Till her torn mind recovers ſtrength again.
Not ſquallid ſnakes, nor ſpotted tigreſs ſtung
With dreadful fury for her raviſh'd young,
Or aught that in the tract of Afric lands
Envenom'd wanders o'er the burning ſands,
Could view without remorſe this maiden's cruel bands.
Had fame the tidings to Orlando brought,
Who late in Paris' walls his fair one fought;

Or

Ver. 462. *Had fame the tidings* —] See the before cited book in Spenſer, where Florimel falls into the hands of the old Fiſherman.

O! ye brave knights! that boaſt this lady's love
Where be ye now ——
But if that thou ſir Satyrane didſt weet,
Or thou ſir Peridure her ſorry ſtate,
How ſoon would ye aſſemble many a fleet,
To fetch from ſea that ye at land loſt late.
Towers, cities, kingdoms ye would ruinate,
In your avengement and diſpiteous rage;
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate:
But if ſir Calidore could it preſage,
No living creature could his cruelty aſſuage.

This apoſtrophe to the knights of Fairy land, and calling on them by name, to aſſiſt the diſtreſſed Florimel, ſeems imitated from Ariosto, who twice uſes the ſame kind of apoſtrophe;

Or the two warriors, whom the friar miſled
With lying forms in Stygian darkneſs bred;
For her a thouſand dangers had they dar'd,
And flown with ſpeed to be the virgin's guard:
But ſhould the fatal news their ſouls ſurpriſe
The diſtance now their timely aid denies!

Meantime was Paris cloſe beſieg'd around
By king Troyano's ſon in arms renown'd:
One dreadful day the foes ſo warmly preſs'd,
They nearly enter'd and the town poſſeſs'd:
Then had not Heaven fulfill'd the Chriſtian prayer,
And pour'd a deluge through the darken'd air,
That day had ſunk before the Pagan lance,
The ſacred empire, and the fame of France!
The great Creator turn'd his eyes, and heard
The juſt complaint by aged Charles preferr'd,

ſtrophe; where Angelica is going to be devoured by a monſter, and where Rogero is flung into priſon."

UPTON's Notes on Spenſer.

Ver. 470. *Meantime was Paris* —] He returns to Angelica the xth Book, ver. 647.

Ver. 475. *And pour'd a deluge* —] In this ſhort account of the ſiege of Paris, Arioſto alludes to a more particular deſcription which had been given by Boyardo, in the latter end of his poem. See General View of BOYARDO's Story.

The continuation of this ſiege is reſumed by Arioſto, B. xiv. ver. 491.

And

And ſudden, where all human help was vain,
The fire extinguiſh'd with tempeſtuous rain.
The wiſe will ever to th' Almighty bend,
Whoſe power can beſt the falling ſtate defend!
The pious monarch own'd, in grateful thought,
The hand divine that had his ſafety wrought.

At night Orlando, on his reſtleſs bed,
Revolves diſtreſsful fancies in his head;
While here and there his thoughts each other chace,
And never long maintain their fitting place.
So from a water clear, the trembling light
Of Phœbus, or the ſilver queen of night,

Along

Ver. 493. *So from a water clear,*—] See Virgil. Æn. viii.

Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen aënis
Sole repercuſſum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat late loca, jamque ſub auras
Erigitur, ſummique ferit laquearia tecti.

So from a brazen vaſe the trembling ſtream
Reflects the lunar or the ſolar beam;
Swift and eluſive of the dazzled eyes,
From wall to wall the dancing glory flies;
Thence to the cieling ſhoot the glancing rays,
And o'er the roof the quivering ſplendor plays.

PITT.

Camöens,

Along the ſpacious rooms with ſplendor plays,
Now high, now low, and ſhifts a thouſand ways.
Angelica, returning to his mind,
Who ſcarce was ever from his thoughts disjoin'd,
He feels with double force the pains increaſe,
That ſeem'd awhile by day compos'd to peace.
With her from India to the weſt he came,
Where fortune robb'd him of his beauteous dame:
And vainly trac'd her ſteps, ſince Bourdeaux' field
Compell'd the banded powers of France to yield.
For this Orlando's careful breaſt was mov'd,
And oft for this his folly he reprov'd!
My life's beſt joy! how have I err'd! (he ſaid)
Why have I thus ſo fair a nymph betray'd?

Camöens, as Mr. Mickle obſerves, has the ſame ſimile:

As in the ſun's bright beam the gameſome boy
Plays with the ſhining ſteel or cryſtal toy,
Swift and irregular, by ſudden ſtarts,
The living ray with viewleſs motion darts,
Swift o'er the wall, the roof, the floor, by turns,
The ſun-beam dances and the radiance burns.

MICKLE'S LUCIAD, B. viii.

Ver. 500. —*ſince Bourdeaux' field*—] The great battle in which the Chriſtian army was defeated, deſcribed by Boyardo, and mentioned by Arioſto in the beginning of the poem.

When

When on thy charms each day to feed my ſight,
On thy dear converſe dwell with fond delight,
Thy goodneſs gave — ev'n then — O! fatal hour!
I tamely gave thee into Namus' power!
Well might my ſoul have ſuch an act excus'd?
Not Charles himſelf had my deſires refus'd.
Firſt had I every chance of battle try'd;
Firſt let them from my breaſt my heart divide!
But Charles, and all his force, too weak had prov'd
To raviſh from my arms the maid I lov'd!
At leaſt I might have plac'd her with a guard
In Paris, or ſome ſtrong retreat prepar'd:
Who like myſelf, ſhould every danger brave
From threatening ills the virgin fair to ſave!
Far dearer than the blood that bathes my heart;
How ill have I perform'd a lover's part!
Ah! whither now, without my aid, alone,
Whither, ſo young and beauteous, art thou gone!
As when the ſun withdraws his evening rays,
A lamb, forſaken, midſt the foreſt ſtrays
With tender bleats, in hopes the ſhepherd's ear
At length may chance the plaintive notes to hear;

Ver. 524. *As when the ſun* —] This is a tender beautiful ſimile, and altogether original.

Till

Till from afar the wolf the ſound receives,
And for his loſs the hapleſs ſhepherd grieves.
Then art thou fall'n to cruel wolves a prey,
Thy faithful knight Orlando far away!
That dear, that virgin treaſure, which poſſeſt,
Had made Orlando, with th' immortals bleſt,
Which at thy chaſte deſire I kept unſtain'd,
Some cruel ſpoiler now perhaps has gain'd.
Forbid it Heaven! all other ſufferings ſhed,
All other plagues, on my devoted head!
But ſhould it be — this hand ſhall yield relief,
And end at once my being and my grief.
Now loſt in ſleep the whole creation lay,
And cheer'd their ſpirits from the toils of day.
Some ſunk in down; and ſome the herbage preſs'd;
While ſome on rocks, on oaks, or myrtles reſt.
Yet thou, Orlando, ſeek'ſt in vain to cloſe
Thy wakeful lids, diſtracted from repoſe;
Or if a moment ſeals thy weary eyes,
In thy ſhort ſlumber painful viſions riſe.
Orlando dreamt, that on a river's ſide,
With odorous flowers and ſhrubs diverſify'd,
He gaz'd tranſported on that heavenly face,
Which Love himſelf had ting'd with roſy grace;

On thoſe bright ſtars, whoſe glances food ſupply
To ſouls that in his nets entangled lie;
On that dear virgin, whoſe all-conquering eyes
Could in his breaſt his amorous heart ſurpriſe!
While thus he ſeem'd poſſeſt of every joy
That can a happy lover's thoughts employ,
A ſudden ſtorm the chearful day o'ercaſt,
The tender flowerets wither'd in the blaſt,
The foreſt ſhook, as when, in wintry ſkies,
South, eaſt, and weſt with mingled fury riſe!
Now while he ſhelter ſought, the mournful knight
Seem'd in the gloom to loſe the damſel's ſight.
Now here, now there, he ſearch'd the woods around
And made the country with her name reſound.
But while a thouſand fears his ſoul diſmay'd,
He heard her well-known voice imploring aid:
Swift to the ſound he turn'd, but turn'd in vain,
His eyes no more the object lov'd regain;
When to his ears this dreadful warning came,
"Ne'er hope on earth again to ſee the dame!"
The lover, waking, found the viſion fled,
And ſaw his falling tears bedew the bed.
Unmindful now that dreams are empty ſhade,
By fancy form'd, he deem'd his deareſt maid

With

With danger preſs'd, and from his couch he flew,
And o'er his limbs his plated armour drew;
Then Brigliadoro took without delay,
But not a ſquire attendant on his way.
From prying eyes the more to hide his name,
Nor give each vulgar tongue t' aſperſe his fame,
He wore not thoſe known arms, and ample ſhield
With red and white diſtinguiſh'd in the field;
But arms of ſable hue, whoſe darkneſs ſhows
A juſt reſemblance to his inward woes.
Not many years elaps'd, his matchleſs might
From Amoſtantes won this ſuit in fight.
Now midſt the ſilence of the midnight hour,
He left his ſovereign Charles; the Chriſtian power

Ver. 578. — *Brigliadoro* —] Briglia-d'oro, i. e. golden bridle: the name of Orlando's horſe in Boyardo, whence Spenſer calls ſir Guyon's horſe, Brigadore: this horſe was formerly the property of Almontes. See Note to Book i. ver. 202.

Ver. 582. — *thoſe known arms*, —] The armour which Orlando won from Almontes, brother to Troyano.

Ver. 587. — *Amoſtantes* —] The name of this warrior, who is not mentioned in Boyardo, appears in a muſter of the forces brought over by Almontes: after the death of Almontes he was killed by Orlando.

See ASPRAMONTE, C. v. xx.

He left; nor bade adieu to Brandimart,
Once his lov'd friend and partner of his heart!
But when with golden treſſes round her head,
The morn aroſe from rich Tithonus' bed,
And from earth's face the humid curtains drew,
Orlando's flight, incens'd the monarch knew:
With deep concern his nephew's loſs he heard
When honour call'd him now, where danger rear'd
Her dreadful front, to guard from hoſtile hands
His king, his country, and his ſocial bands.
Nor could he hide his anger, but expreſs'd
The juſt reſentment kindled in his breaſt;
With threats, if abſent long, the recreant knight
Should dearly mourn this ill-concerted flight.

Ver. 590. — *Brandimart*,] Brandimart is one of the principal perſonages in the Orlando Innamorato, where he makes a more conſpicuous figure than in the Furioſo. Brandimart and Flordelis are deſcribed by Boyardo, as a pattern of conjugal affection, and this character of them is preſerved by Arioſto: they were Pagans by birth, but Flordelis was firſt converted by Rinaldo, and Brandimart afterwards by the joint arguments of Orlando and Flordelis. Brandimart is introduced as the almoſt inſeparable companion of Orlando, whom he accompanies to the ſiege of Albraca. See ORLANDO INNAM.

But

But noble Brandimart, whoſe faith well try'd,
No chance could ſhake, whom nothing could di-
vide
From his lov'd friend; who inly hop'd once more
Orlando to his fellows to reſtore;
And ſcorn'd to hear reproach his fame upbraid,
Swift from the hoſt his eager ſteps convey'd;
Nor would to Flordelis his thoughts diſcloſe,
Leſt her fond love ſhould his deſign oppoſe.
His wedded dame was ſhe, his ſoul's delight,
Scarce was he ever abſent from her ſight:
The charms of beauty in her perſon ſhin'd,
And every prudent grace adorn'd her mind!
Yet, parting thus, he hop'd ere cloſe of day
Again to meaſure back his former way:
But many a chance the wandering warrior prov'd,
That long detain'd him from the fair he lov'd.
A tedious month his conſort ſtay'd in vain,
In hopes to ſee her Brandimart again;
Till fear and love her breaſt ſo ſtrongly rend,
She quits the walls without a guide or friend;
And ſeeks him long in many a diſtant ſtate,
As, in its place, the ſtory ſhall relate:
Of theſe no more — the muſe with nobler flight
Now turns the ſtrain to great Anglante's knight;

Who, having chang'd his arms of well-known fame,
Won from Almontes, to the portal came;
And to a chief, who there maintain'd the guard,
In a low voice his mighty name declar'd:
Soon at the word, he let the draw-bridge down,
When ſwift Orlando iſſu'd from the town,
And took the way to paſs the ſlumbering foe:
What follow'd then th' enſuing book ſhall ſhow.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ORLANDO ſeeking Angelica, hears of the cruel cuſtom of the people of Ebuda, who every day ſacrificed a virgin to a ſea-monſter. He reſolves to go againſt thoſe Iſlanders, but, in his way, being caſt aſhore by a tempeſt, meets with Olympia, who relates to him a melancholy tale of her misfortunes and expulſion from her hereditary dominions. Orlando undertakes to reſtore her to her poſſeſſions, and revenge her on her enemy.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

TO what will cruel treacherous love conſtrain
A heart, once taken captive in his chain,
Since he can thus Orlando's breaſt divide,
And turn his duty from his lord aſide?
He, who was once with deepeſt wiſdom ſtor'd,
The holy church defending with his ſword,
Ere ſince in love's bewildering path he trod,
Forgets himſelf, his ſovereign, and his GOD!
Yet would I gladly here acquit his fame,
O'erjoy'd, with mine, to find ſo great a name:
For ſtill with eyes averſe the right I view,
But with a ready will the wrong purſue.

Now,

Now, cloth'd in ſable arms, his courſe he took,
Without remorſe his deareſt friends forſook,
And ſaw the troops of Africa and Spain
Encamp'd unnumber'd o'er the ſpacious plain:
In ſhelters from the ſtorm diſpers'd they lay;
Some diſtant far, and ſome a nearer way:
Deep ſunk in ſleep was every weary band,
Theſe ſtretch'd on earth, thoſe leaning on the hand.
Then might the earl have ſlain a numerous crew,
Nor yet his Durindana once he drew.

Ver. 17. *In ſhelters from the ſtorm* —] See General View of BOYARDO's Story.

Ver. 22. — *Durindana* —] Durlindana, or Durlindana, the name of Orlando's ſword, ſo called in Pulci and Boyardo; this ſword was made by enchantment, and would penetrate every kind of armour. See Note to Book I. ver. 202.

"Durinda is the name of Roland's ſword in Turpin's romance, which Arioſto and Boyardo copy ſo faithfully. As a ſpecimen of that hiſtorian's ſtyle and manner, I ſhall preſent the reader with Roland's ſoliloquy addreſſed to this ſword, when he was mortally wounded by a Saracen giant. "O! enſis pulcherrime! ſed ſemper lucidiſſime, capulo "eburneo candidiſſime, cruce aurea ſplendiſſime, ſuperficie "deaurate, pomo beryllino deaurate, magno nomine Dei "inſculpte, acumine legitime, virtute omni prædite, quis "amplius virtute tua utetur? Quis, &c." Turpini Hiſt. de Geſtis Caroli Mag. cap. xxii.

WARTON's Obſerv. on Spenſer.

Too

Too noble was Orlando's ſoul, to ſhow
Inglorious hatred on a ſlumbering foe!
Through every part he ſought the royal maid,
While thoſe, he waking found, he gently pray'd
(Her form deſcribing and her garb) to tell,
What chance the virgin, whom he lov'd, befel.
The next returning morn the knight again
Explor'd the camp of Agramant in vain:
Where in th' Arabian dreſs from all conceal'd,
And in the language of the country ſkill'd,
Three days he rov'd ſecure from place to place,
And ſeem'd a native of the Mooriſh race.
Through towns and cities next his courſe he bends.
Where'er proud France her ample realm extends;
Through Britanny, Provence, the Gaſcon's reign;
From fruitful Picardy to diſtant Spain.

What time November ſtrips the flowery field
And bids the earth her verdant covering yield
To hoary froſt; when trees diſhonour'd ſtand,
And birds in cluſters ſeek a foreign land;
His friends he left; nor yet his labours ceas'd
With wintry ſkies; nor ſpring his cares releas'd.
While thus the knight his eager ſearch purſu'd,
He came one day to where a ſtream he view'd

That

That ſlowly to the ſeas was wont to glide,
And Britanny from Normandy divide.
But now the waters, ſwell'd with heavy rains
And melted ſnows, had delug'd all the plains;
And loudly foaming, with reſiſtleſs force,
Had borne the bridge before them in their courſe.

Orlando, pauſing here, awhile explor'd
Each neighbouring part to croſs th' oppoſing ford:
As thus he linger'd, midſt the flood appear'd
A ſlender bark, whoſe helm a damſel ſteer'd:
The Paladin beſought her from the land
To give him paſſage to the further ſtrand.

This bark (ſhe anſwer'd) ne'er receives a knight
Unleſs he firſt his ſacred promiſe plight,
At my requeſt, the nobleſt war to wage,
That ever can a champion's arms engage.
If here, ſir knight, you ſeek the further ſhore,
Firſt give your faith that, ere this month is o'er,
You to th' Hibernian monarch will unite
Your force, who now aſſembles all his might
The fatal iſle Ebuda to confound,
The moſt inhuman which the ſeas ſurround.
Know that afar, midſt many a neighbouring iſle,
Ebuda lies beyond the Iriſh ſoil;

That,

That, by an ancient law, to foreign lands
Sends many veſſels fill'd with warlike bands,
To ſeize and bear unhappy dames away,
Doom'd for a dreadful monſter's living prey:
Merchants and corſairs to the coaſt repair,
And traffic with them for the wretched fair:
There, on the ſtrand, each day a virgin dies;
Think then what numbers fall a ſacrifice!
But if ſoft pity can your boſom move,
Or if your ſoul is not averſe to love,
Conſent your name with thoſe allies to join,
Who now for ſuch a glorious cauſe combine.
Scarce had ſhe ended, when th' impatient knight
Vow'd to be foremoſt in ſo juſt a fight;
As one whoſe ſoul deteſted cruel deeds:
And ſoon a new alarm his fancy breeds;
He fears, leſt, thither by ill fate betray'd,
That iſland crew had ſeiz'd the lovely maid
Whom late he ſought; and now his anxious mind
Reſolves with ſpeed the cruel realm to find.
Then, ere the ſun deſcended to the deep,
He reach'd Saint Malo, and procur'd a ſhip.
The bellying canvas catch'd the driving blaſt,
And in the night Saint Michael's mount they paſt:

Breco

Breco and Landriglier, behind they leave,
And now by Britanny the billows cleave;
Then ſteer directly tow'rd the chalky ſhore
Whence England once the name of Albion bore.
But ſoon the ſouthern breeze begins to fail,
And adverſe winds from weſt and north prevail:
The ſails are furl'd to ſhun the furious force,
That drives the veſſel from its deſtin'd courſe.
Four days in vain they plough the foamy ſea,
In one they meaſure back their former way;
While from the land the careful pilot steers,
Where ſecret ſhelves and dangerous rocks he fears.
At length the wind that o'er the ſtormy main
Four days had driv'n them, chang'd its courſe again;
And let the ſhatter'd bark ſecurely ride
Where Antwerp's river ſeeks the briny tide.
Soon as the crew, reliev'd from care and toil,
Had ſafely anchor'd on the friendly ſoil,
Lo! from the right, before them, came in view
An ancient ſire with locks of ſilver hue,
Who, firſt to each his courteous greeting paid,
Beſpoke Orlando whom he deem'd their head;
And, in his miſtreſs' name, beſought the knight,
To glad her ſorrows with his welcome ſight;

Who

Who not alone the prize of beauty held,
But all her kind in virtuous gifts excell'd:
Or, if he rather choſe awhile to ſtay,
Herſelf would to his veſſel take her way:
For never warrior yet, by tempeſts toſt,
Or led by land to that unhappy coaſt,
Refus'd to hear the dame her tale relate,
And give her counſel in her woeful ſtate.
The gallant chief, whoſe pitying aid to gain
Misfortune never ſu'd, and ſu'd in vain,
Conſents to quit the veſſel, and purſue
The ſage's ſteps, till near a pile they drew
Of ſtately frame, but fill'd with mournful gloom,
Where funeral black was hung in every room.
Orlando here beheld a damſel fair,
Whoſe looks and geſture ſpoke her deep deſpair:
With gentle welcome ſhe receiv'd the knight,
Then thus began her ſorrows to recite.

Know firſt, my lord, the hapleſs wretch you view
From Holland's earl her birth diſaſtrous drew:
Two brothers did with me the bleſſing prove
Which children find in fond paternal love.
While thus domeſtic peace each hour endear'd,
The duke of Zealand at our court appear'd;

Who

Who went a war againſt the Moors to wage,
In flower of beauty and in blooming age:
His perſon pleas'd, but more his paſſion gain'd,
And ſoon my eaſy heart in fetters chain'd.
While adverſe winds forbade his purpos'd way,
Our mutual love beguil'd his lingering ſtay:
The time an age to his impatient crew,
With me, alas! how ſwift the moments flew!
And oft we vows exchang'd to join our hands,
At his return, in ſolemn nuptial bands.
Scarce from our country was Bireno gone,
(The name by which my faithful love was known)
When Friza's king, who long with artful mind
To wed me to his only ſon deſign'd,
Arbantes nam'd, diſpatch'd a courtly train
My hand in marriage of my ſire to gain:
But I, who ne'er could change my conſtant love,
Or ſo ungrateful to Bireno prove,
Soon with my father all my power apply'd
To ſet this fatal embaſſy aſide:
And ſaid, I rather far would yield my life,
Than e'er in Friza's realms be made a wife.
My loving ſire, who all I aſk'd, approv'd,
Who ne'er would view my breaſt with ſorrow mov'd,

To

To make me from my tears and plaints deſiſt,
Without conſent, th' embaſſadors diſmiſs'd.
At this with rage the king of Friza burn'd,
And all his haughty ſoul to vengeance turn'd.
Our lands he enter'd, and with carnage fill'd,
In which, alas! my kindred all were kill'd.
Beſides his mighty ſtrength, in arms beheld,
That few his vigour, in our age, excell'd;
He weapons us'd to former times unknown,
And, in the preſent, us'd by him alone.
An iron tube he bore, whoſe womb enclos'd
A ball and nitrous grain, with art compos'd.
Now to a vent, ſcarce obvious to the ſight,
Behind the barrel he directs a light:
A ſurgeon thus the lancet's point applies;
The fatal bullet from the concave flies,
With lightening flaſhes and with thunder's ſound,
And ſcatters death and deſolation round.
With this device our bands he twice o'erthrew
In open field, and both my brethen ſlew.
The elder firſt was doom'd the ſtroke to feel,
His heart tranſpierc'd through plates of jointed ſteel:
In vain the ſecond ſtrove from fate to fly;
He, like his brother, was condemn'd to die.

Sent from afar, the ball its force impreſs'd
Full at his back and iſſu'd at his breaſt.
One only caſtle to my ſire remain'd,
Each other part the cruel king had gain'd.
This while he fought to guard with fruitleſs care,
He fell the laſt ſad victim of the war.
The traitor mark'd him as he walk'd the round,
And pierc'd his fore-head with a mortal wound.
My ſire and brethren ſlaughter'd, I remain'd
The hapleſs heireſs of my father's land.
The king of Friza, who deſir'd to gain
A laſting footing in his new domain,
On friendly terms propos'd the war to ceaſe,
And grant to me and mine a laſting peace,
Would I conſent, to what I late deny'd,
And yield to be his ſon Arbantes' bride.
But this I ſtill refus'd — my ſteadfaſt mind
Deteſted juſtly him and all his kind.
By him my ſire and brethren's death I mourn'd,
My country waſted and my cities burn'd.
Still was I fix'd to ſhun the marriage bed,
Till he return'd whom I had ſworn to wed.
To ſhake my ſtern reſolves my people try,
And every art of prayers and threats employ:

When all their prayers and threats they found in vain,
But ſaw me ſtill my purpoſe firm maintain,
The terms with him agreed, themſelves to ſave,
Me and the fort into his hands they gave.
The king receiv'd me mildly, and aſſur'd
My life and lands alike ſhould reſt ſecur'd,
Would I my ſtubborn purpoſe yet forſake,
And, for my ſpouſe, his ſon Arbantes take.
Thus cruelly beſet on every ſide,
I gladly would t' eſcape his power have dy'd.
Yet unreveng'd to die, had griev'd me more
Than all the ſufferings I endur'd before:
But finding, when I every thought had weigh'd,
Diſſembling could alone my purpoſe aid;
To aſk forgiveneſs for the paſt I feign'd,
And gave conſent to take Arbantes' hand.
Two brethren in my father's court were bred
Of loyal heart and of inventive head:
To theſe my thoughts diſclos'd, they vow'd to join
Their mutual aid to ſecond my deſign.
One, to ſecure my flight, a ſhip retain'd:
One, near my perſon, at the court remain'd.
While ſtrangers now and natives all were led
T' attend the nuptial rites, a rumour ſpread

That, in Biſcaia rais'd, a naval power
Bireno brought t' invade the Holland ſhore:
For when in luckleſs fight our army fail'd,
In which I firſt a brother's death bewail'd,
With ſpeed I ſent to let my lover know
The fatal inroad of our barbarous foe.
Meanwhile the ruthleſs king his courſe purſu'd,
Till all our realm his conquering arms ſubdu'd.
Bireno, now, who heard not all was loſt,
Had loos'd his veſſels from Biſcaia's coaſt:
Theſe tidings to the king of Friza known,
He left th' approaching nuptials to his ſon;
And ſailing with his fleet, engag'd the duke,
His ſhips deſtroy'd, and him a priſoner took.
Now had the youth my hand receiv'd, and led
At night impatient to the nuptial bed.
Soon as my faithful friend, who ſtood beſide
Conceal'd, the bridegroom drawing near eſpy'd,
Behind him with an axe ſo fierce he ſtruck,
That life and ſpeech at once the wretch forſook;
As ſinks the ſlaughter'd ox beſmear'd with gore,
So fell Arbantes, born in luckleſs hour!
Spite of Cymoſco, doom'd his end to find,
So call the king, the baſeſt of mankind!

By

By whom my ſire and brethren found their fate,
Who now, t' enſure poſſeſſion of my ſtate,
Eſpous'd me to his ſon — ſome future day
To take perhaps my wretched life away.
My choiceſt treaſures then ſecur'd, I flew
The hated place, and with my guide withdrew,
Whoſe truſty care my haſty ſteps convey'd
To where his brother with the veſſel ſtay'd.
We court the winds, our oars divide the main,
Till Heaven decrees us ſafe this land to gain.
'Twere hard to tell which bore a greater part,
Or grief, or rage, in fell Cymoſco's heart:
Grief for his hapleſs ſon depriv'd of breath,
Or rage againſt the author of his death.
He, with his joyful fleet, the land regain'd,
Elate with conqueſt, and Bireno chain'd.
He came prepar'd a nuptial feaſt to ſhare,
And view'd his triumph chang'd to black deſpair.
Nor day, nor night he found a moment's reſt,
Revenge and ſorrow rankling in his breaſt:
But ſince the dead regard not all our grief,
And hate from vengeance only finds relief;
He murder'd thoſe that friends to me were held,
Their wealth he ſeiz'd; or from the realm expell'd

The hapleſs train: a thouſand ſchemes engage
His cruel thoughts on me to ſate his rage.
The tyrant doubtleſs had Bireno ſlain,
The greateſt woe he knew I could ſuſtain
But while he ſpar'd his life, he ſurely thought
He held a net by which I might be caught.
Before the youth he ſets theſe terms ſevere:
His fate he reſpites for a ſingle year,
But death denounces then with lingering pain,
Unleſs he firſt, by fraud or force, attain,
By any means, my perſon to ſecure,
And, ſacrificing mine, his life enſure.
Whate'er I could, except myſelf, I gave,
Each art I try'd his deareſt life to ſave.
Six caſtles have I ſince in Flanders ſold,
And part employ'd in ſecret ſums of gold
To bribe his guards; and part employ'd t' excite
German and Engliſh powers to do me right.
Whether my envoys us'd their charge but ill,
Or wanted means their purpoſe to fulfil,
Inſtead of ſuccour, words I found alone,
Till with my riches all my hopes were flown.
And now the fatal time is nearly clos'd,
The period to Bireno's life propos'd,

When

When force or gold will come too late to ſave
My plighted conſort from th' untimely grave.
For him my all is loſt! — and nought remains
But now to yield theſe hands to cruel chains!
Yet, ah! could this redeem the youth I love,
My boſom dares the ſtern condition prove!
But when th' uſurper has my perſon gain'd,
When I have all his vengeful wrath ſuſtain'd,
I fear he ne'er will ſet Bireno free,
To owe his freedom and his life to me;
That all I feel of ſlow-conſuming pain
Unbleſt Bireno muſt endure again.
For this to you my fortune I unfold,
And thus with many a warrior counſel hold,
In hopes that ſome their ſuccour may engage,
That when I'm yielded to the tyrant's rage,
He may not ſtill in bonds my love detain,
Or, when I'm dead, command him to be ſlain.
But to this hour I ne'er have found a knight
Who durſt the ſacred faith of knighthood plight,
To guard me from the king Cymoſco's power
Should he refuſe Bireno to reſtore.
So much his fatal arms their courage quell'd,
Whoſe force no temper'd cuiraſs e'er repell'd.

Now, if your valour not unlike is ſeen
To your fierce ſemblance and Herculean mien;
Vouchſafe with me to ſeek the Holland ſtrand,
And there reſign me to his hated hand:
So ſhall I firmly on your aid rely,
That, though I fall, my lover will not die.

The damſel here her mournful ſtory clos'd,
While oft her ſighs and tears were interpos'd.
Orlando then no time in ſpeech affords,
As one by nature little us'd to words;
But inſtant vows, by generous pity fir'd,
To grant that aid her hapleſs ſtate requir'd;
Nor means ſhe ſhall, to ſave Bireno, go
A willing priſoner to her cruel foe;
But thinks them both to ſafety to reſtore
If ſtill his ſword retain its wonted power.

Ver. 341. —— *her mournful ſtory clos'd,*] A French ſtory on this ſubject was publiſhed in 1584, called Olympie; and another in 1605, called, Les Amours d'Olympie e de Birene.

Ver. 344. —— *little us'd to words;*] Orlando is painted in the ſame manner in the Innamorato, ever ready to ſuccour the diſtreſſed, but ſparing of profeſſions.

Now

Now tow'rds the port they bend their eager way,
The proſperous winds their veſſel ſwift convey:
Orlando haſtened, whoſe impatient mind,
To ſeek Ebuda's iſland had deſign'd.
Now here, now there, the pilot ſhifts the ſails,
And cuts the deep before the driving gales.
The iſles of Zealand ſoon appear'd in view,
Some ſunk behind, as others nearer drew.
The third auſpicious morn the coaſt they gain'd;
The champion landed, but the dame remain'd:
Orlando will'd her, ere ſhe trod the ſhore,
To hear her foe Cymoſco was no more.
Himſelf deſcends the deck with ready ſpeed,
And ſheath'd in armour, mounts a dappled ſteed,
In Flanders nouriſh'd, and of Daniſh race,
More ſtrong and bold than active in the chace:
For when to croſs the ſtream the bark he took,
In Britanny his courſer he forſook;
The gallant Brigliadoro, who for fame,
Alone was equall'd by Bayardo's name.
Orlando ſoon the guarded fortreſs view'd,
Where ready arm'd the hoſtile ſquadron ſtood
T' oppoſe invading force: for fame declar'd,
A kinſman to th' impriſon'd lord prepar'd

From

From Zealand with a fleet and numerous hoſt,
To make a bold incurſion on the coaſt.
Orlando, fearleſs, one of theſe requir'd
To tell the king, a wandering knight deſir'd
With ſword or pointed ſpear to prove his might
On theſe conditions to commence the fight:
The king, if he the challenger o'erthrew,
Should have the lady that Arbantes ſlew:
But on the other part the king ſhould ſwear,
That if himſelf were vanquiſh'd in the war,
He would Bireno from his chains releaſe,
And give the youth to leave the realm in peace.
The ſoldier ſwift the bold defiance bore:
But he, who ne'er was train'd to virtuous lore,
Whoſe churliſh ſoul no courteous deeds could bind,
To fraudful arts apply'd his treacherous mind,
In hopes, if firſt his arms the knight detain,
The hated damſel in his power to gain.
Now from the gate he ſends a choſen force
That wheeling round the plain with ſilent courſe,
Cut off the foe's retreat; while vainly there
Orlando waits to wage an equal war.
The king deludes him ſtill with fraudful lies,
Till he the foot and cavalry eſpies

Rang'd

Rang'd at the deſtin'd place; and then in view
Himſelf with others from the portal drew.
As crafty fiſhers in Volana's tide
Surround the fiſh with nets on every ſide;
Thus all his guile to ſeize alive the knight,
With care providing to prevent his flight,
Cymoſco proves; and thinks the deed to find
So certain, that he leaves his tube behind.
Nor would he now thoſe thundering arms employ,
When here he meant t' impriſon, not deſtroy.
So cautious fowlers, bent on greater gain,
Preſerve the birds that firſt their arts detain,
Whoſe ſportive play and ſongs may lure from far
Their thoughtleſs fellows to the fatal ſnare.
But little here his treacherous ſchemes avail'd;
Againſt Orlando every treaſon fail'd.

The knight of Anglant now has couch'd his ſpear
Where cloſely preſt the men and arms appear:
Firſt one, and then another, helpleſs dies;
Through ſix at once the lance impetuous flies,
And in the ſeventh inflicts ſo deep a wound,
That prone he tumbles lifeleſs to the ground.

Ver. 401. —— *Volana's tide*] Volana, a town ſituated on the Po, near Primaio and Volano, two branches of that river. See Note to B. iii. ver. 295.

Thus

Thus by ſome ſtanding pool or marſhy place,
We ſee an archer ſlay the croaking race
With pointed arrow, nor the ſlaughter leave
Till the full weapon can no more receive.
Orlando now his broken ſpear forſakes;
Graſp'd in his hand his fatal ſword he takes.
That ſword, which never yet in vain he drew,
Whene'er it fell, a foot or horſeman flew:
At every blow he aims, the ſtreaming blood
Stains their gay armour with a crimſon flood.
Cymoſco wiſhes now his tube and fire,
Where preſent dangers moſt their aid require;
He bids them ſtrait be brought; but bids in vain,
Who once a ſhelter in the walls can gain,
Returns no more: when thus their fears he view'd,
The king, with equal fear, their ſteps purſu'd:
Swift through the gate he bent his eager flight,
And bade the bridge be rais'd t' oppoſe the knight;
But cloſe behind, the knight with equal haſte
Had gain'd the bridge and through the portal paſs'd.
Firſt of the troops the king impels his ſpeed,
Bleſt in th' excelling ſwiftneſs of his ſteed.
Orlando heeded not th' ignoble crowd,
His vengeance only on the traitor vow'd;

But now the chace his horſe ſo ſlowly plies,
One ſcarcely ſeems to move, while t' other flies.
Cymoſco now is vaniſh'd from the view,
Yet ſoon, with different arms, returns anew;
With dreaded engine to reſume the fight,
And lies in ſecret ambuſh for the knight.
The huntſman thus with dogs and ſylvan war
Expects the boar deſcending from afar,
Whoſe rage upturns the ſoil, the trees deſtroys,
While all the wood rebellows to the noiſe!
Soon as the king the warrior near eſpies,
He fires the tube and ſwift the bullet flies:
At once the lightening flaſhes, ſhakes the ground,
The trembling bulwarks echo to the ſound.
The peſt, that never ſpends in vain its force,
But ſhatters all that dares oppoſe its courſe,
Whizzing impetuous flies along the wind,
Yet miſs'd the fatal mark the wretch deſign'd:
Whether his eagerneſs or haſte conſpir'd,
To make him fail where he ſo much deſir'd;
Or whether, inly preſt with panic fear,
His trembling heart had caus'd his hand to err;
Or whether Heaven's high will might ſo ordain,
That his lov'd champion ſhould not thus be ſlain;

Beneath

Beneath the knight the ball reſiſtleſs flew,
And, through the belly pierc'd, the courſer ſlew.
Both horſe and horſeman fell with claſhing ſound;
One preſs'd, the other ſcarcely touch'd the ground:
As once Antæus, on the Lybian ſtrand,
More fierce recover'd when he reach'd the ſand:
So ſeem'd to riſe again with added might,
Soon as he felt the earth, the Chriſtian knight.
Whoe'er has ſeen the winged lightening fly
By Jove in thunder brandiſh'd from the ſky,
And penetrate ſome ſecret cavern, ſtor'd
With nitrous powder and a ſulphurous hoard,
At once inflam'd, with vaſt exploſion driven,
The ruin ſeems to mingle earth and heaven;
The burſting fires the walls and buildings rend,
And to the ſtars the ſhatter'd ſtones aſcend!
Reſiſtleſs thus th' indignant chief appear'd,
When from the plain his mighty limbs he rear'd;
And with ſuch rage to inſtant vengeance flew,
That Mars had trembled at the dreadful view.
The Frizeland monarch, ſtruck with pale affright,
Wheel'd round his horſe to urge his eager flight:
With rapid ſpeed his feet Orlando plies;
Leſs ſwift an arrow from the bowſtring flies!

And

And where before his tardy courſer fail'd,
(Wondrous to ſee!) his lighter feet prevail'd.
Full ſoon th' impatient knight o'ertook the foe,
Then at his helmet aim'd a deadly blow:

Deep

Ver. 494. —— *his lighter feet prevail'd.*] As bold as this hyperbole may appear in Arioſto, inſtances may be found equally ſtrong in the poets. Aruns, in Virgil, terrified at the ſlaughter made by Camilla in the Trojan army, in order to eſcape, craftily urges her to alight from her horſe to engage him on foot: Aruns then claps ſpurs to his horſe, and flies with all ſpeed from the battle; but the virgin, though on foot, ſoon outſtrips him, and kills him in the ſame manner as is here related of Orlando and Cymoſco:

He, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At leaſt while fortune favour'd his deceit)
Cries out aloud—What courage have you ſhown,
Who truſt your courſer's ſtrength, and not your own?
Forego the vantage of your horſe, alight
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It ſhall be ſeen, weak woman, what you can,
When foot to foot you combat with a man.
He ſaid: ſhe glows with anger and diſdain,
Diſmounts with ſpeed to dare him on the plain;
And leaves her horſe at large among her train;
With her drawn ſword defies him to the field,
And marching lifts aloft her maiden ſhield:
The youth, who thought his cunning did ſucceed,
Reins round his horſe and urges all his ſpeed,

Adds

Deep in his head the ſword a paſſage found,
And ſent the lifeleſs body to the ground.
Within the city now was heard afar
A different clamour and alarm of war:
Bireno's kinſman, who had gain'd the coaſt,
And found the guards deſerted from their poſt,
The portal enter'd with his eager band,
And ſcour'd the city round on every hand:
While none attempt his purpoſe to moleſt,
Such dread Orlando on their minds impreſs'd:
Nor leſs the Holland troops confeſs their fear,
Unconſcious whence or why theſe foes appear:
But when they noted, by their ſpeech and dreſs,
Theſe came from Zealand's iſle, they ſu'd for peace;

Adds the remembrance of the ſpur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding ſides.
Vain fool, and coward! (ſaid the lofty maid)
Caught in the train, which thou thyſelf haſt laid:
On others practiſe thy Ligurian arts:
Thin ſtratagems and tricks of little hearts
Are loſt on me; nor ſhalt thou ſafe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious ſire.
At this, ſo faſt her flying feet ſhe ſped,
That ſoon ſhe ſtrain'd beyond his horſe's head;
Then, turning ſhort, at once ſhe ſeiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaſter grov'lling on the plain.
DRYDEN Æn. B. xi. ver. 1038.

And

And proffer'd to the chief their willing aid
'Gainſt thoſe who had their lord in priſon laid.
This people ever to the Frizeland power,
And to their king a ſettled hatred bore;
Urg'd by his avarice, cruelty, and pride,
By whom their lov'd, their hapleſs ſovereign dy'd.
Orlando, friend to either, interpos'd;
And ſoon in laſting peace the parties clos'd;
Thus join'd, they then their common foes purſue,
And all of Friza priſoners made or ſlew.
The priſon gates they from their hinges broke,
And threw to earth: Bireno now forſook
His dreary cell; and gave, for life reſtor'd,
His grateful praiſes to Anglante's lord.
Then, with a numerous train, he ſought the ſtrand
Where fair Olympia in the ſhip remain'd:
So was the virgin nam'd, whoſe rightful ſway
The Holland realms ſhould by deſcent obey.
The people honour her with duteous zeal;
What fond endearments paſs'd, were long to tell;
How oft with joy the tender pair careſs'd;
Or to the valiant earl their thanks expreſs'd.
Her ſubjects then, their vow'd allegiance paid,
To her paternal ſeat reſtor'd the maid;

While ſhe conſign'd to lov'd Bireno's hand
Herſelf, her people, and recover'd land.
He, other thoughts revolving in his mind,
The earldom to his couſin's care reſign'd.
To Zealand thence he purpos'd to remove
With her, the deareſt object of his love;
To tempt his fortune next in Friza's land,
For which he held a precious pledge in hand,
A daughter to the king deceas'd; whom there
A captive found, he took beneath his care,
And to his brother meant to wed the blooming fair.
The Roman warrior now the place forſook,
The day Bireno he from priſon took:
But nothing would the champion bear away
From all the ſpoils of that victorious day,
Save that device, whoſe unreſiſted force
Reſembled thunder in its rapid courſe.
Yet not for his defence the gallant knight
E'er meant t'avail him of ſuch arms in fight:
His generous ſoul th' ignoble thought diſdain'd,
To ſeek the field, with ſuch an aid ſuſtain'd;
For different purpoſe thence the prize he bore,
The powder, balls, and all the deathful ſtore;

Ver. 546. *The Roman warrior* —] Orlando called by Pulci and Boyardo, *Il ſenator Romano*, *il cavalier Romano*: the Roman ſenator, the Roman knight.

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd the murdering engine to remove,
Where man might never more its fury prove.
Soon as he ſaw the ſhip forſake the coaſt,
When to the ſight the leſſening land was loſt;
When nought appear'd but waves on every ſide;
He held it in his hand, and thus he cry'd:
That ne'er again a knight by thee may dare,
Or daſtard cowards, by thy help in war,
With vantage baſe, aſſault a nobler foe,
Here lie for ever in th' abyſs below!
O! curſt device! baſe implement of death!
Fram'd in the black Tartarean realms beneath!
By Beelzebub's malicious art deſign'd
To ruin all the race of human-kind;
Hence,

Ver. 568. *O! curſt device!* —] Mr. Mickle obſerves very well on this paſſage, "Orlando, having taken the firſt invented cannon from the king of Friza, throws it into the ſea with the moſt heroic execrations. Yet the heroes of chivalry think it no diſgrace to take every advantage afforded by invulnerable hides and enchanted armour." Note to xth Luſiad.

On this ſubject ſee further note to Book xi. ver. 170. of this tranſlation.

Ver. 570. *By Beelzebub's malicious art* —] Thus Milton imputes the invention of artillery to the devil.

See PARADISE LOST, B. vi.

Hence, to thy native ſeat! — He ſaid, and gave
The ponderous engine to the greedy wave.
Now the ſwift winds the ſwelling ſails extend
And to the cruel iſle their courſe they bend.
So burns the knight impatient to explore
The fatal priſons of Ebuda's ſhore,
For her, whoſe charms above the world he priz'd,
For whom he every joy of life deſpis'd!
He fears to touch Hibernia in his way,
Leſt ſome adventure ſhould prolong his ſtay:
Nor England then, nor Ireland's coaſt he makes,
Nor any reſpite in his voyage takes.
But let him go, with Love his blindfold guide,
Whoſe arrows in his bleeding heart are dy'd.
Of him no further here the muſe proceeds,
But now our ſteps again to Holland leads:
For 'twould diſpleaſe us to be abſent thence,
When feſtive mirth and ſport their joys diſpenſe.
Though the bright pomp that riches can diſplay
Was us'd to celebrate the nuptial day,

It is very extraordinary that Mr. Addiſon, in his obſervations on Paradiſe Loſt, ſhould take no notice, that Milton apparently took the hint of his artillery among the devils from Arioſto; but the truth I believe is, that Italian literature was then little attended to.

With

With more magnificence the Zealand race
Prepar'd the union of their lord to grace.
Yet all in vain ſuch thoughts their mind employ;
A ſudden change muſt damp each promis'd joy!
Which in th' enſuing book ſhall next appear;
If you th' enſuing book vouchſafe to hear.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE

TENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CONTINUATION of the ſtory of Olympia. Rogero travels towards the country of Logiſtilla, and arrives ſafely at her caſtle, Alcina in vain endeavouring to oppoſe him. Deſcription of the beauties of the habitation of Logiſtilla. The departure of Rogero and Aſtolpho, the former of whom returns with the griffin-horſe to Europe: in his flight, he viſits England, where he is preſent at a review of the forces that had been raiſed to aſſiſt Charlemain. He then paſſes near the iſland of Ebuda, where he ſees Angelica bound to a rock, ready to be devoured by the ſea-monſter.

THE

TENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

AMONG the faithful hearts, whoſe conſtant love
Nor time can change, nor fortune's frowns remove,
Olympia fair may boaſt the brighteſt name:
Or ſhould another equal merit claim,
Yet paſt nor preſent days e'er ſet to view,
A flame more tender and a breaſt more true.
What ſtronger tokens could Bireno find
To ſpeak the firmneſs of a lover's mind?
Whoſe faith untainted, for its juſt reward,
Requir'd his gratitude and ſole regard.
No other dame ſhould lure him from her arms,
Not ſhe, whoſe face fill'd Aſia with alarms;
Or one, could one be found, of more exalted charms.

Ver. 12. *Not ſhe, whoſe face* —] The celebrated Helen, wife to Menelaus king of Sparta.

Far

Far rather let him quit his life and fame,
And every good that bears the deareſt name.
But if Bireno, faithful to the maid,
With equal warmth her matchleſs truth repay'd;
If, join'd with her, he ſtemm'd the conſtant tide,
Nor ever turn'd his changing ſails aſide,
Soon ſhall we tell; and when the truth you know,
Rage ſhall contract the lip and bend the brow.
Who, gentle virgins! will again receive
The words of lovers, or their oaths believe!
The youth, who pants to gain the amorous prize,
Forgets that Heaven with all-diſcerning eyes
Surveys the ſecret heart; and when deſire
Has, in poſſeſſion, quench'd its ſhort-liv'd fire,
The devious winds aſide each promiſe bear,
And ſcatter all his ſolemn vows in air!
Warn'd by the muſe's voice, with cautious ear
The well-feign'd plaints and ſeeming ſorrows hear!
Reflect, ye gentle dames! that much they know,
Who gain experience from another's woe.
Ah! fly the dangerous train, whoſe looks diſcloſe
The flowery bloom that early youth beſtows;
Where each warm paſſion burſts with ſudden blaze,
Which ſoon again, like ſtubble fir'd, decays.

As

As on the hill or plain, the hunter's race
The trembling hare, in every ſeaſon, chace;
But view, when taken, with a cold ſurvey,
And only ſeek with joy the flying prey:
So while you ſhun their love, the youthful crew
Attend your every glance, with ardour ſue,
To gain your ſmiles—but when your ſmiles they gain,
Loſt are the trophies of your boaſted reign!
From your high ſtate to abject ſlaves debas'd,
While on another's charms their wavering hearts are plac'd!
Yet think not that my verſe forbids to love,
Such thoughts far diſtant from your bard remove!
The lonely maid is like the vine, that knows
No friendly elm with tendrils to encloſe,
But creeps neglected — yet, ye virgin-fair,
The down of young inconſtancy beware;
Let not th' unripen'd fruits your care engage,
Nor gather thoſe too far matur'd with age.

Bireno, as my tale before explain'd,
Cymoſco's daughter in his power detain'd,
Whom, in his ſecret ſoul, he firſt deſign'd
In marriage with his brother to be join'd.

But

But ſoon new paſſions in his boſom riſe,
He views, and envies him ſo rich a prize;
Nor thinks another ſhould by him obtain
That treaſure, which himſelf aſpires to gain.
Scarce fourteen ſummers had the virgin ſeen,
Sweet were her looks, her geſture and her mien.
So infant roſes from the bud diſplay
Their opening beauties to the genial ray.
When firſt he view'd her lovely features ſpread
With pious tears to wail a father dead,
What ſudden warmth poſſeſs'd his beating heart!
Not half ſo ſwift the flames their rage impart,
Where hoſtile force, or envious hands conſpire,
To give the ripen'd corn to waſting fire!
Satiate with love and cloy'd with full delight,
Olympia now was hateful in his ſight:
But yet ſo far he veil'd his guileful thought,
Till time his purpos'd ſcheme to action brought,
He ſeem'd for fair Olympia ſtill to prove
A tender truth that anſwer'd all her love!
Or if, perchance by ſudden impulſe ſway'd,
Unguarded he careſs'd the Frizeland maid,
None cenſur'd what they ſaw, but each inclin'd
T' aſcribe it to a good and pious mind.

To

To every generous deed our praiſe we owe,
To raiſe the wretch whom fortune whirls below;
To ſooth the anguiſh of a heart diſtreſs'd;
Much more an orphan with her woes oppreſs'd.
O! gracious Heaven! how oft do clouds abuſe
Weak mortals' eyes, and bound their partial views!
Bireno's foul and impious deeds appear
The pious tokens of a ſoul ſincere.
Now ſeize the ready mariners their oars,
And, launching in the waves, forſake the ſhores;
With joyful ſtrokes they cleave the briny main
To bear along Bireno and his train.
Behind they leave low Holland's marſhy coaſt,
Which quickly to the flying ſight is loſt:
To ſhun the Frizeland realm aſide they ſteer,
While nearer Scotland to the left they veer.
At length o'ertaken by a devious blaſt,
Three days uncertain, o'er the billows caſt,
The third they ſaw, as near the evening drew,
A wild and deſart iſle ariſe to view.
Soon as the veſſel to a creek they bore,
Bireno with Olympia went on ſhore:
Beneath a tent the ſlaves their cates prepar'd,
The unſuſpecting dame the banquet ſhar'd,

Then

Then to the couch, for gentle ſlumber dreſt,
Contented, with her lord retir'd to reſt;
While to their bark the weary crew retreat,
And, ſunk in ſleep, their former toils forget,
In ſweet oblivion loſt, Olympia lay,
Tir'd with the labours of the watery way:
In her calm breaſt no irkſome fears aroſe;
Such fears as once had baniſh'd her repoſe.
Herſelf ſhe view'd in ſafety on the ſhore,
'Midſt the deep ſilence of the midnight hour,
Her lover at her ſide: but ſlumber fled
His eyes, whoſe waking thoughts deep treaſon bred.
Soon as he ſees her wrapt in ſleep, he takes
With ſpeed his veſture, and the bed forſakes;
Then, as if borne along the wings of wind,
Flies to the ſhip, and leaves the tent behind:
Silent he wakes his mates, and gives command
To launch into the deep and quit the land.
Unbleſt Olympia on the ſhore remain'd,
Whom long the pleaſing bands of ſleep reſtrain'd,

Ver. 120. *Soon as he ſees her wrapt in ſleep,* —] The reader will ſee that this whole paſſage, where Bireno forſakes Olympia, is copied from the ſtory of Theſeus and Ariadne. See OVID's Epiſtles, Ariadne to Theſeus.

Till

Till from her golden wheels Aurora threw,
On verdant meads, the drops of ſparkling dew;
And on the margin of the wavy flood,
Alcyone her ancient plaints renew'd:
When now, nor ſcarce aſleep, nor yet awake,
She thought Bireno in her arms to take:
Her touch deceiv'd; again ſhe backward drew;
Then fondly ſtretch'd her longing arms anew.
At length, diſpell'd by fear, her ſlumber fled;
She looks, and looking ſees th' abandon'd bed.
Her griefs encreaſing, as her fears augment,
She quits the couch and iſſues from the tent.
Wild to the ſea ſhe runs with headlong pace,
And finds, alas! too certain her diſgrace.

Ver. 128. *Till from her golden wheels —]* Thus Ovid:

Tempus erat, vitrea quo primum terra pruina
Spargitur, et tectæ fronde querunter aves.

Now earth firſt glitters with the morning dew,
And birds, in bowery ſhades, their plaints renew.

Ver. 132. *When now, nor ſcarce aſleep,—]* Ovid exactly:

Incertum vigilans, a ſomno languida, movi,
Theſea prenſuras ſemiſupina manus.
Nullus erat: referoque manus, iterumque retento,
Perque torum moveo brachia: nullus erat.

See the whole Epiſtle.

She

She beats her breaſt and face, her hair ſhe rends,
While on the ſhore her frighted look ſhe bends.
The favouring moon her trembling beam ſupplies,
Yet nought but ſea and deſert land ſhe ſpies;
She calls Bireno's name; the caves around
With pity to Bireno's name reſound!
A rock beſide the ocean's limits ſtood,
That, worn by ſurges, belly'd o'er the flood:
To the high ſummit ſwift Olympia flew,
Such added vigour from deſpair ſhe drew:
Thence from afar beheld the parting ſails
Of falſe Bireno drive before the gales:
She ſaw, or ſeem'd to ſee: for yet the light
Could ſcarce diſpel the ſullen ſhades of night.
Trembling ſhe falls: a chilly ſweat invades
Her alter'd viſage, and her colour fades.
But, when recover'd, with her fruitleſs cries
She calls the veſſel, while the veſſel flies;
And where her lips refuſe their accents weak,
Her claſping hands and frantic geſtures ſpeak.
O whither fly'ſt thou! treacherous and unkind!
Thy bark has left her deareſt freight behind!
Return — return — and ſince thou bear'ſt away
My better part; O! take this lifeleſs clay.

While thus ſhe ſpoke, her garments in her hand
She wav'd, to lure the veſſel back to land.
But the ſame winds that through the billows bear
His ſwelling ſails, diſperſe her plaints in air.
Thrice, cruel to herſelf, ſhe thought to throw
Her wretched body in the ſeas below.
At length ſhe ceas'd to view the ſhores in vain,
And ſought, with feeble ſteps, the tent again.
Her face reclining on the conſcious bed,
She pour'd a ſhower of plenteous tears and ſaid.
Laſt night in thee, alas! two lovers lay;
Why did not two together riſe to-day!
Forſworn Bireno! fatal was the birth,
That gave accurſt Olympia to the earth!
Where ſhall I turn!—no human forms appear,
No marks of human induſtry are here!
From pining hunger muſt I find my doom,
Where none ſhall lay me in the ſilent tomb;
But ſavage wolves, that howl in every cave,
Shall in their wombs afford a dreadful grave!
Now, now, methinks, ſo ſwift is fear, I view
Yon dreary ſhades ſend forth their murderous crew:
Bears, lions, tigers, beaſts that nature arms
With ſharpen'd teeth and claws for human harms.

But ah! what death ſo dire can theſe beſtow,
As thou, ungrateful author of my woe!
Theſe will but once my wretched carcaſe tear,
By thee, alas! a thouſand deaths I bear.
What if ſome pilot, wandering o'er the deep,
Should take me hence in ſafety to his ſhip;
That thus the lions, bears, and wolves I 'ſcape,
Or want, and death in every horrid ſhape;
Shall I to Holland fly, where thy command
Defends the harbour, and forbids to land?
How ſhall I ſeek again my natal ſhore,
When thou, by fraud, haſt made it mine no more?
How ready did thy troops their poſt maintain,
To take poſſeſſion of their new-found reign!
Shall I to Flanders turn? for thee, the reſt
I ſold, the little that I there poſſeſs'd;
All was employ'd, ingrate! to ſet thee free —
What clime will now receive unhappy me!
Shall I the realm of Friza ſeek to gain,
Where once for thee I ſcorn'd a queen to reign,
And hence my brethren and my ſire were ſlain?
But wherefore ſhould I ſeek my deeds to tell,
Or paint th' affection thou haſt known ſo well!
Then claims a love like mine no more regard,
Is this, unjuſt Bireno, my reward!

Perhaps

Perhaps ſome pirate, that infeſts the wave,
May ſeize and ſnatch me hence a helpleſs ſlave:
Ah! rather, come each roaring ſavage here!
Let dreadful lions, tigers, wolves appear;
With rending claws this panting body tear,
And to their den my limbs diſmember'd bear!
While thus ſhe ſpoke, her furious hands ſhe ſpread,
And rent the golden treſſes from her head:
Again ſhe ſought the beach in wild deſpair,
Looſe to the breezes flow'd her ſcatter'd hair.
With more than mortal rage ſhe ſeem'd poſſeſt,
As if ſome demon ſtruggled in her breaſt:
Like Hecuba, when on the Thracian ſhore
Breathleſs ſhe view'd her murder'd Polydore;
Till, ſeated on a rock, in doleful mood
She ſeem'd a ſtatue hanging o'er the flood.

But let her for awhile her ſorrows mourn,
Now to Rogero muſt the ſtory turn;
Who midſt the burning of meridian day
Along the ſands purſu'd his weary way.
On his bright arms the ſun its beams impreſs'd,
And his hot cuiraſs glow'd upon his breaſt.

Ver. 231. *But let her for awhile*—] He returns to Olympia in the next book, ver. 216.

While thus beſide the ocean fled the knight,
Fatigue and thirſt companions of his flight;
Beneath the ſhadow of an ancient tower,
He ſaw three damſels landed on the ſhore,
Whom, by their veſtments and their outward port,
He knew belong'd to falſe Alcina's court.
On Alexandrian carpets vaſes plac'd,
With wines and coſtly cates allur'd the taſte.
Their bark attending at the ſtrand was ty'd,
Where the calm waters gently lav'd its ſide,
In expectation till the ſleeping gales
Should riſe again to fill the flagging ſails.
When near Rogero drew, whoſe lips appear'd
All parch'd with thirſt, his face with duſt be-
ſmear'd,
With courteous mien the dames addreſs'd the knight,
And begg'd him from his courſer to alight,
With them awhile in ſweet retirement laid,
To reſt his weary limbs beneath the ſhade.
And now prepar'd a ſmiling damſel ſtands
To hold his ſtirrup with officious hands;
Another lifts on high the ſparkling bowl,
And with a fiercer thirſt inflames his ſoul.
But he, who knew the time forbade delay,
Regardleſs of their wiles, ſtill held his way.

Not

Not with ſuch fury, touch'd by ſudden fire,
From nitrous ſalt or ſulphur, flames expire;
Not with ſuch rage the foamy waves aſcend,
When o'er the deep tempeſtuous clouds extend;
As one amidſt the damſel train, with ſpite,
And vow'd revenge, purſu'd the warrior's flight.
Thou art not (loud exclaiming thus ſhe cry'd)
A knight, nor yet to gentle blood ally'd!
The arms thou wear'ſt, thy theft alone could gain;
Thy theft alone that generous ſteed obtain:
Soon ſhall I ſee thee yield thy daſtard breath
By caitiff hands and by a ſhameful death!
Thy worthleſs aſhes ſcatter'd to the wind,
Ingrate and proud! the ſcandal of thy kind!
Theſe words and more, from paſſions ſwelling high,
Rogero heard, but deign'd not to reply:
Then, with her ſiſters, where their veſſel lay,
She went on board, and through the watery way

Ver. 277. *Then, with her ſiſters,* —] "By theſe three damſels are figured the allurements and flatteries of the world; and by Rogero, who refuſes to comply with their invitation, a wiſe man, who adheres to the path of virtue: the ill language given to Rogero is the abuſe thrown out by the vulgar on thoſe who deſpiſe common pleaſures: the pilot, that takes him on board, denotes perfect judgment."

VALVASORI, PORCACCHI.

Urg'd all her ſpeed, and haſtening every oar,
Purſu'd his courſe along the winding ſhore;
While her foul lips, accuſtom'd well to rail,
With every keen reproach his ears aſſail.

Now view'd Rogero, with a glad ſurvey,
Where croſs the narrow ſeas his paſſage lay
To Logiſtilla; whence he ſoon eſpy'd
An ancient ſire, that from the adverſe ſide
Unmoor'd his bark: the knight's approach he knew,
And gladly waited till he came in view.
Soon as he ſaw him pacing o'er the ſand,
He came prepar'd to waft him from the land.
A man might in the pilot's features find,
The traces of a juſt, benignant mind,
With thanks to Heaven the bark Rogero takes,
And iſſuing to the ſea the ſtrand forſakes;
Still as he paſs'd diſcourſing with the ſage
By long experience taught and wiſe with age.

The pilot much extoll'd the youthful knight
Who timely from Alcina took his flight,
T' eſcape her ſnares; and now with purer thought
The virtuous domes of Logiſtilla ſought;
Whoſe everlaſting joys ſuch ſweets diſpenſe,
As feed the ſoul, yet never cloy the ſenſe.

Where

Where ſhe (he cry'd) can once her power impart,
With reverential awe ſhe fills the heart
Till by her beauties fir'd, the purer mind
Caſts every abject pleaſure far behind.
Reverſe from earthly love her love appears,
That, fills the breaſt with anxious hopes and fears;
In this, deſire can claim no greater ſtore,
It views, is happy, and can aſk no more!
She will to nobler fears your thoughts advance,
Than ringing, bathing, tilting, and the dance;
Teach how th' expanded ſoul can mount on high,
Beyond the cloudy vapours of the ſky;
And how on earth the mortal part may prove
A taſte of peace that crowns the bleſt above.
Thus ſpeaking, through the flood the pilot ſteer'd,
While diſtant yet the ſafer ſhore appear'd:
When lo! a numerous ſail of ſhips they 'ſpy'd,
That with ſpread canvas ſkimm'd along the tide.
With theſe Alcina came; and with her drew,
Fir'd with her paſt affront, a powerful crew;
Reſolv'd t' expoſe her perſon and her reign,
Her lately raviſh'd treaſure to regain.
Though love not ſlightly urg'd her ſecret heart,
Yet indignation bore an equal part:

Their daſhing oars ſo ſwift the ſeamen ply;
To either land the frothy waters fly;
Reſound the ſeas; reſounds each crooked ſhore,
And echo, from her caves, returns the roar.
Now, now, thy magic ſhield, Rogero, ſhow,
Or yield thy life, or freedom to the foe!
Thus Logiſtilla's pilot eager cry'd,
And, at the word, he threw the veil aſide,
Reveal'd the dazzling light, whoſe beams expos'd
In darkneſs every hoſtile eye-lid clos'd;
Some headlong quit the prow; while others fall
From the high poop: one ſleep o'erwhelms them all!
A centinel, that on the watch-tower ſtood,
Beheld Alcina's veſſels in the flood:
The bell then gave th' alarm — a warrior band
Pour'd from the fort and crowded all the ſtrand;
Th' artillery from the walls its rage employ'd,
Which, like a ſtorm, Rogero's foes annoy'd;
And thus from every part aſſiſtance came,
To ſave his life, his liberty, and fame;

Ver. 343 *Th' artillery* —] It appears doubtful what the poet here means by artillery; ſome commentators explain it to be the machines uſed by the ancients for throwing great ſtones.

Of

Of beauteous form, four virgins trod the ſhore,
Whom Logiſtilla timely ſent before:
Fair Andronica, firſt in valour plac'd,
The wiſe Phroneſia, and Dicilla chaſte,
With pure Sophroſyne, who ever preſs'd
In ſacred virtue's cauſe above the reſt.
Beneath the caſtle, in the ſheltering bay,
A numerous fleet of mighty veſſels lay:
At every ſignal given by day or night,
Prepar'd to ſail and ready mann'd for fight.
Thus either force once more to combat drew,
And both by land and ſea the war renew;
By which the kingdom was again reſtor'd
Which once Alcina conquer'd by the ſword.
What various chances in the field are try'd,
And who the fate of battles can decide!
Alcina, anxious to prevent his flight,
Not only loſt her lover and her knight,
But from that fleet, whoſe countleſs ſails diſplay'd,
Caſt o'er the ſubject ſeas a dreadful ſhade,

Ver. 347.—*four virgins*—] "Andronica repreſents Fortitude; Phroneſia, Prudence; Sophroſyne, Temperance; and Dicilla, Juſtice: theſe are the four virtues that deliver men from the hands of Alcina or Vice." DOLCE.

While

While on the reſt the flames reſiſtleſs fed,
Scarce with one bark, alone, eſcaping fled.
Thus fled Alcina, while her bands were ſlain,
Enſlav'd, or burnt, or whelm'd beneath the main.
But for Rogero moſt her plaints ſhe pour'd,
His loſs, o'er every woe, her ſoul deplor'd.
For this, each night, each day ſhe breath'd her ſighs,
For this the ſorrows trickled from her eyes;
While oft reflection added to her grief,
That death refus'd to yield her pains relief.
No fairy's life the hand of fate reſtrains,
While Phœbus ſhifts his place or Heaven remains;
Elſe Clotho ſure a welcome aid had ſped,
And parted with the ſhears her fatal thread:
Her own right hand had rais'd the ſword, t' expel
Her ſufferings, as Phœnician Dido fell:
Or like the queen of Nilus, had ſhe prov'd
The poiſonous aſp, and every care remov'd!

Ver. 379. — *Clotho* —] One of the Parcæ, or three fatal ſiſters, whoſe office was to preſide over the thread of life; their names were Clotho, Lacheſis and Atropos. Clotho held the diſtaff; Lacheſis wound off the wool; and Atropos cut the thread; but Arioſto has aſcribed this taſk to Clotho.

Ver. 383. — *the queen of Nilus*, —] Cleopatra, queen of Egypt.

But

But let us leave Alcina in her pain,
And to renown'd Rogero turn the ſtrain,
Who, diſembarking, trod the friendly ſhore
With grateful thanks to Heaven's protecting power,
And with impatient ſteps his way purſu'd
To where the fairy's ſtately palace ſtood.
For ſtrength or ſhow no place with this could vie,
But the bright manſions of th' eternal ſky.
Thick ſet with ſtones that dart their mingled rays,
The walls, with more than mortal luſtre, blaze!
Not ſo the diamond ſhifts its trembling beam;
Not ſo the ruby flames with ruddy gleam.
On theſe immortal gems who turns his eyes,
Beholds the mind in all her colours riſe;
Each fault, each virtue views; nor flattery's dreſs
Can blind his ſoul, nor envy's tongue depreſs.
And he, O Phœbus! who can theſe diſplay,
Without thy aid, creates another day:
'Twere hard to tell which claim'd the nobler part,
The rich materials, or the forming art!
Here rais'd aloft, on ſumptuous arches high,
That ſeem'd the vaſt ſupporters of the ſky,

Ver. 385. *But let us leave Alcina* —] Alcina appears no more in the courſe of this work.

Were

Were ſpacious gardens, which for beauteous ſhow
Might vanquiſh others ſtretch'd on plains below.
Amidſt the ſhining battlements were ſeen
The trees, of odorous ſcent, with branches green,
Where the fruit ripens, and the bloſſom blows,
Through every ſeaſon that the ſun beſtows.
No plants like theſe in earthly ſoils ariſe,
Nor autumn there ſuch grateful ſhade ſupplies;
Like theſe no violets or lilies bloom,
No roſes breathe like theſe a rich perfume;
Not ſuch the mortal amaranthine bowers;
Or fragrant jeſſamine, where ſhort-liv'd flowers
Shrunk with each blaſt, with every heat decay'd,
Ere yet they flouriſh, droop their heads and fade:
But here perpetual verdure clothes the ground,
And with perpetual ſweets the flowers are crown'd.
Not that benignant Nature ſo ordains,
Or with a kindlier power their life ſuſtains,
But Logiſtilla, by her ſkilful care,
Without the help of ſuns or genial air,
What to a vulgar thought may ſtrange appear,
Maintains eternal ſpring throughout the year.
The fairy-dame her pleaſure teſtify'd
To ſee with her ſo brave a knight reſide:

While

While every one by her example ſtrove
To ſhow the warrior greateſt marks of love.
Aſtolpho, who ere this her palace gain'd,
With friendly looks Rogero entertain'd;
Soon came the reſt, who, in a happy hour,
Regain'd their ſhapes by ſage Meliſſa's power.
Rogero and Aſtolpho now addreſs
The dame with grateful thanks, and humbly preſs
Their fair diſmiſſion thence: Meliſſa joins
The juſt requeſt, and ſeconds their deſigns.
To whom the fairy courteouſly reply'd,
She would for either warrior's way provide.
Then with herſelf ſhe ſecret counſel took
How beſt t' aſſiſt Rogero and the duke;
At length reſolv'd the horſe that ſoar'd in air,
To Aquitanian ſhores the firſt ſhould bear.
She now prepar'd a bit, with curbing rein,
To rule the courſer and his ſpeed reſtrain;
This done, with care ſhe next inſtructs the knight
To bid him riſe, or lower in his flight;
To urge his ſwifter pace, or in a ring
To make him wheel, or hang upon the wing:
Till as th' experienc'd horſeman rules the horſe,
And o'er the plains below directs his courſe,

With

With equal eaſe the warrior ſoon beſtrides,
And through the fields of air the courſer guides.
Then brave Rogero haſten'd to depart,
But firſt his leave he took with grateful heart;
And flying, left her pleaſing feats behind,
Her goodneſs ever treaſur'd in his mind.
Now let us follow his adventurous flight,
And after tell how England's noble knight
With greater length of time and heavier pain,
Return'd to Gallia's court and Charlemain.
A different way the champion meant to ſoar
Than that which late compell'd he paſs'd before,
When the fierce griffin whirl'd him firſt away,
While lands and pathleſs ſeas beneath him lay.
In his firſt flight he left the Spaniſh ſtrands,
And paſs'd direct to India's diſtant lands;
To India's lands where ſwells the eaſtern main,
Where the two fairies held divided reign;
But now would viſit other climes, than thoſe
Where bluſtering Eolus for ever blows;

Ver. 474. *Where bluſtering Eolus for ever blows*;] Rogero, in his firſt flight had paſſed over the vaſt Atlantic ocean, where Eolus is ſaid to blow continually, as the ſea is ſuppoſed to be more particularly under the dominion of the winds.

Nor

Nor thinks his purpos'd journey to conclude,
Till, like the ſun, he round the earth has view'd.
O'er ſpacious Quinſai he directs his way,
Thence viewing Mongiana and Cathay;
And now o'er Imaüs his flight he takes,
Then Sericana to the left forſakes;
Still more declining from the Scythian cold,
To where th' Hircanian ſea his billows roll'd;
At length Sarmatia's ample realm he found,
And, leaving Aſia, enter'd Europe's bound;
There ſtretch'd beneath his eyes in wide ſurvey,
Ruſſia, Prutenia, and Pomeria lay.
Though Bradamant with love Rogero fir'd,
Though every hope to ſee the maid conſpir'd;
Yet could he not the pleaſure now reſtrain
To journey thus o'er cities, land, and main,
But he to Poland and Hungaria flew,
Till wide Germania's plains appear'd in view;
And every other barbarous region croſt,
He came at length to England's diſtant coaſt.

Ver. 494.—*England's diſtant coaſt.*] L'ultima Inghilterra—
Thus Horace:

——— in ultimos
Orbis Britannos ———

Likewiſe Virgil, Eclog. 1.

——— penitus toto diviſos orbe Britannos.

Yet deem not here (my lord) th' adventurous knight
Unceaſing ſtill purſu'd ſo long a flight,
Each cloſing eve, his courſer's ſpeed repreſt,
He choſe ſome fair retreat for eaſe and reſt:
One morn he reach'd fair London's ſtately towers,
And ſtay'd his courſe by Thames' far winding ſhores,
Whoſe neighbouring meads diſplay'd a mighty force
Of hardy warriors, mingled foot and horſe,
That to the martial fife and trumpet's ſound
In beauteous order ſtretch'd their ranks around.
The good Rinaldo theſe to battle led,
The firſt of knights, and of a hoſt the head!
Who came, ambaſſador from Charlemain,
Aſſiſtance on the Britiſh coaſt to gain.
Rogero near the place, by fortune, drew,
Juſt as each ſquadron paſs'd in fair review:
And now alighting with a ſwift deſcent,
He aſk'd a warrior what the concourſe meant.
To him the courteous ſtranger thus reply'd:
Theſe troops, whoſe banners all the country hide,
From Scotland, Ireland, and from England's ſoil
Arrive, and ſome from every neighbouring iſle:

Ver. 505. *The good Rinaldo* —] Rinaldo is mentioned again in the xivth book, ver. 705.

The

The ready veſſels in the harbour ſtand,
To waft them ſafely to the Gallic land.
The powers of France, beſieg'd by Pagan force,
In theſe ſupplies have plac'd their laſt reſource:
But that your eyes may every ſquadron know,
Attend while I their different nations ſhow.

Ver. 522. — *their different nations ſhow.*] The following review of the forces, it is feared will appear but ungraceful in Engliſh, from the familiarity of the names and titles, which are with difficulty to be reduced to Engliſh verſe, though they have a different effect in the original: the Italians, from the genius of their language, and the liberty they are accuſtomed to take with proper names, give a uniformity to different ſounds, and ſoften them to their own tongue: but it was thought a licence of this kind could not be taken in the tranſlation with the well-known Engliſh titles.

This paſſage is imagined by ſome to be intended by the poet as a compliment to the Britiſh nobility. The deſcription of the ſeveral leaders, with their arms, banners, and whimſical devices, is exactly in the ſpirit of chivalry: thus Don Quixote, taking the two flocks of ſheep for armies, paints their fancied appearance, in the following manner, to Sancho: "The knight you ſee yonder "with the gilded armour, who bears in his ſhield a lion "crowned couchant at a damſel's foot, is the valorous "Laurealco, lord of the ſilver bridge: the other, with "the armour flowered with gold, who bears three crowns "argent in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolambo, "grand duke of Queracia, &c."

See JARVIS's DON QUIXOTE, Vol. I. B. iii. C. iv.

Yon enſign view, where waving in the wind
Appear the fleur-de-lys and leopards join'd:
That trophy'd ſign the gallant chief diſplays,
Whoſe ſovereign rule each ſubject band obeys:
Amidſt theſe warriors mighty is his fame,
And Lionel his ever honour'd name;
The duke of Lancaſter, of valour try'd,
In counſel ſage and to the king ally'd.
The banner next behold, that rang'd behind
Streams tow'rds the hills and trembles in the wind;
With three white wings upon a verdant field,
By mighty Richard, earl of Warwick, held.
Intrepid Gloſter's duke the ſtandard rears,
Where the ſtag's head with branching horns appears.
The duke of Clarence brings a torch of light;
The duke of York reveals a tree in ſight:
See! Norfolk's duke the banner'd ſign advance,
That, in three pieces, gives a ſhiver'd lance.
The noble earl of Kent the thunder bears:
The griffin, next, the earl of Pembroke wears.
The balance there the duke of Suffolk takes
The earl of Eſſex holds the yoke and ſnakes.
And yonder garland in an azure ſhield
Northumberland produces in the field.

Behold

Behold the earl of Arundel, who ſhows
A ſinking veſſel where the ocean flows:
See! Berkley's gallant marquis next appear;
The earl of March, in equal ſplendor near.
The firſt, in white, has giv'n a cloven mound;
A palm is in the ſecond banner found,
And in the third a pine in ſurges drown'd.
The earls of Ancaſter and Dorſet, known
One by the car, the other by the crown.
That falcon on his neſt, with plumage ſpread,
By Raymond earl of Devonſhire is led.
See Wincheſter the black and yellow wear;
Derby the hound, and Oxford has the bear.
The prelate of the Bath, amidſt his peers
For riches fam'd, a croſs of cryſtal rears.
There Somerſet's great duke attracts the gaze,
Who, ſtrange device! a broken ſeat diſplays.
Of heavy arm'd, and archers on the ſteed,
Full forty thouſand to the fight proceed;
And thrice as many of the footmen-train,
Beat with their ſteps the far-reſounding plain.
See! where they throng, with various enſigns ſpread;
By Godfrey, Henry, Herman, Edward, led.
The firſt for duke of Buckingham is known;
The next is for the earl of Sal'ſbury ſhown.

Then Abergan'ny comes, advanc'd in years;
Laſt Edward, earl of Shrewſbury, appears.
All theſe that ſtretch along the eaſtern lands,
Compoſe the numbers of the Engliſh bands.
Now view the weſt, and forty thouſand there
Of hardy Scotchmen wave their ſigns in air.
Yon lion, plac'd two unicorns between,
That rampant with a ſilver ſword is ſeen,
Is for the king of Scotland's banner known;
Zerbino there encamps, his gallant ſon!
No form ſo graceful can your eyes behold,
For nature made him, and deſtroy'd her mould.
The title of the duke of Roſs he bears,
No chief with him for dauntleſs mind compares.
The earl of Athol next unfolds to view
A gilded bar upon a field of blue.
The neighbouring banner by the duke of Mar
Is rais'd, who brings a leopard to the war.

Ver. 581. *Zerbino* —] Zerbino, ſon to the king of Scotland, and brother to the princeſs Geneura, who was delivered from death in the fifth book by Rinaldo. The character of Zerbino appears to be entirely Arioſto's own, and is one of the moſt amiable in the whole poem: the loves of this prince and the chaſte Iſabella, make a very beautiful and affecting epiſode. See note to B. xiii. ver. 39.

See!

See! gallant Alcabrun, his ſtandard brought
With various fancy'd birds and colours fraught;
Of no degree of earl or marquis vain,
But firſt in place amid the ſylvan train.
The duke of Stafford ſhows the bird to fight
That dares with ſteadfaſt eyes Apollo's light.
Lurcanio, lord of Angus, ſhews a chace,
Where the fierce bull two nimble greyhounds trace.
The duke of Albany, his banner view,
Who fills his field with colours white and blue:
Buchannan's earl amidſt his ſtandard bears
Yon vulture that a ſpeckled dragon tears,
Valiant Armano next upon the field
Appears, with white and ſable on his ſhield.
The earl of Arrol, on his right, is ſeen,
Who gives a flambeau in a field of green.
Now, in two bands behold the Iriſh ſpread,
The firſt is by the earl of Kildare led:
The ſecond, by the earl of Deſmond brought
From ſavage mountains, has the battle fought.
The firſt has, in his ſign, a flaming brand;
In white, the ſecond, a vermilion band.

Ver. 598. *The duke of Albany,* —] Ariodantes, brother to Lurcanio, married to Geneura, and after the death of Polineſio, created duke of Albany, as related in the ſixth book.

Nor do the Engliſh, Scotch, and Iriſh here
Alone in aid of Charlemain appear,
But Sweden's realm and Norway ſend their powers,
And ev'n the climes remote of Iceland ſhores:
With many a land, in diſtant regions far,
By nature foes to peace and friends to war.
Near ſeventeen thouſand to the battle come,
Drawn from the hollow caves and foreſt gloom.
Round their white banner throng'd, the plain appears
A wood of arms, a grove of briſtled ſpears:
His banner white the chief Morato bore,
Reſolv'd to dye it ſoon with Mooriſh gore.
While thus Rogero ſees the bands, and hears
The names and titles of the Britiſh peers,
Firſt one, and then another with ſurpriſe
Approaching views his beaſt with ſteadfaſt eyes,
Amaz'd at ſuch a ſtrange unuſual ſight,
And ſoon the circle thickens round the knight.
But now Rogero, with deſign to raiſe
His pleaſure, and increaſe the crowd's amaze,
Gives to his ſteed the rein, and makes him feel,
With gentle touch, the goring of the ſteel;
He, ſwiftly mounting, ſoars upon the wind,
And leaves the gazing multitude behind!

Then, having paſt the ſoil of England o'er
From ſide to ſide, he reach'd the Iriſh ſhore;
The fabulous Hibernia; where, 'tis ſaid,
The holy ſage a ſecret cavern made,
In which, ſuch grace th' offending mortal wins,
He, purging there, atones for all his ſins;
And thence he guides his courſer o'er the waves,
Where the rough ſea the leſſer Britain laves:
When, looking down, a doleful ſight he ſpy'd,
The fair Angelica in fetters ty'd!
Ty'd to a rock on ſorrow's fatal iſle,
For ſorrow's name well ſuits the hateful ſoil;
Whence (as my tale but late diſplay'd before)
Arm'd veſſels coaſted round from ſhore to ſhore,

Ver. 638. *The fabulous Hibernia; where, 'tis ſaid,*
The holy ſage a ſecret cavern made,] Pope Celeſtine ſent biſhop Germano into England, to convert the inhabitants to the Catholic faith, and Palladio to the Scots: he likewiſe ſent biſhop Patrick into Ireland: this laſt, after having exemplified many virtues, at laſt miraculouſly cauſed a well to appear, into which every day all thoſe entered, who had committed any great ſin, and proclaimed that they thereby obtained remiſſion: this well was called St. Patrick's purgatory. Ireland, or Hibernia, is here called fabulous (favoloſa,) becauſe whoever came out of this cave related many marvellous things. DOLCE, PORCACCHI.

To ſeize and bear unhappy dames away,
Doom'd to devouring jaws a daily prey!
That morn the virgin on the rock was plac'd
To glut the monſter of the watery waſte;
The virgin who in hapleſs hour was bound
By thoſe that view'd her proſtrate on the ground,
Beſide th' unhallow'd fire in magic ſleep profound.
Th' inhuman race, of unrelenting mind,
To brutal rage the helpleſs fair reſign'd,
And on the ſhore her tender frame expos'd,
As Nature firſt her naked limbs diſclos'd;
Nor, cruel, left one ſlender veil, to ſpread
O'er the white lilies, and the roſes red;
Flowers that with her can equal luſtre boaſt,
In heats of July or December's froſt!
Rogero firſt the diſtant virgin thought
Some lovely form, of alabaſter wrought,
Or pureſt marble, which the ſculptor's hand
Had fix'd with art to grace the deſert ſtrand.
But ſoon he view'd, midſt animated ſnow,
And roſes red, the dewy ſorrows flow,

Ver. 665. *Rogero firſt* —] Compare the remaining part of this book with the latter end of the fourth of Ovid's Metamorphoſes, where Perſeus delivers Andromeda from the ſea-monſter.

Which,

Which, trickling, down her panting boſom ſtray'd,
While in her golden hair the zephyrs play'd.
When now on hers the champion fix'd his eyes,
The thoughts of Bradamant began to riſe:
Pity and love, by turns, his ſoul detain,
And ſcarce his kindly tears their courſe reſtrain:
He firſt his winged courſer's ſpeed repreſs'd,
Then gently thus the weeping maid addreſs'd:
O damſel! worthy only of the chains
With which his captives conquering Love reſtrains!
Unworthy this, or any woe to find!
What wretch ſo harden'd, with obdurate mind
Could by the rugged force of iron bands
Compreſs the ſoftneſs of thoſe lovely hands?
While yet he ſpoke her riſing bluſhes ſpread,
So poliſh'd ivory ſhows when ſtain'd with red:
Abaſh'd ſhe found thoſe latent charms eſpy'd,
Which modeſty, though beauteous, ſtrives to hide;
Her face had from her hands concealment found,
But to the flinty rock her hands were bound.

Ver. 679. *O damſel! worthy only of the chains* —] Thus Ovid:

— — non iſtis digna catenis,
Sed quibus inter ſe cupidi jünguntur amantes!

Yet

Yet (all ſhe could) a ſhower of tears ſhe ſhed,
And ſtrove to earth to bend her drooping head.
While mingled ſobs and plaints her fate bewail,
A ſudden noiſe cuts ſhort her mournful tale.
For, lo! the monſter ploughs the watery field,
Half rais'd above the waves, and half conceal'd,
As fearing Boreas' rage or Auſter's force,
The veſſel to the harbour ſteers her courſe:
So haſtening to his welcome prey is ſeen
The ravenous orc, and ſmall the ſpace between.
The damſel views, half dead with chilling fear,
Nor can the knight her drooping ſpirits cheer.
His lance, but not in reſt, Rogero held,
And on the furious orc the ſtroke impell'd:
How ſhall my muſe his dreadful form explain,
A bulk enormous! floundering in the main!
His eyes and pointed tuſks a boar proclaim,
The reſt, a maſs unſhap'd, without a name.
Between his brows the ſtroke Rogero try'd,
The monſter, moveleſs as a rock, defy'd
The baffled ſpear; and now the fearleſs knight
Prepar'd on cloſer terms to wage the fight.
The orc, who ſaw the winged courſer's ſhade,
That here and there upon the waters play'd,

Forſook

Forſook the certain helpleſs prey in view,
And raging at the empty ſhadow flew;
While, as he turn'd, Rogero ſunk below,
And watchful ply'd with ſtrokes his dreadful foe.
As when an eagle darting from the ſkies,
Amidſt the graſs a wandering ſerpent ſpies,
Or ſees him on the ſunny bank unfold
His azure glories and his ſcales of gold;
Eager to ſeize, yet cautious ſtill, he fears
Where from his mouth the hiſſing tongue appears,
At length he gripes the prize, then ſpreads his wing,
Nor dreads the terrors of the forky ſting.
Rogero thus, with ſword and ſpear, purſues
Not where his teeth and threatening tuſks he views;
But 'twixt his ears the forceful blow deſcends;
Now on his back, now where his tail extends.
Oft as the monſter turns, aſide he flies,
And watches when to ſink and when to riſe:
But all in vain! his labour nought avails,
No ſteel can pierce th' impenetrable ſcales.
With the gaunt maſtiff thus the fly maintains
Audacious fight, when Auguſt dries the plains:
In July's month when ripening harveſts ſhine,
Or rich September yielding generous wine:

Now

Now on his jaw he fixes, or his eyes;
And ſtill in ever-wheeling circles flies,
T' elude the teeth, that vainly bite the air;
For one dire ſtroke would finiſh all his care!
Laſh'd by the monſter's tail the ſurges fly,
And daſh with ſprinkling foam the diſtant ſky:
Scarce knows Rogero if his courſer waves
His wings in air, or in the ocean laves:
Full oft he wiſhes now to gain the ſhore:
For much he fears, if ſtill the billows ſoar,
When the damp plumes no more his ſteed ſuſtain,
No friendly bark will bear him from the main.
But ſoon far better thoughts his mind engage
With other arms to quell the brutal rage;
He now reſolves the buckler to diſplay,
And ſtrike his ſenſes with th' enchanted ray;
Then flies to land, and firſt to ſcreen the maid
(Whoſe naked limbs were on the rock diſplay'd)
From the fierce light, he fixes on her hand
The ring that could the magic power withſtand,
The ring, which noble Bradamant before
To ſave her lover from Brunello bore *;
And next, to free him from Alcina's bands,
By ſage Meliſſa ſent to India's lands *;

* See Books iv. and vii.

Who

Who many youths, with this, from fate repriev'd;
From her the knight the wondrous gift receiv'd.
This, with foreſeeing care, he gave the dame
To ſcreen her from his buckler's blazing flame;
And ſave thoſe lovely eyes, whoſe ſoft regard
Already had his amorous heart enſnar'd.
Then ſwift he turns to where the monſter preſs'd
One half the ſea beneath his ample breaſt;
And, ſtanding on the ſhore, the veil he rears,
When, lo! another ſun on earth appears!
Full on th' aſtoniſh'd orc the ſplendor plays;
His ſenſes vaniſh with the dazzling blaze!
As, when the ſkies with ſultry vapours glow,
The panting fiſhes faint and ſink below;
So, midſt the billows of the deep, is ſhown
The hideous monſter, horribly o'erthrown!
Rogero then no reſt, no pauſe allows,
But plies him cloſe with unavailing blows.
The beauteous damſel now beſought the knight
With earneſt prayers to ceaſe the fruitleſs fight:
Ah! turn (ſhe weeping cry'd) and looſe my chains,
Before the cruel orc his ſenſe regains.
Ah! rather whelm me in the gaping flood,
Ere theſe poor limbs be made his trembling food.

Rogero,

Rogero, pitying, heard the dame deplore,
Then burſt her bonds and took her from the ſhore:
He ſpurs; the courſer ſpurns the ſand, and flies
Aloft in air, and travels through the ſkies.
While on the ſaddle ſits the gallant knight,
Behind, the crupper bears the virgin bright.
Thus brave Rogero ſnatch'd the maid away
To rob the monſter of ſo fair a prey;
And, as he flew along, full oft he preſs'd
With kiſſes ſweet, her eyes and ſnowy breaſt.
No more his purpos'd voyage fills his mind,
He ſeeks no more the Spaniſh coaſt to find;
But to the neighbouring land his courſer guides,
Where leſſer Britain breaks the briny tides;
Where branching oaks a peaceful covert ſcreen,
And Philomela warbles through the ſcene.
Along the meadow pours a purling rill,
On either hand appears a lonely hill.

Th' enamour'd warrior here repreſs'd his ſpeed,
And ſoft deſcended on the verdant mead;
His griffin's wings he now reſtrain'd from flight,
Thoſe wings that never more muſt bear the knight!
Alighting from his ſteed, he burns to prove
A gentler voyage on the coaſt of love.

And

And now the glowing youth with eager haſte
Impatient from his limbs the ſteel unbrac'd;
By turns this plate, confus'd, then that he try'd,
And while he looſen'd one, another ty'd.

But ſince my lines beyond the bound extend,
And may, perchance, my lord, your ears offend.
No longer will I now my tale purſue,
But at a fitter time the verſe renew.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

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